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GRAZIANI EFFORT TO STEM ROUT

Reinforcements Being Rushed Up For Stand On Libyan Frontier

R.A.F. Bombs Kiel Naval Dock Yards

R.A.F. bombers attacked shipbuilding yards at Kiel and also factories and other targets at Bremen on Friday night, stated an Air Ministry communique in London yesterday. Weather conditions were difficult.

Docks and aerodromes in Holland were also bombed. Aircraft of the Coastal Command attacked the submarine base at Bordeaux. No aircraft were lost.—Reuter.

BATTLE OF THE BLIZZARD

ITALIAN COUNTER-ATTACKS in Albania have been repulsed and the Greeks are still forcing them back, despite the heavy snow and blizzards.

As they clear the roads with tractors and snow ploughs, the Greeks are coming across more and more supplies abandoned by the Italians, and are taking more prisoners.

Italians Face Debacle

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

The whole Italian military position in Albania is authoritatively termed in Athens as acutely imperilled for want of adequate munitions, food and discipline, as well as owing to the continued Greek advances on all fronts.

Captured Italian officers are reported to have hinted that some 14 Fascist divisions in Albania, comprising 180,000 troops, are nearing the end of their power to resist and might lose more than half Italy's Balkan colony to the Greeks unless vastly greater quantities of supplies reach them.

Meanwhile the Greeks are battling through heavy snow-drifts toward the junction town of Tepelini, which the Italians are reported to have begun evacuating after eight days' costly fighting in the Kilastra mountain passes.—International News Service.

RUMANIA MINE DISASTER

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

Twenty-one miners were killed in an explosion which wrecked several galleries in a Transylvanian coal mine yesterday.

Twenty-six miners are still missing and rescue squads are working feverishly to save them from almost certain death.—International News Service.

LUFTWAFFE STILL QUIET

There was little enemy activity over Britain on Friday night, says an Air Ministry and Ministry of Home Security communique.

Some damage was done at a few points on the east coast and a small number of people injured, British Wireless.

Tepelini's Fall

The fall of Tepelini and Kilastra, some 10 miles to the west, is regarded as only a matter of time.

News reports indicate that Tepelini is being evacuated by the Greeks and that the evacuation of the town has begun.

The Greeks are also pushing on to the coastal town of Chimarra, 20 miles north of Santi Quaranta, and the Italians are said to be concentrating on the heights in what may be a desperate last stand.—Reuter.

Violent Actions

The Greek advance continued yesterday on all sectors of the front in spite of bad weather and fairly strong resistance by the Italians.

A brief and modest communique issued in Athens stated: "There have been violent actions by our troops in various parts of the front with favourable results."

SOVIET GIVES HINT

GERMANY NEED NOT EXPECT MUCH IN THE WAY OF OIL SUPPLIES FROM RUSSIA IN FUTURE, ACCORDING TO AN EDITORIAL IN THE MOSCOW NEWSPAPER "PRAVDA" YESTERDAY.

The newspaper says that during the coming year Russia will be faced with gigantic economic problems while at the same time increasing her defences.

For the latter she will need enormous quantities of oil and petrol.

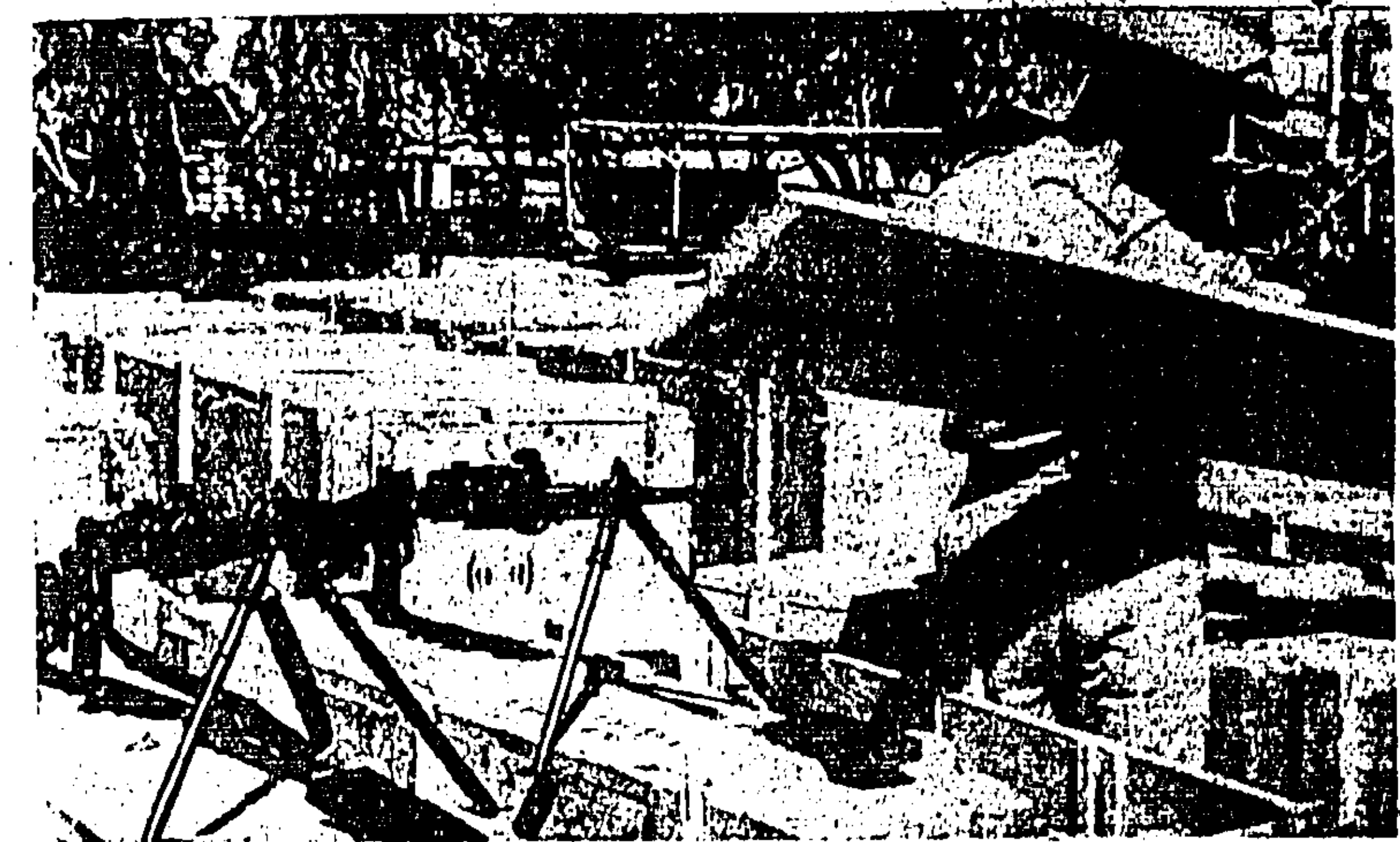
Soviet industry, says the paper, will concentrate on increasing oil production till the point is reached when Russia will have as much oil as she needs.—Reuter.

GESTAPO SEEKING RECRUITS

The policing of the occupied countries is evidently proving a strain to the Gestapo—the Nazi secret police.

The German radio yesterday made an urgent appeal for recruits for this branch of the Nazi machine.

The announcer said pamphlets illustrating the advantages of service in the secret police could be obtained from police stations and Hitler Youth clubs all over Germany.—Reuter.



Among supplies captured during a recent raid by British forces in Egypt on an Italian post were unpacked boxes of light machine-guns. Photo shows the captured war material being examined.—(Copyright, Fox).

THAI BORDER RIDDLE

The conflict between Thailand and Indo-China has been intensified throughout the border region during the past few days, according to a semi-official Japanese report received in Tokyo from Hanoi yesterday.

Expressing the Government's firm determination regarding the situation, Admiral Doorga, Governor-General of Indo-China, told the Japanese press:

"Should Thailand continue her invading military actions in future, we are ready to counter-attack every single Thai attack."

"Although Indo-China still entertains hope for a peaceful settlement, should the situation develop into war Thailand must be held responsible."—Reuter.

NAZIS ARREST AMERICAN WOMAN

The Germans have taken into custody another American woman, Mrs. Etta Kahn Shiber.

The State Department announced in Washington yesterday that it had been advised diplomatically of Mrs. Shiber's detention but says the Embassy in Paris is unable to discover the nature of the charges against her or where she is detained.—Reuter.

HITLER TO SEE DUCE?

Hitler, accompanied by his Foreign Minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop, has left Berlin for an unknown destination, according to a Columbia Broadcasting System report received in New York from Berlin yesterday.

Unconfirmed but persistent rumours from Berlin claim that Hitler is meeting Mussolini.

Last time the two Dictators met was at the famous Brenner meeting when they were reported to have divided "the spoils of a victorious war when won" between them.

The reported hurried departure of Hitler and Ribbentrop, if confirmed, is believed in Washington to be connected with the Italian situation.

Private reports reaching Washington from Europe indicate Italy is rapidly moving towards a serious internal crisis.—Reuter.

DUKE OF WINDSOR KEEPS DRAMATIC RENDEZVOUS

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and the Duke of Windsor, in a sudden and dramatic rendezvous in the territorial waters of Britain's Bahama Islands, discussed for almost three hours a variety of subjects ranging from the war and the international situation through the Hemisphere defence situation in the Caribbean to the President's prowess as a fisherman.

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FUNERAL SERVICE FOR LORD LOTHIAN

A FUNERAL SERVICE FOR THE LATE LORD LOTHIAN, BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN WASHINGTON, WILL BE HELD THIS AFTERNOON IN WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL, WHERE PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON AND OTHER AMERICAN STATESMEN ARE BURIED.

The remains will be cremated and buried in Arlington National Cemetery with military honours until their final resting place has been chosen.—Reuter.

LIGHT RELIEF FOR CABINETS

Members of the Allied Governments in London yesterday attended the first showing in Britain of Charlie Chaplin's latest film "The Great Dictator".

The film is a thinly-veiled satire on Hitler and Mussolini, played by Mr. Chaplin and Jack Oakie.—Reuter.

Imperial Forces In Hot Pursuit: Casualties Light

IT WAS RELIABLY LEARNED IN CAIRO YESTERDAY THAT CASUALTIES AMONG THE BRITISH AND IMPERIAL TROOPS IN THE WESTERN DESERT ADVANCE ARE VERY SLIGHT; IT IS REPORTED THAT THE OFFENSIVE IS STILL PROCEEDING VERY SATISFACTORILY ACCORDING TO PLAN AND THAT THE NUMBER OF ITALIAN PRISONERS IS MOUNTING HOURLY.

Our advance is continuing so fast that it is impossible to obtain details of the operations but it is known that our troops are collecting stores and ammunition left behind by the Italians and are consolidating the newly-won positions.

Prisoners are being taken at such a rate that there is no tally at present but it is certain that the last official figure, 20,000, has now been much exceeded.

AID FOR BRITAIN AT SEA

Two proposals for aiding Britain at sea have been formulated by American advocates of greater assistance, according to authoritative reports in New York yesterday, and will be brought to the attention of President Roosevelt next week.

They are—

Firstly, the conveying of supplies to Britain in United States ships protected by United States warships.

Secondly, the selling to Britain of some of the 143 foreign cargo vessels, especially Danish ships, which are tied up in American ports.

It is emphasised these proposals are still only in the stage of discussion and would need Congressional approval.

THE PLAN TO SELL OR BARTER TO BRITAIN THE REMAINING 75 OVER-AGE UNITED STATES DESTROYERS IS STILL BEING TALKED ABOUT.—REUTER.

Some Died At Ports

In one place our troops found Chianti and tinned food in a dump which looked "just like a department store."

At the same point we also took lorries, guns, tanks and two loads of documents.

An Italian attempt to stem the rout on the Egypt-Libyan border was revealed in yesterday's communique from Army G.H.Q. in Cairo.

The communique states the Italians are making a desperate attempt to make a stand on the Libyan border 80 miles west of Sidi Barrani.

The British and Imperial Forces, the communique adds, are keeping up pressure although they are now 125 miles from their base at Mersa Matruh.

Our advanced elements are now pressing back the enemy who are trying to make a fight of it.

Italian prisoners are rolling in steadily and it is now estimated that at least 26,000 have been taken, in addition to guns, tanks and large quantities of equipment of all kinds.

Our forces continue harassing operations in the Sudan, the communique concludes.—Reuter.

Attempt To Stem The Rout

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Australians Not Yet In Action

The Australian troops in Egypt are not yet in action against the Italians, it was reported in Cairo yesterday.

Only Australian units connected with the present battle are transport and signals personnel.—Reuter.

ITALIAN VERSION OF EVENTS

All-day fighting on the Libyan frontier "in the zone of Cyrenaica" on Friday is revealed in an Italian High Command communique issued yesterday.

During the afternoon, it was claimed, counter-attacks by Italian troops relieved British pressure.

The Italian air force, it was alleged, carried on uninterrupted action over the battle area.

"Our fighters shot down six British Gloucester machines. All Italian machines returned, some with dead and wounded aboard."

Activity among patrols and artillery on the Sudanese frontier was mentioned in the communique, which claimed Italian aircraft "bombed and strafed a supply column and put out of action an enemy armoured car."—Reuter.

PUBLIC EXECUTION IN SHANGHAI

The first public execution in Shanghai for over three years was carried out by the Japanese army in Special Municipality territory when three Chinese youths were executed before a crowd of several thousands.

The youths were alleged to be members of a gang of armed robbers.—Our Own Correspondent.



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WIDESPREAD AIR OFFENSIVE AGAINST THE REICH

WIDESPREAD HEAVY attacks on Germany and occupied territories were carried out by the R.A.F. during the week ending December 13, despite extremely unfavourable weather, it was declared in London yesterday.

Outstanding objectives included Dusseldorf, where targets bombed were blast furnaces, steel works, the Dusseldorf-Derendorf goods yards, the Mannestmann Rehrenwerke armaments works and also the inland port and gasworks.

Dusseldorf was raided on two successive nights, both attacks being very concentrated and heavy. Bombs saw roofs cave in and explosions tore the walls of the great steel works wide open. Fires could be seen 40 miles away.

A supply train near Dusseldorf was machine-gunned from a height of 50 feet.

Widespread Attacks

Enemy aerodromes in occupied territory were attacked on most

JAPANESE WAR CHIEF GOES HOME

Lt-Gen. Susumu Fujita, supreme commander of the Japanese expeditionary forces in the Shanghai area, returned to Tokyo yesterday afternoon.

He immediately proceeded to the Imperial Palace where he was received in audience by the Emperor in the presence of General Sujiyama, Chief of the Army General Staff, and Lt-Gen. Hideki Tojo, the War Minister.

General Fujita gave a full report of the activities of the Japanese expeditionary forces and later was received in audience by the Empress.

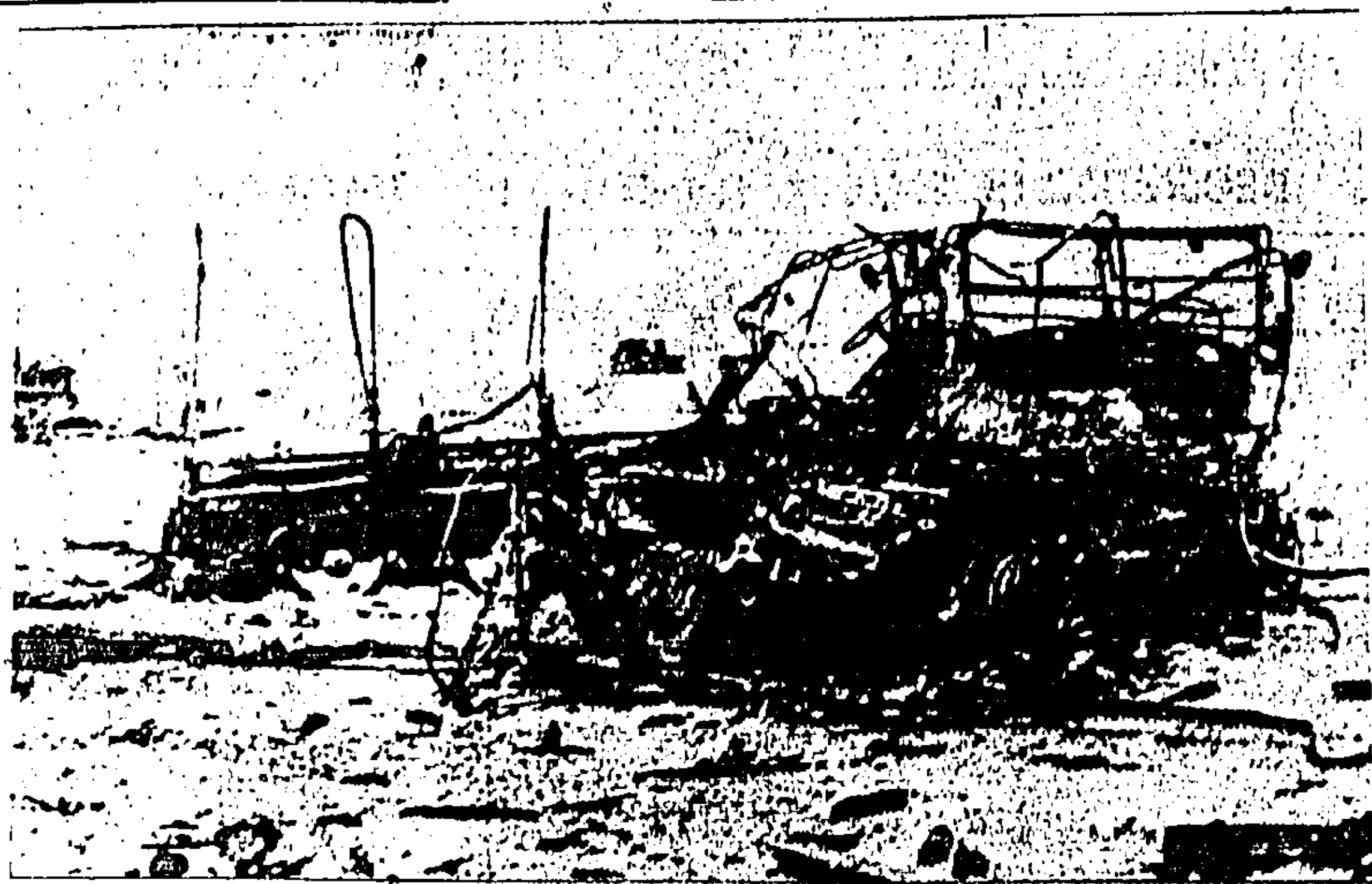
Their Majesties presented him with a silver flower vase as a souvenir of the occasion and also presented him with a monetary gift.

During his stay of three years and four months in central China, General Fujita distinguished himself in the Nanking campaign and in the battle for Hsuechow.

His post in the Shanghai area has been taken by Lt-Gen. Shigenori Sugawara, former Vice-Chief of the Army General Staff.—Reuter.

HAVOC BY AIR FORCE IN LIBYA

Italian With



The wreckage of Italian motor vehicles in Libya after a recent attack by the R.A.F.—(Copy-right, Fox.)

CHUNGKING BID FOR POWERFUL AIR FORCE

FOLLOWING THE announcement by Britain and the United States of credits to the Chinese Government, main interest now centres on what arms and military supplies China will be able to purchase from the two countries under the agreements, reports in Chungking showed yesterday.

It is generally known that the Chinese authorities are seeking permission to purchase aircraft from the United States, in the belief that they are the most vital armament required to-day by China in her struggle against Japan.

Chinese leaders, the press and public have been persistently agitating for more aircraft to be sent to China from Britain and the United States.

They argue that with the arrival of large numbers of aircraft from abroad China would be able to fulfil a fourfold purpose.

First, to protect the Burma road from Japanese aerial attacks, thereby ensuring a steady flow of

Support For Army

Second, the planes would also protect vital Chinese centres like Chungking, Kunming and Chongting from Japanese bombings.

Third, a large air force could support Chinese attacks on major cities now under Japanese occupation, like Hankow, Klu, Kiang and Canton.

Fourth, they would also support a general Chinese counter-offensive if aircraft are at hand in sufficient quantity.—Reuter.

SHANGHAI TO GET RICE SUPPLIES

The rice situation in Shanghai will be eased by the import of 200,000 bags from Saigon during this month, stated P. H. Dupuy, President of the Rice Committee of the French Municipal Council, yesterday.

M. Dupuy emphasised there are no restrictions on export from Indo-China. There are sufficient stocks in Shanghai for two months' consumption but sky-rocketing freight rates may lead to a further rise in price.

Grain prices are dropping as large stocks are dumped on the market and more are on the way from Indo-China. There is no likelihood of a coal shortage as was feared at one time.—Reuter.

FUNERAL OF LATE MR. H. P. MORTON

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. HOWARD PETER MORTON TOOK PLACE AT THE COLONIAL CEMETERY YESTERDAY. THE REV. MR. BLOWY OFFICIATED AT THE GRAVESIDE. The late Mr. Morton died at the War Memorial Nursing Home on Thursday, following an operation for acute appendicitis. He was a native of Glasgow, and arrived in the Colony in 1929, when he joined the Talkoo Dockyard. For the last eight years he had been with the China Light and Power Company. A large number of floral tributes were sent.

BAHAMAS NAVAL BASE IN ABEYANCE

The plans for a United States naval base in the Bahamas are in abeyance owing to the unsuitability of the site leased from Britain.

This was announced by President Roosevelt at a press conference on board the U.S. cruiser Tuscaloosa in which he has been visiting the Caribbean.—Reuter.

AUSTRALIAN CHINESE GATHERING

THE FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE HONG KONG AUSTRALIAN CHINESE ASSOCIATION, FORMED LAST JUNE TO BRING TOGETHER AUSTRALIAN CHINESE IN THE COLONY AND TO FORWARD THEIR MUTUAL INTERESTS, WAS HELD IN THE ST. FRANCIS HOTEL YESTERDAY AFTERNOON UNDER THE CHAIRMANSHIP OF MR. CHOY HING.

In his presidential address, the chairman announced that Mr. W. H. Donald, an incident, General Ching Kai-shek, had accepted honorary membership of the association. Existing war conditions had somewhat handicapped plans, but they hoped for a more active existence in the coming year.

Future activities of the association include the formation of a junior section to look after the interests and activities—sporting, social and so on—of the younger members, and the holding of an annual supper-dance.

The following officers and standing committee member were elected en bloc:—

President:—Mr. Choy Hing. Vice-Presidents:—Messrs. Gockim, Choy Chang, Chan Harr and William Yinson Lee. Secretaries:—Mrs. Irene Law and Mr. Gockim. Treasurer:—Mr. Au Chiu. Standing Committee:—The above officers and Mrs. Alice Chow, Messrs. Sun Yat Chor, Chan Wah Man, Chan Kwun Lok, W. J. Liu (in absentia), Mr. Ping Yu and Chan Wah Tung.

NEW JAPANESE ENVOY TO N.E.I.

Mr. Kenkichi Yoshizawa, special Japanese envoy to the Netherlands East Indies, was scheduled to sail from Moji at noon yesterday for Batavia on board the "Nishio Maru," stated a semi-official Japanese announcement.—Reuter.

THE HAT TRICK!

A hat trick was scored by a 23-year-old Chinese, Chan Fuk-yin, on Friday when he escaped for the third time from lawful custody. Some time ago, he escaped from the Mental Home, and later from the Yumant Police Station. On Friday, he registered the hat trick by escaping from the Central Police Station.

Last night he was still at large. Mr. J. K. Bousfield, of the A.P.C. and Mr. J. A. Parrish, of the Standard-Vacuum Oil Company, returned to Hong Kong from business trips to Manila in the "California Clipper" yesterday morning.

Bases Scarred Blazing Ruins Air Force Creates Havoc At Bardia And Tobruk

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

ITALY'S BIG Libyan coastal bases at Bardia and Tobruk are scarred by blazing ruins wrought by air bombardments in the van of the British offensive which is hurling back thousands of the Italian invaders of Egypt and threatening to become a counter-drive into Libya.

While whole regiments of Fascists and their officers have fallen prisoners to the blitzkrieg, the British forces are still adding to more than 20,000 Italians already captured.

Huge R.A.F. squadrons winged far over Libya to blast its principal harbours and nerve centres, including at least 12 aerodromes.

Supported by British warships, which lobbed 16-inch shells into the retreating Italian columns and bases, R.A.F. bombers left flames towering a thousand feet into the air above Bardia, and dumped "many tons" of bombs on Tobruk, according to the British.

Meanwhile British mechanised columns are pressing on towards Sollum, Italy's last major base in Egypt, which is reported to have been set on fire.—International News Service.

24 HOURS WITHOUT RESPIRE

For 24 hours R.A.F. fighters and bombers, without respite, have been supporting the Army's operations in the Western Desert, declared a communique issued from R.A.F. headquarters in Cairo yesterday.

Our machines attacked aerodromes, landing grounds, dumps, stores, mechanised transport and troops with bombs and machine-gun fire.

A heavy bombing raid was carried out on barracks and the wireless station at Sollum. Fires were caused which spread rapidly.

Bardia was also raided and a CR42 and three S79s on the ground at the airfield were destroyed and other planes rendered unserviceable.

Heavy Toll

R.A.F. fighters took a heavy toll of enemy troops retreating along the road to Sollum, and also shot down five CR42s, making a total of 16 enemy aircraft for the day. Four Gloster Gladiators were lost but the pilots of three were safe.

One bomber reported missing the previous day is now safe at base.

Gura, in Italian East Africa, was bombed. An incendiary bomb started heavy explosions on the aerodrome.

At Direidawa a pumping station was bombed while Asmara was also attacked.

The captured workshops received a direct hit. No operations were possible in Albania owing to extremely bad weather.

Mopping Up

British forces in the Western Desert are systematically "mopping up," a very big task indeed, and military circles in London warn against expecting the rate of advance of the first five days to be maintained.

Our troops have been fighting since last Monday. They have covered a lot of ground, have taken many prisoners and are operating in a waterless area far from their railhead.

The task of dealing with the prisoners alone is a formidable one, while tanks which have been operating for five days in the desert, encountering among other things a sand-storm, require maintenance and overhaul.

For these reasons, there should be no further surprise nor disappointment if our forward advance slows down somewhat.—Reuter.

"PEACE" GESTURE

THE JAPANESE NAVY'S RESTORATION TO THE NANKING REGIME OF WARSHIPS AND BARRACKS AT STRATEGIC POINTS CLEARLY INDICATES JAPAN'S ANXIETY FOR THE RESTORATION OF CHINA'S SOVEREIGNTY, SAID THE TOKYO "MIYAKO SHIMBUN" YESTERDAY.

"Japan not only entertains no selfish ambition but is anxious to help China by respecting the treaty," the paper adds. The door is still open for "Chungking's surrender," the "Miyako" says.—Reuter.

AFRICA'S WIN THE WAR MOOD

An interesting survey was given in the "Manchester Guardian" yesterday of African resentment of the Nazi declaration that "natives of African colonies are compelled by force to contribute to the 'Win the War Fund.'"

The Sultan of Sokoto says in a letter to the Governor of Nigeria, tending a contribution of £7,000: "This is a lie and I would like to ask Hitler whether it is by force also that we gather in our mosques and our schools and offer up prayers from our hearts day and night for the success of the British arms and the downfall of His Majesty's enemies."

The "Spectator," daily Gold Coast paper, says: "The Nazi is the Africans' bitterest enemy, and that 'every African community' knows the vital importance of a British victory."

Similar language is used by the "Bantu World," which declares, speaking for all Africans, that the "Nazi is the Africans' bitterest enemy, and that 'every African community' knows the vital importance of a British victory."

The "Manchester Guardian" adds that at the same time hatred of the Nazis is combined with a general expectation that British rule is going to be greatly improved and, giving as instance the important Colonial Development and Welfare Act, says: "Recent events have given good cause for having these expectations well founded."—British Wireless.

WOUNDING CASE

Charged with wounding Chan Cheuk in Shantung, Street on Friday, Ip Ho, 25, and Leung Pong, 20, were remanded for 72 hours by Mr. E. Himsforth yesterday.

Det.-Sgt. Morrison, in charge of the case, said that there were others involved still at large.



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THE GENTLE ART OF GIVING AND RECEIVING

BY MELITA FRAYNE

IT was Charles Lamb, lucky owner of a pretty wit playing gaily about the unlikeliest topics, who made the sweeping generalisation, "Presents endear absentees." At first sight this sounds a pleasant truth; topical to Christmas; sober reflection, however, tends to the conclusion that it is barely half a one.

For present-giving is regarded by too many as a tedious duty rather than a delectable minor art. They go glumly about what should be a charming business, with the crowning inconsistency that it is often the richest who like least to give, and fall hopelessly to realise that presents by no means endear absentees when they are the wrong ones. Thus they send an expensive calendar instead of a cheque, and uncompromisingly without so much as a ribbon to mitigate their dullness. Such presents as these last leave a sour taste of patronage odious to independence.

A generous child, radiant in possession of the dear trifles all colour and glitter, said to a sympathetic grown-up, "Can't you dress a real sparkled fairy Jane?" She meant, and a single real present—nothing but an umbrella and handkerchiefs. Only a heart of stone could have resisted an appeal richly rewarded by the silent rapture of the repressed Jane.

Cash Requires Tact

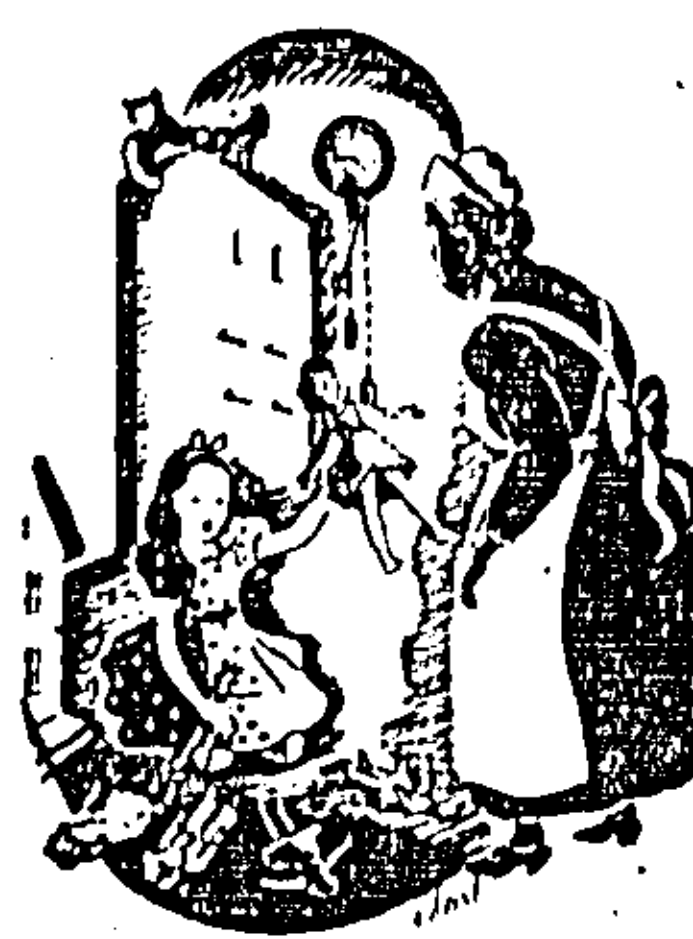
Most children are born givers. The very baby profits his pink sweet when it is pink no longer. A very poor little maid won a draw for a superb doll that could address her as "Mama." As she went off joyous she saw one weeping inconsolably for this doll of dolls. In a climax of unselfishness she gave her darling one impassioned kiss and put her into the arms of the other. "Don't cry; you can have her."

A second Wendy of the nursery was taken to a workhouse treat

and met a small maid who told her she "didn't ever 'ad a dollie." Struck by such desolation she compelled an uncle she ruled to take her home to bring back one of her own daughter's for this unfortunate. It was hard to choose which to sacrifice, but when the choice was made she said to nurse in a voice that trembled, "Put on her best frock. I'd like her to go nice."

A small boy helping to stock a Christmas tree in a shop brought a splendid new motor with the request: "Find a Charlie for this." For he was all pity for those who unbelievably "looked for their presents and found none."

Numerous grown-ups badly require lessons in the art of giving. It needs abundant tact, particular-



Put on her best frock.

ly when dealing with the now ubiquitous new poor. One such who had lost her fortune but not her pretty feet received a pair of ugly black felt slippers a size or two too big. "They made me feel my poverty as nothing else had," was the bitter comment. There are many martyrs to unattractive stockings and impossible scarves, economical results of sales.

If cash is always acceptable it is not the easiest thing to give. Let us imitate a dear old lady who tucked notes inside her cards with the excuse: "I'm not able to get to the shops, so you won't mind going yourself." Another, guessing the pain it gives to be powerless to give, sent a cheque incribed: "Make a few people happy with this, not forgetting yourself."

Joy Of Anonymity

Christmas cards have reached a high level of artistic beauty, yet surely the affluent use them far too freely. A calendar after the oldest of old masters is cold comfort for the girl hoping for a pair of the furred gloves she cannot afford her cold hands.

Probably the senders of anonymous presents get the most fun out of it. Remember how old Scrooge chuckled when he sent Bob Cratchit a turkey so fat the messenger had to have a cab. The kind folk also who have to practice self denial seem to revel in their shopping. Their cheery faces enliven the big stores, where smart ladies sit down to expensive lunches with a satisfied sense of duty done. For have they not bought expensive gifts for the rich who do not want them, and cheap ones—frequently the abomination, a cheap hot water bottle—for those that do.

Little luxuries in food are sure cards. They seem less utilitarian if sent from places famous for a regular saved from crackers? It made a charming picture and caused a quite disproportionate amount of happiness.

There has been a growing revival of the lovely old custom of erecting cribs in our churches where our babes may see that other Babe. Grown-ups who go to look at them may often find the sweetest complete examples of self-sacrifice. There was a ragged child who unlashed her little blue necklace, her one treasure, and laid it beyond the red regi-

ment of early tulips guarding the manger like miniature Christian soldiers. What a story lay behind a shabby old doll side by side with costly toys brought by tiny rosy damsels snug in fur coats! It is likely enough that many of the Scrooge family have had hearts and purses open after a visit to a crib.



Inspired a masterpiece.

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SIR MALCOLM'S GHOST

A Christmas Fable in Eight Cantos

By GEORGE PULLING

One Christmas Eve, at Twelve o'clock,
As to my bed I went,
I got a rather nasty shock;
(I'd only had ONE glass of
Heck!)
I saw a Ghostly Gent!

He wore his Head upon his Arm
Instead of on his Neck.
(Well—I suppose there's little
harm
But hardly think it adds much
charm)
—I felt a Perfect Wreck!

He murmured in Sepulchral
Tones:
"Is this the Monted Grange?"
I felt a shiver through my Bones
As he emitted Hollow Grouns.
It certainly WAS strange!

"Yes, Sir!" I chattered through
my teeth,
"The Monted Grange is here!"
"Okny!" replied Sir Malcolm
Keith—
—He was a Keith of Hamp-
stead Heath—
"Fetch me a Stoup of Beer!"

"Of DEER, Brave Sir?" asked I,
At such an odd request.
Whereat Sir Malcolm first did
draps
His head in folds of dingy
erpece,
With hands across his Breast.

"You Heard!" replied this Spectre
bold,
As to the Cask I sped.
"And see you make it Strong
and Old—
—One has to try to thwart a
cold—
—It MIGHT go to my head!"

At this, his head leapt from his
arm
And rolled upon the Floor.
It wasn't easy to keep calm—
—I caught my head in
clammy palm
And sprinted for the door.

But, with these words, he then
did soar
From sight by slow degrees.
I woke next day upon the floor
At Twenty Minutes after
Four;
His cold had made ME sneeze!

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*THIAMIN (Vitamin B₁) is a food element that nourishes the nerves, promotes energy, aids digestion. Vital to perfect health, it must be resupplied to the system daily.

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Plain Woollen \$2.75 pr. Art Silk \$1.75 & \$1.95 pr.
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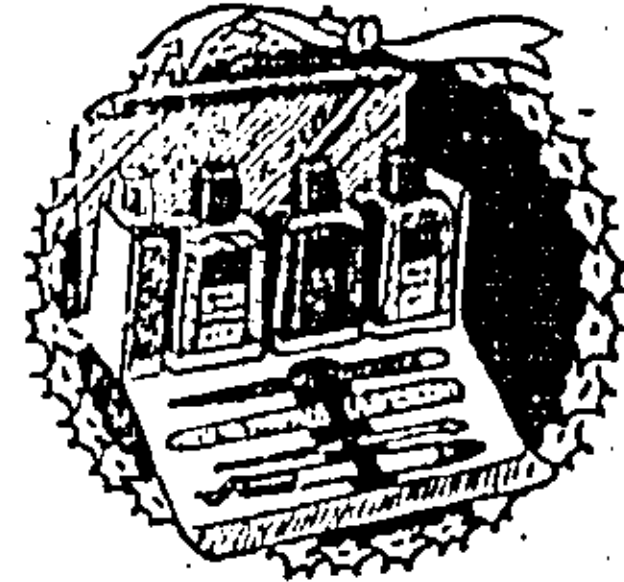
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Lavender Sachettes, From \$1.00.

Night Dress Cases, From \$5.95.

Manicure Sets, From \$6.50 set.



Handkerchiefs in Dainty Boxes (6 in a box) Coloured and white lace trim.

From \$2.50 box.

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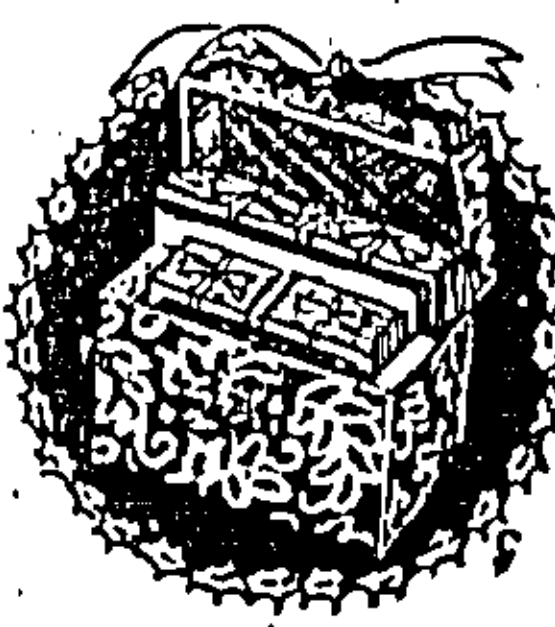
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Sale

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"WITNEY" White Wool BLANKETS

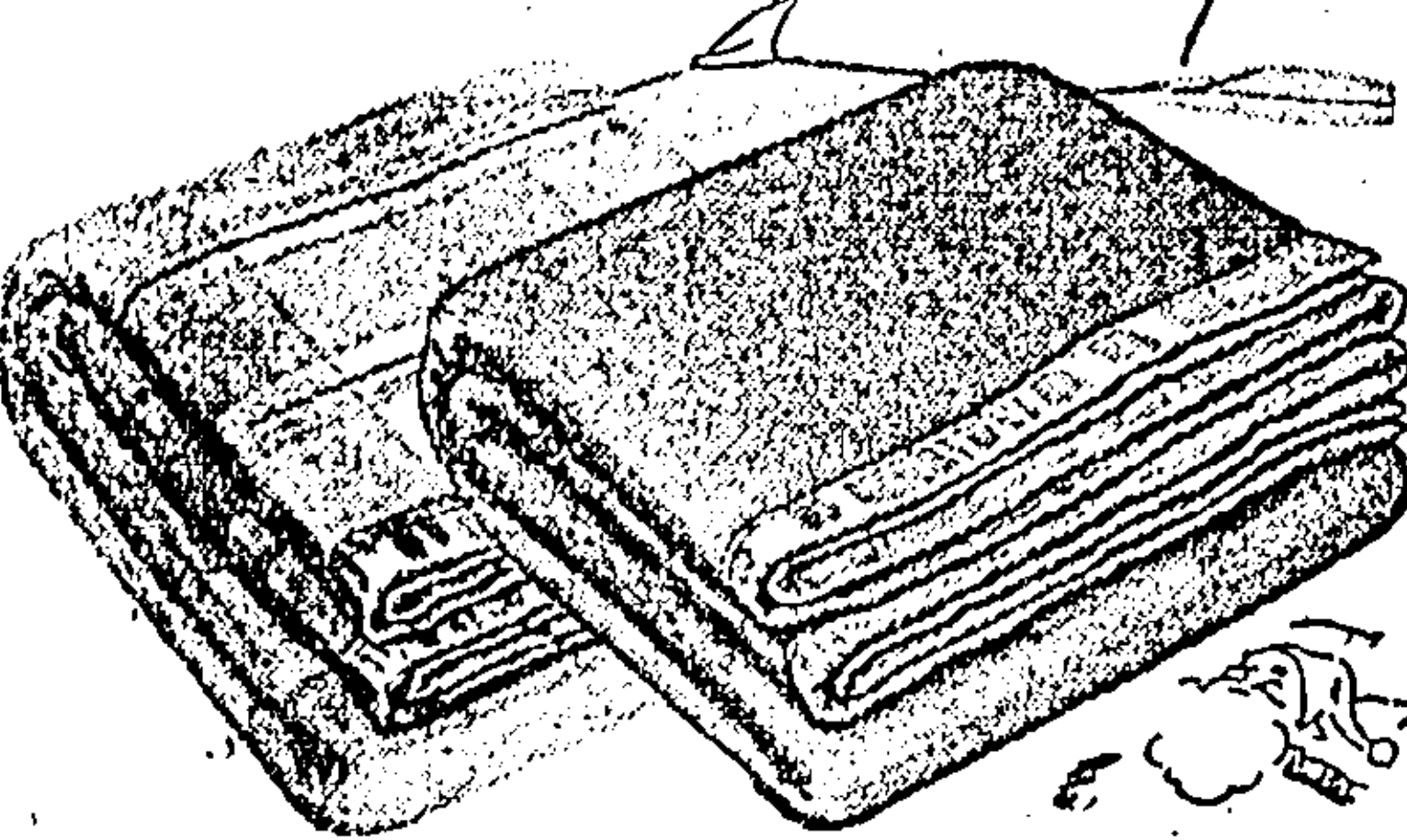
By "Early's" Size 60" x 80"

Bargain Price \$19.50 ea.

Size 82" x 98"

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GIFT Blankets



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Let Us Laugh This Xmas

By WALT DISNEY

HOW shall we spend Christmas this year?

Shall we think of the various troubles that beset the world? Shall we eat our Christmas dinner with downcast eyes, and then play devious games that do not make too much noise? Shall we watch Jimmy shooting toy bullets from his toy anti-aircraft gun at Betty's new doll, with tears in our eyes and sadness in our hearts?

By no means! Let us laugh and be merry; let us make our homes ring with happy laughter, and, if the Grumps of the party sit by themselves in corners, let us drag them out and force them to join in the general merriment, even as the six other dwarfs forced Grumpy first to wash away his grumpiness and then to join in the fun.

A year ago I wrote a plea to parents and others to keep alive the spirit of Santa Claus; to-day I am more than ever certain that the old fairy tale characters (including the kindly old fellow in the scarlet cloak and the white beard) are flourishing the world over.

Donald Duck is still quacking angrily and challenging all and sundry, but no one need pay attention to him. Pugnacious to the last, he shakes his fists and thrusts out his jaw simply be-

cause people expect it of him, not always because he has a genuine grievance or because he wants to fight.

Quack! QUAAACK! What's that? I'll fight anything on two or four legs. Quack! QUAAACK! After that interruption I will continue with my plea for more laughter this Christmas; more simplicity in our pleasures, and less worry over the fact that our boys and our girls delight in playing with toy anti-aircraft guns and other miniature weapons of modern warfare.

There should be nothing to cause alarm in the minds of parents, uncles and guardians over the number of such toys on sale in the stores of Great Britain, America, France and other countries. Years ago children played with six-shooters, Red Indian tomahawks, and a variety of other similar toys—yet we did not say that there was a spirit of lawlessness abroad.

We merely smiled indulgently and cried: "Spare me! Spare me!" when a youthful bandit, wearing a black mask and dress-

ing as a cross between "Buffalo Bill" and Jesse James, ordered us to stick up our hands.

It is only natural that young people should play with toy anti-aircraft guns and so forth. Children are much the same to-day as they were twenty, fifty or a hundred years ago. They live in a world of make-believe, and personally I thank heaven for it. It's bad enough for adults to have to face so many unplea-

sure facts without having our boys and girls facing them.

"Mark my words, Mr. Disney, there's trouble a-brewin'! I don't hold with all this. Fightin's pisen, that's what I say. You mark my words!"

"Order Of A Good Time"

Let me hasten to say that I agree with Grump, but that is no reason why we should face unpleasant facts all the time. There must be some relief and it is for that reason that I suggest we should laugh louder and longer than ever this Christmas.

I read somewhere that an old order called "The Order of a Good Time" was revived in Canada this year, and I think we should all do our best to become worthy members of the O.G.T.

"(I'm a member already, Walt, am I having a good time? Huh! Huh!)"

That's the stuff, Goo! people

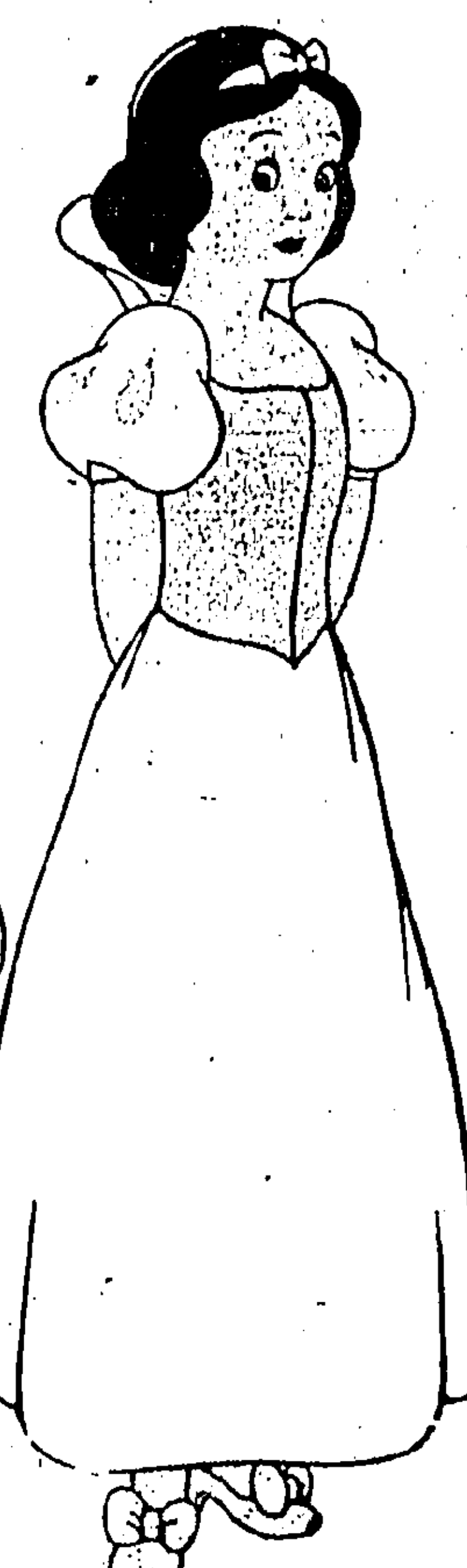
FED UP WITH EVERYTHING!



She'd been getting short-tempered; was losing her grip on things. Once again she's the perfect secretary, energetic, reliable and good tempered. That's because she has discovered the secret of perfect health—Beechams Pills. This purely vegetable laxative, famous for 90 years, keeps her system regular, her blood pure and vigorous, her digestion sound. Try Beechams Pills yourself. They'll make a world of difference.

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NOW FULL OF ENERGY...after taking BEECHAMS PILLS



may call you simple, but you do enjoy yourself, don't you?

If you've got a red cloak and some cotton wool; if you've got an old sock and you don't mind smearing a little soot on your face to show you've come down the chimney, play the part of Santa Claus this Christmas.

Laugh away your eldest child's scornful remarks, and let who will call you a big baby. It's better to be a big baby than have a mind so small that it has no room for fantasy and fun.

Please don't rack your brains to think of new and original games. The old ones are great fun, and I can think of nothing so breathlessly joyful and likely to make a party go with a swing than a rollicking game of "Blind Man's Buff!"

"Heel Heel! I'll be the blind man and catch Minnie!" My success has, I will admit, surprised me at times. Although we work hard out here in the Disney Studios, we cannot complain that our efforts are not appreciated by the world in general.

Nevertheless, I am quite aware that it is the fundamental love of simple pleasures (often stifled by people who think them a waste of time in a madly busy world) of make-believe (so frequently smothered by unpleasant facts that have to be faced), and of the old, old fairy tale characters, in the minds of all decent people, that has contributed chiefly to the continued success of my loyal staff and myself.

All the same for that most of us are always ready to be serious and talk of serious subjects, but don't let us do so at Christmas time. Let us be like Ferdinand and smell the flowers while we can. Then, maybe, we shall be left alone to smell them all the time—as was that happy bull.

If a rather bothersome relation turns up at Christmas let's welcome him or her with open arms and the latest joke; if the turkey is burnt and the pudding breaks, let's satisfy our appetites with the rest of the good things and blame no one for those very unimportant disasters.

Many of my readers have been children again when enjoying "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," "Ferdinand the Bull," and others of my pictures, so why not be children again at Christmas time?

Let's all hang up stockings; let's all forget that we have digestions and eat our fill; let's all get excited over a simple game of "Postman's Knock," "General Post," or "Come and Sit in My Chair"; let's go down on all-fours and signal away the 3.30 train from Table-Leg Station on its way to Armchair Junction. Let's all forget that slave-driving master we call Dignity, and be happy as children are happy.

Time For Light Hearts

The world needs laughter more now than at any other time in its history, so let us all provide that laughter this Christmas.

At the risk of being accused of labelling the point, may I conclude by saying that, when Christmas-eve arrives, let each and every one of us throw aside whatever cares we have and enjoy ourselves.

It is not possible to laugh all the year round (indeed, I would not recommend such a policy), but at least we can laugh at the most festive of all festive seasons. The more absurd the joke; the simpler the game, and the more ridiculous the trick, the more we should laugh.

And don't forget that there isn't a "Grumpy" alive who can be grumpy ALL THE TIME!

Very Acceptable Christmas Gifts—TENNIS



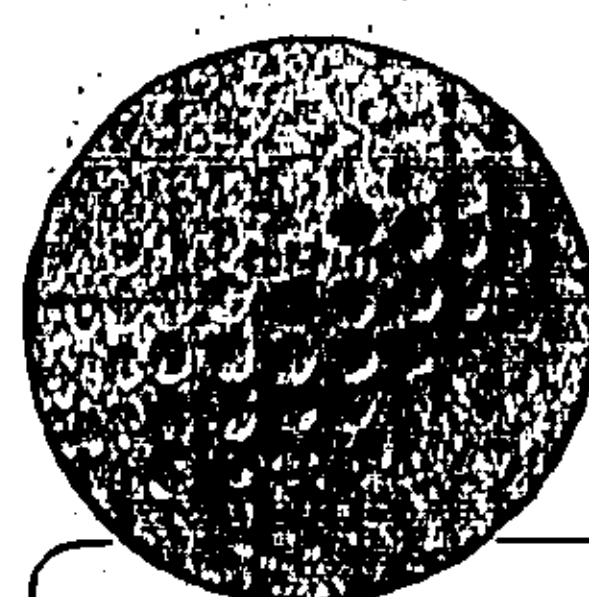
The DON BUDGE TENNIS RACKET

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GOLF

The TOP-FLITE BALL played by The TOP-FLITE GOLFER

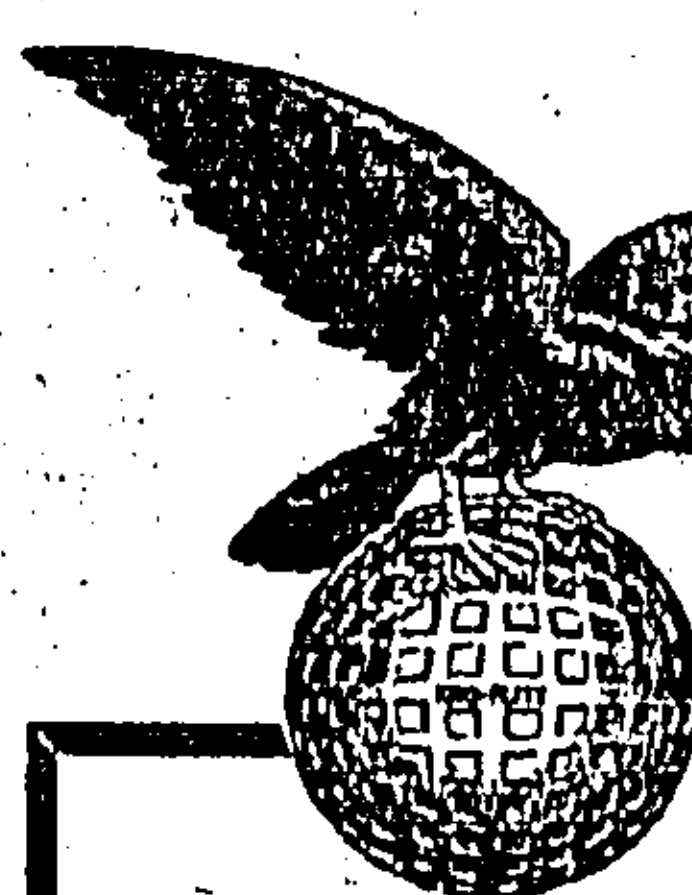


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A GOOD programme of "things to do" is essential if you are to make your Christmas party "go with a swing." A few games, a puzzle or two, and some conjuring tricks, always go down well, and this article will suggest many such items for your Yuletide festivities.

Here, for instance, is an amusing and effective trick that will come in handy when your guests are plentiful. Ask someone to hold up a soft hat—of the type illustrated—at eye level.

Now pull a handful of different coins out of your pocket, and invite another person to select one. That done, place the remaining coins into the hat in an apparently careless manner, though you must take care to see that the coins all go on one side of the central division of the hat. You then take

the selected coin and pop that one into the hat, too, this time you see that it goes into the vacant half of the hat.

"Ladies and gentlemen," you now announce, "by one smart tap on the hat, I will eject the coin selected."

You now give the hat a smart rap with the fingers, immediately under the division in which you "placed" the coin. Lo—the trick works, and the coin will come flying out of the hat. While your guests are still looking astonished turn to—

Christmas Fare

A Poultry Poser! If you have made a hash of carving the turkey, divert the attention with this little teaser. Two pouterers, Smith and Brown had one price only for chickens, and also for turkeys—irrespective of weight. On one day before Christmas, Smith sold six chickens, and ten

turkeys, his receipts being £14 10s.; while Brown sold nine chickens and five turkeys for £10 14s. That being so, find the price of one chicken, and one turkey.

Now, a good after-dinner trick in the shape of some "Domino Magic." Tip out a box of dominoes on the table, and mix them up in the usual way, but unobtrusively slip one into your pocket. You now tell someone to match up all the dominoes, just as one would in a game, while you retire to another part of the room. After the dominoes are all duly matched up, you can announce that the two red numbers are so and so, because they will always prove to be the two numbers on the domino you have kept back. It is advisable to return the odd domino as soon as possible.

Bend For A Bob

"What shall we do next?" is a question often heard at parties, so keep this one up your sleeve in case it should be asked in yours. Tell the company that you are imbued with the spirit of generosity, and you are going to give them all the chance of winning a shilling. Send everyone out of the room and make them come in one at a time.

When the first "victim" comes in, make him stand with his feet together, and his heels touching the wall. Then, about eighteen inches in front of him, place the promised shilling on the floor. Instruct him thus: "If you can pick up the shilling without moving your feet and keeping your heels against the wall, it is yours." At this point, there is no need for you to get anxious, because it will be a physical impossibility for him to pick it up, for as he bends down, he will literally push himself away from the wall. As the spectators increase in number, so will the fun.

A "Touching" Game

Another fairly game is "Touch." The host should act as Master of Ceremonies for this one. As leader, you must call out a letter of the alphabet whereupon the players all have to try and touch an object in the room which commences with that particular letter. A time limit of half-a-minute is imposed for each letter named,

and anyone failing to touch an object in that time is "out." Nobody must touch an object already being touched by another player. The leader should try to think of letters which will eliminate the player in reasonable time.

Card Craft

A good cards trick is always effective, and this one certainly is, although a little practice be-



forehand is advisable—and a little preparation. Use a discarded pack for the purpose, because holes must be pierced through the centres of two of the cards. Next take a piece of thin elastic and pass it through the holes, knotting the extreme ends. Place these two prepared cards at the end of the pack and ask someone to select a card by cutting. The "cut" will enable you to get the prepared cards into the middle of the pack.

Now replace the chosen card in the pack, taking care that it goes in between the two cards with the elastic. You will need to push it into the pack firmly as it has to stretch the elastic; once in the pack the sides must be firmly gripped or the card will spring out. Ask the person who cut the card which it was, then mumble some magical sounding words. Now release the pressure on the

side of the pack and out will pop the chosen card.

Replace your pack in your pocket with all speed and change the object!

Play Catch!

And what about another game?

This one is called "Catch" and will certainly liven things up. The players all sit on chairs arranged in the form of a circle—as large as the room will permit. One player, for whom no chair is provided, stands in the centre and gives each of the others a letter of the alphabet—A, B, C, and so on. A ping-pong ball is now required. The player in the centre has the ball and throws it up into the air, calling out a letter at the same time.

The person to whom that letter belongs must jump up and try to catch the ball before it reaches the ground, the thrower taking the catcher's chair. The player holding the ball now throws it up and calls a letter, the game proceeding as before. As soon as any player has dropped three catches, out he or she goes. The game goes on until it resolves itself into an exciting duel between the last two players.

The Yuletide Spirit

By the way, should your rich uncle be visiting you for Christmas, keep this problem in readiness. It may put ideas into his head!

A certain person decided to give some of his relations a Christmas box, and altogether he distributed £42 in this way. Elsie received £3 more than Tom, and Jack had half as much again as Elsie; but Vera obtained £2 more than Jack, while Pat was presented with £2 10s. more than Vera; lastly, Pat's present was double the amount which John got. How much did each of these six people receive?

Party Acrostic

A puzzle to solve next! An Acrostic! The idea is to answer all the clues given with words of four letters apiece. If your selections are correct, the first and last letters of the words, used alternately, will spell out the name of a game that is very popular at parties.

The Clues:

1. Something round to swallow.
2. An outdoor game.
3. This brings out the flavour.
4. What the angler needs.
5. Part of a ship.
6. Insect that hops and bites.
7. Don't pay through this.
8. As good as a mile, they say.
9. Token of affection.
10. Legal tender.
11. Wood-wind instrument.
12. Alexander, shortened.
13. This is a monarch.

You can increase the interest of the above Acrostic by copying the



clues on to paper and passing them round. Then put up a small prize for the first one to get the right answer.

Do You Know?

Something different now. We are going to ask you a few questions on topics mainly connected with Christmas. With each query, a group of possible answers is supplied, and the test is to tick off those you think to be right.

- (1) First of all, which is the native country of that popular Christmas bird, the turkey?
Persia, China, India, Scotland, England, Turkey, America, Australia, Belgium, Palestine, Germany, Italy, Holland, Switzerland.
- (2) Which country originated the custom of the Christmas Tree?
Denmark, Palestine, Germany, Italy, Holland, Switzerland.
- (3) According to tradition, which is the correct date to take down all Christmas decorations?
December 31st, January 1st, January 6th, December 27th.
- (4) In which of these countries did the practice of giving presents at Christmas originate?
Wales, Ireland, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland.
- (5) Where is the custom of serving The Boar's Head observed every Christmas?
The Mansion House, London, Windsor Castle, Queen's College, Oxford, Balmoral Castle, Trinity College, Cambridge.
- (6) And finally, one of these people is said to have been the originator of the Christmas Card. Can you say who it was?
The Prince Consort, Charlotte, Queen of George II, Sir Henry Cole, Queen Victoria, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Get This Carol

The Christmas Tree puzzle! This particular Christmas Tree

has been "decorated" with letters instead of presents. The idea is to try and read off the title of a well-known Christmas Carol, using up all the letters. The letter at the top of the tree should be used first, and then the rest is a matter of finding the order in which the letters are to be used—there is a definite one.

Fours And Fives!

It takes all kinds of games to make a successful party, so here's a quiet one which may come in useful; quick thinkers will welcome it. The game is "Fours and Fives" and it is of the word-making variety. Get the players to sit round in a circle and arrange for one person to start. The first player has to announce any four- or five-letter words; the player on the left of the starter must then think of another word which actually starts off with the last two letters of the first player's word. Then comes the third player who carries on with a word starting off with the last two letters of the second player's word.

And so the game goes on. Remember, only words consisting of four- or five letters may be used, and as soon as a player fails to think of a word, he or she must drop out. When a player drops out, the next player starts off with a new word.

The players will drop out like ninny-pins, for when faced with words like prawn, plank, onyx, tuck, and so on.

"Sum" Teaser

Some sum! That may be your opinion of the multiplication sum you see below, but are entitled to give yourself a pat on the back if you can reason out what figures the letters stand for. It can be done. The figures 1 to 9 all appear in the calculation, but ought does not come in.

XMAS TREE

T D R A R
T D R A R
D R X D E
A D M O

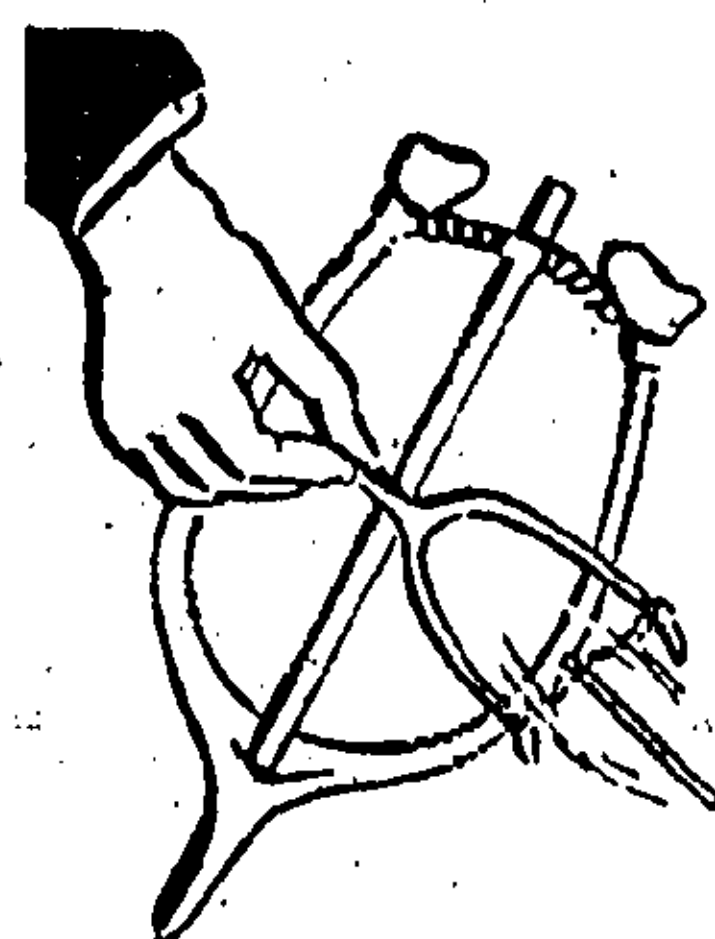
O O T M O D R

Wish-Bone Twister

And now we turn from mathematics to magic, in the shape of a good after-dinner trick. Keep the chicken's wish-bone in store for this trick by the way.

To carry out the trick, tie a double piece of thread to the extreme ends of the wish-bone and pass a small thin piece of wood through the threads. Now start turning the wood round and round to twist the thread, stopping when there is a fairly good tension. Pull the piece of wood down through the thread until the end is a bit longer than the bone itself, and then keep the wood in place with the finger.

When the finger is removed, the thread will quickly untwist, and it will appear to the onlookers as if the stick is describing a circular



movement through the centre of the wish-bone.

Riddle Diddlers

A riddle or two always makes good stock for the Christmas party, so keep these in readiness to bring out at appropriate moments.

Why is the alphabet like Horatio Nelson? Because it has only one eye, of course!

Another—which is the most travelled fish of all? Obviously the goldfish, since it travels round the globe many times a day.

Just one more, try to think of the best butter in the world. What's the answer? Why naturally, it's a goat.

SOLUTIONS

A Poultry Poser: Chicken 11s., and a turkey 23s.
Christmas Box Problem: Tom—£2; Elsie—£3; Jack—£7 10s.; Vera—£9 10s.; Pat—£12; John—£6.

Acrostic: The words were pill, polo, salt, bait, mast, flea, nose, miss, kiss, coin, oboe, Alec, king; the alternate first and last letters make "Postman's knock."

Questions: 1. The turkey was introduced into this country from America; 2. Germany; 3. Twelfth Night, which is January 6th, of course; 4. Italy correct, since the practice arose from the habit of giving presents at the old Roman new-year festival; 5. Queen's College, Oxford; 6. There are many stories as to how the Christmas card first started, and one version is that Sir Henry Cole—one of the organisers of the Hyde Park Exhibition—asked a member of the Royal Academy to design him a card in 1846.

Christmas Tree Puzzle: Starting at the letter G at the top of the tree "God rest you, merry gentlemen" can be read off by using all one style of letter first, then all of another, and so on, until they are all used up.

Some sum: The solution is as follows:—

3 5 7 9
2 4 6 8

2 1 4 7 4
2 1 4 7 4

1 4 3 1 6
7 1 5 8

8 8 2 6 8 1 4

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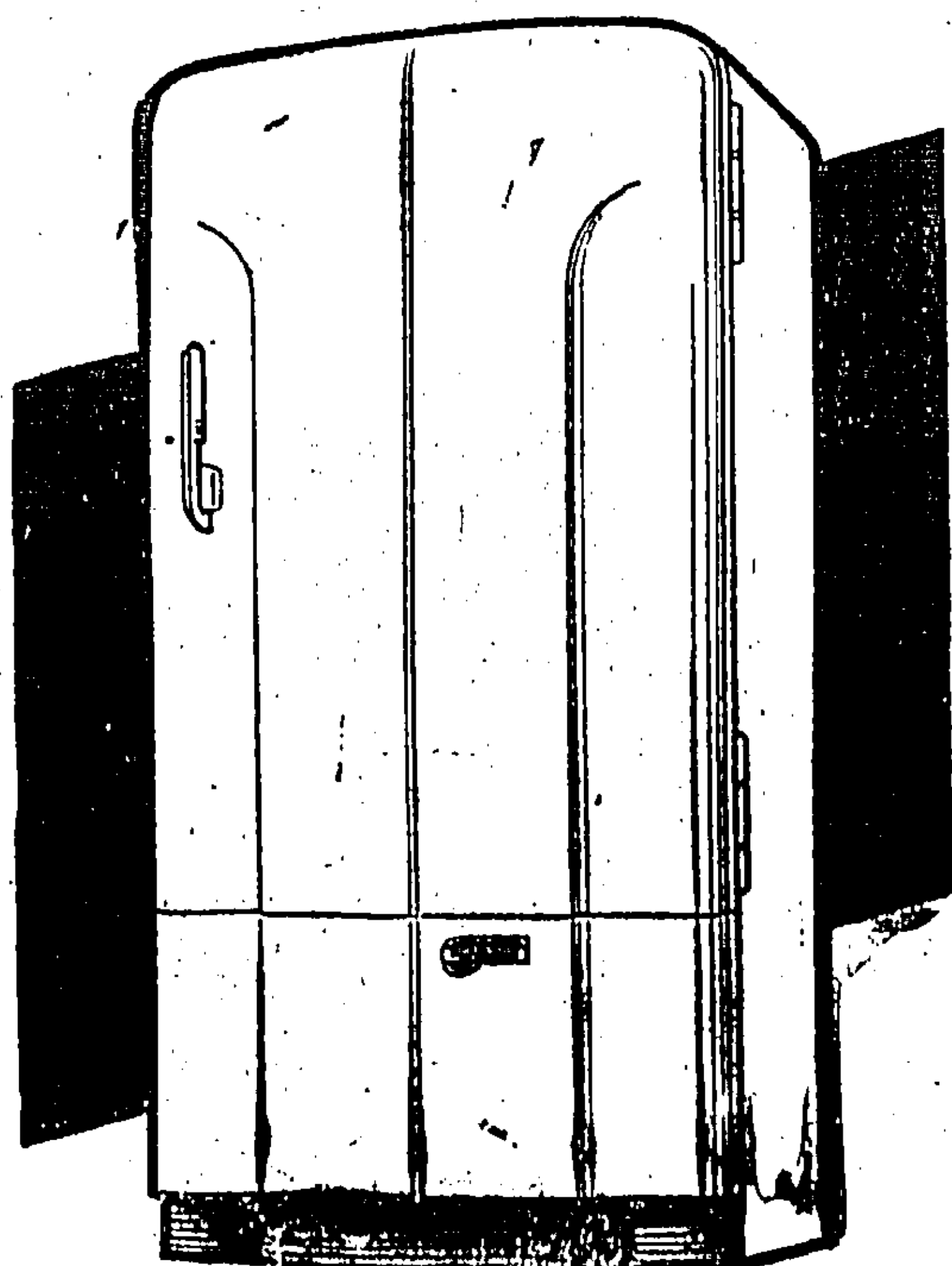
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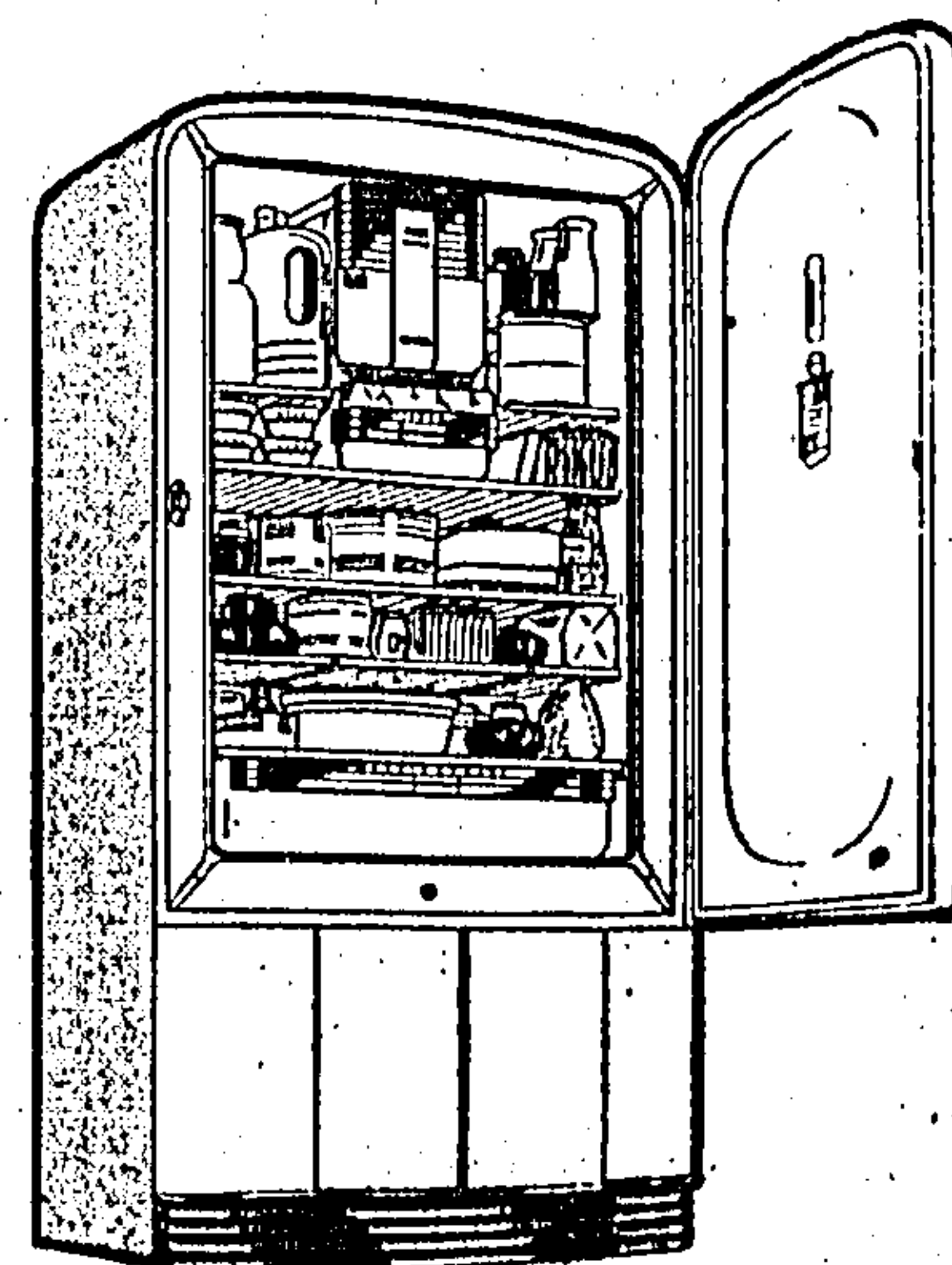
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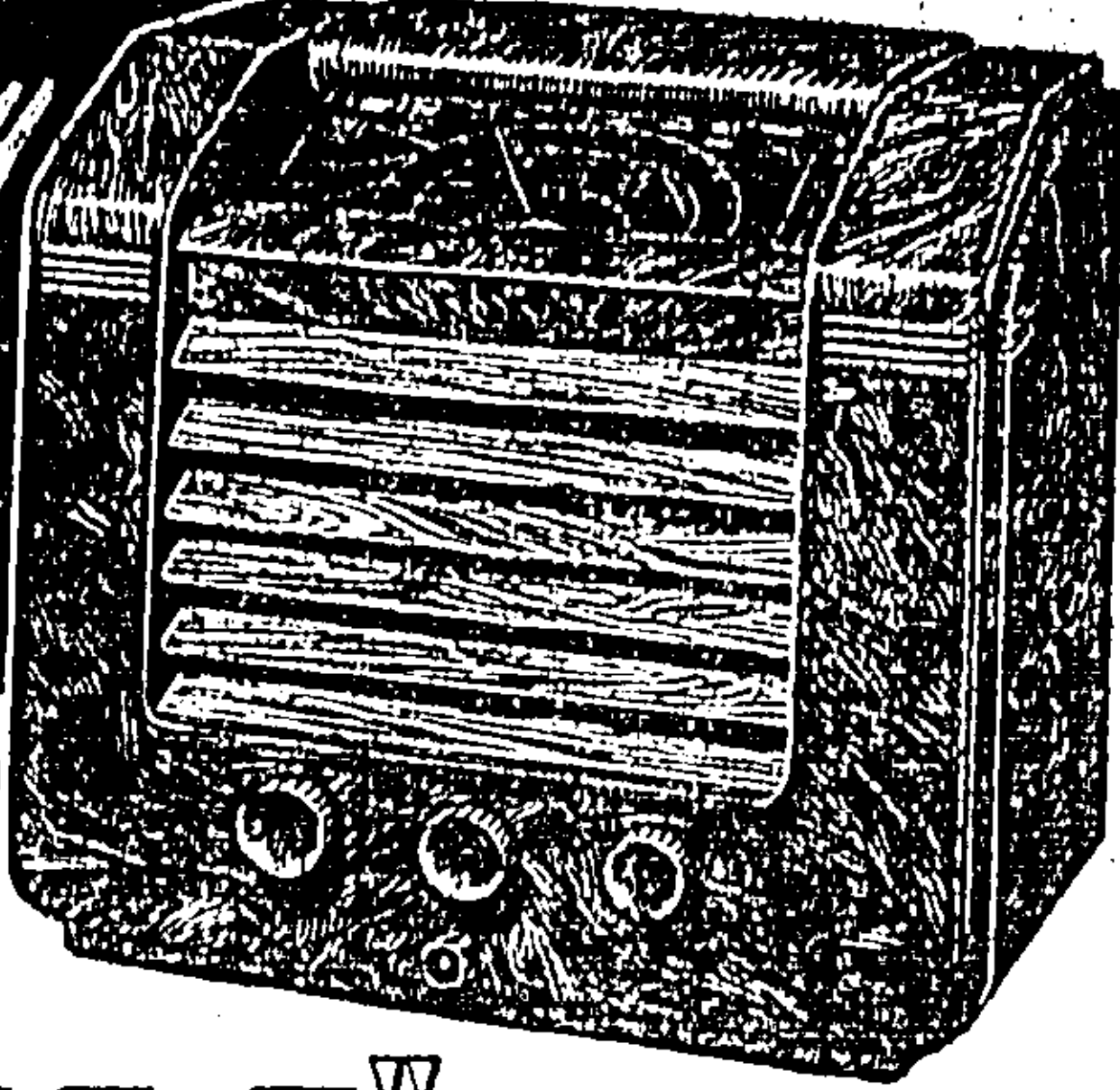
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"It was the greatest experience of my life, and although I'd always boasted that I was scared of nothing, I admit that I was glad when it was over."

As we sat around the blazing fire on that Christmas evening, the leaping flames sending weirdly-shaped figures flitting around the dimly-lit room, we stared at the speaker.

"Go on," I said.

"I shall never forget the face of that man," he went on, starting into the fire as though to assist his recollection. "I was driving home from a business trip. Being near Christmas I was anxious to get back as quickly as possible, and I took a short route along some little-used country lanes."

He leaned forward and peered even closer into the leaping flames.

"It was a horrible night," he continued. "Bitterly cold, with a biting north-east wind and a fine drizzle of rain. I whipped up speed. It was no night for pleasure driving. Then it happened. As I tore along the dark lane, my headlights throwing fantastic shadows around on the high hedges, I suddenly saw a white horse galloping straight towards me—and a man was crouched low over its neck."

He paused, glanced around to see if we were listening. Our eyes were fixed intently upon the storyteller.

"When I first caught sight of him," he continued, "the horse was not more than thirty yards ahead of me, galloping along in the centre of the lane. Instinctively, I pulled over—jammed on my brakes—sat spellbound, knowing that a crash was coming, for the rider did not swerve in his either side. My heart seemed to turn over—I was powerless to act."

"The distorted nostrils of the horse were like those of some unnatural beast. I saw, too, the white, pain-racked face of the rider. Next second, horse and rider seemed to gallop RIGHT THROUGH MY CAR! There had been no crash."

"My eyes had deceived me, surely I thought, when I recovered something of my normal composure. Then, in a flash, I jumped out of the car, stared behind me. And there, still in the centre of the lane, was horse and rider. I could only see them indistinctly—yet I swear I did see them."

"Suddenly the horse slowed and turned from the lane, disappearing from view. What made me do it, I don't know, but I clambered



He knew it was his old pet. There was the weapon still sticking in its shoulder.

back into the car and steered backwards to the spot where I thought the mysterious rider had vanished."

"And there was the horse nibbling the grass!" I put in, feeling that I must say something to relieve the tension.

"I don't think you would have joked had you been there," said my friend. "It was no laughing matter to jump out of my car, see two huge iron gates between white stone pillars, leading, I suppose, to some old country mansion—and to find those gates locked! More than that, the chains were rusty with age. I tell you it's all true. And when I pulled a torch from the car and searched the muddy ground in front of the gates, there was no sign of a hoof-mark!"

Never Returned

Are you surprised that the little party sitting around the fire on that Christmas evening wondered if our friend was quite awake? Being sceptical of such things, I wanted to know more.

"I'm not asking you to believe everything I've told you unless you want to," my companion went on, "but every word is true. I can see it all happening now in the flames of the fire there. You ask for an explanation, and I think I can give it."

My friend then went on to tell how, reaching a village some miles farther on, he felt that he needed a stimulant to steady his shaking nerves, and pulled up at the old inn. Seated before the fire, warming himself, he got into conversation with two of the locals and told them his story.

"They did not laugh at me," my friend said, "as a matter of fact, they seemed to pale as though with fright. Then one of them told me I had seen the ghost of Manor Grange—that was the country mansion behind those locked gates. It seems that the owner was a bit



of a recluse whose only recreation was horse-riding mostly at night. The story goes that he went out one stormy December night to ride into the village—and was never seen alive again.

"That old villager was quite serious when he told me that on the anniversary of the man's death—if he was killed—he rides up the lane and into the old manor grounds. 'Ay, it's true enough,' said the local, 'that's why you won't find many of the villagers so far from the main street after dark on December 21st.'"

"So it was a ghost, after all," I said, although I had to admit that I was still sceptical.

"No man can disbelieve the evidence of his own eyes," my friend returned. And those words set us thinking and discussing the supernatural as we sat there in that atmosphere made for ghosts.

I recalled a visit I made once to the Scottish Highlands. Staying the night in a shepherd's stone cottage, I heard this strange story.

One night, a local man had a brainstorm and stabbed his pet dog in the shoulder. The animal dogged itself out of the house and away into the hills, and no trace of its body was ever found. Some months later, the man was out tending his flocks after a severe snowstorm, and in the blizzard returning, he was lost. Suddenly, as he floundered in the deep drifts, he saw his dog. He knew it was his old pet. There was the weapon still sticking in its shoulder.

Filled with remorse, he followed the animal—and was led back to his home. Then the dog dis-

appeared as quickly as it has appeared. And my shepherd host vouched for the authenticity of the story, fantastic as it may sound.

Ghosts are not always the familiar queerly-garbed figures of history which lurk in darkened rooms of haunted houses, although there are many experiences of such spectral happenings which I could relate.

In Cheshire is a straight stretch of road that was once reputed to be dangerous. Dozens of accidents took place on it, some fatal. And nearly all of them had the same cause—cars and other vehicles swerving at one particular spot to avoid a lorry backing out of a side lane. But investigation proved that there was no lorry at that spot, no thoroughfare for road vehicles.

It certainly is inexplicable. But, then, so are most stories of the supernatural.

Phantom Vicar

A famous authoress tells how she sat one evening in a village church and watched the choir file in followed by a white-bearded surplised figure whom she took to be the vicar. To her bewilderment, however, the stranger took no part in the service. Afterwards she inquired of the curate the identity of the white-bearded minister.

The young man looked surprised at the question. He was sure that no such person as she had described was present during the service. Then he produced a photograph, which the lady immediately

ly recognised as that of the white-bearded stranger she had seen in the church.

It was a portrait of the vicar, who had died 17 years before!

I have heard experiences from many people, from men and women who are not necessarily be-



A reflection, not of himself, but of Dan Leno, the old-time comedian.

levers in the supernatural, certainly not given to extraordinary flights of imagination.

Dan Leno's Dressing Room

I recall the story of a British submarine that was lost on patrol.

Some months later a sister ship was cruising submerged in the same waters when the officer, peering through the periscope, saw the officer of the lost submarine swimming towards them, on the surface, and waving his arms as though signalling to them.

The officer immediately gave orders for the submarine to rise and go to the rescue. Reaching the surface, however, there was no sign of the commander of the missing craft. Afterwards, it was discovered that the second submarine, had it remained submerged, would have cruised right into a newly-laid minefield.

In conclusion I should like to tell you of an experience of Stanley Lupino, the famous stage and screen comedian. Years ago, at Drury Lane, making up for his part in a pantomime, he was surprised to see in his mirror a reflection not of himself but of Dan Leno, the old-time comedian. The face showed for a moment, then was gone.

Stanley Lupino says that he felt he must have imagined it and dismissed it from his mind. Some weeks later, again preparing for the show, he was talking to a lady friend in his dressing room when she suddenly screamed and fainted. On her recovery, she confessed that she, too, had seen the ghost of Dan Leno reflected in the mirror.

That set Lupino thinking deeply, and he decided to spend a night in the room. He was not disappointed. During the early hours of the morning, the spirit of Dan Leno walked across the room, smiled at the spell-bound figure sitting in the armchair—and vanished through the locked door!

Twenty years before Dan Leno had used that same dressing-room!

Sitting round the fire that Christmas night, my friends and I did not notice the passing of time, and it was in the small hours of the morning that we retired, wondering—wondering.

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Party Table Decorations



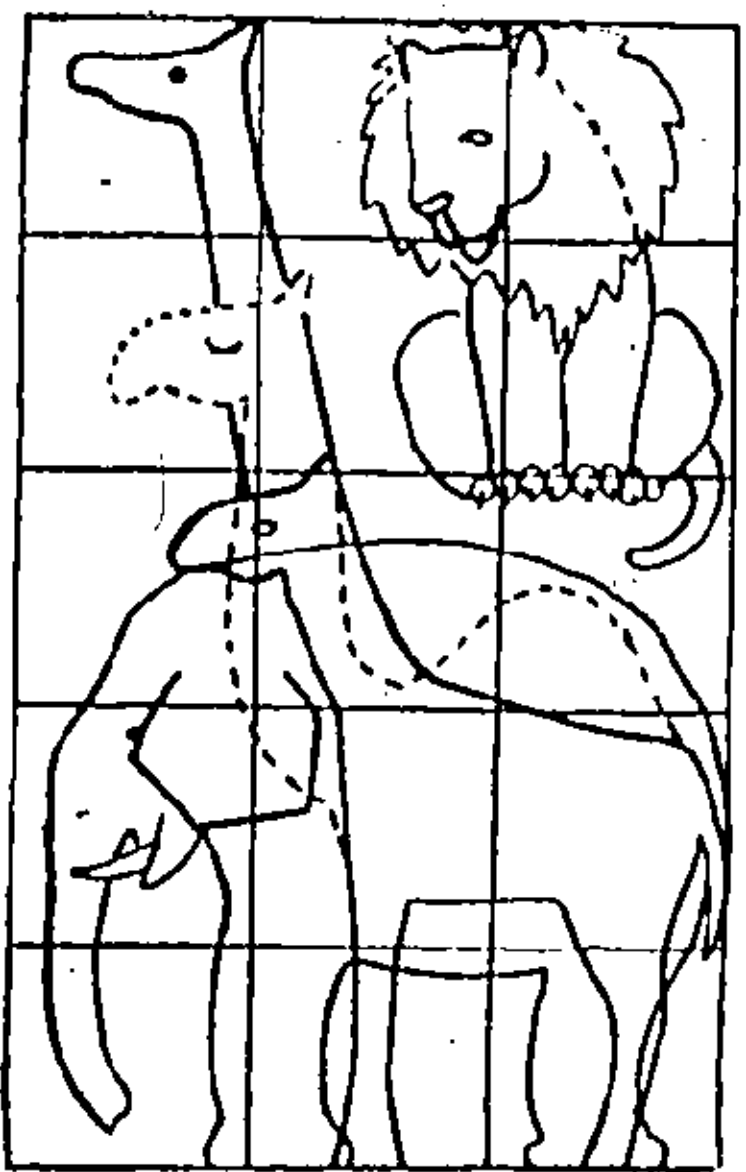
It is a pleasing notion, and one which will be loudly applauded by your friends, to have a scheme of decoration for your Christmas party-table.

Here are five suggestions; two of which will transform your table most enchantingly for grown-up dinners, whilst the others will afford great delight to the kiddies' party.

The first of the latter is "Christmas In The Noah's Ark." A cardboard-box ark is cut into a centrepiece, whilst six species of cardboard animals form place-cards. Patterns are given in the diagram from which all these six animals may be enlarged and cut.

Each of the animals is cut out in cardboard and has a tab upon which each little guest's name is written; this tab, incidentally, bends over to form a stand for the model.

Take a piece of paper and draw out on it a shape 6in. by 10in.



Divide this up into 2in. squares so that it looks like the printed diagram only on a larger scale. Now carefully copy the animals on to your squares so that they appear exactly as upon the printed ones.

The Tracings

Now take six pieces of tissue or tracing-paper. Place the first upon your enlarged drawing and trace the elephant through on to it. Place this on to one side, then take a second piece of paper and this time trace the zebra. On the third piece of paper trace the camel, which has the same body as the zebra except for a different neck and his hump, which are shown by the dotted line. On the fourth piece of paper trace the giraffe who, again, has the same body as the camel and the zebra.

The fifth tracing is the lion and the sixth the lion without his mane, which, if the dotted lines are followed and spots introduced, becomes a leopard.

Now you have a large tracing of each of these animals. Place one of them upon a piece of card with a carbon paper between and press firmly over the outline. Remove the paper and your animal is ready to be coloured and cut out.

Do not forget to leave a strip of card sticking out of the back of each animal so that the models will stand, and take care not to omit the zebra's stripes, the giraffe's patches and the leopard's spots. The models may be coloured in realistic shades or they may merely be filled in with black ink, the markings being left in white.

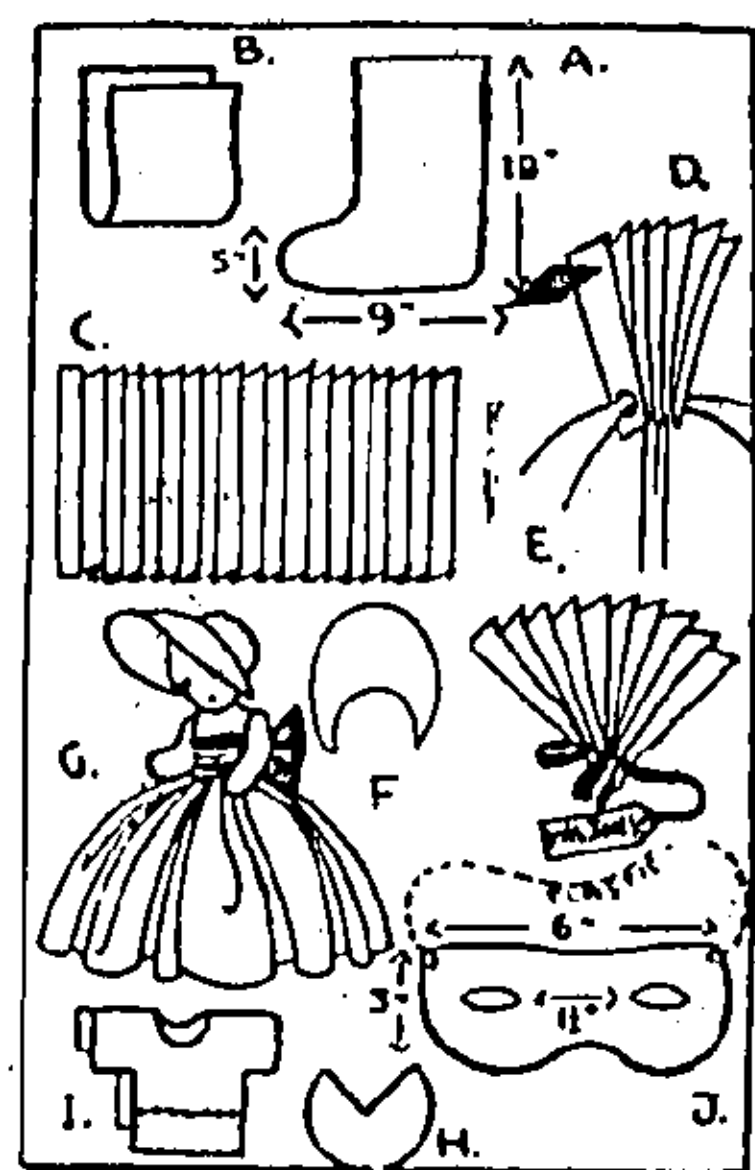
The illustration of the Noah's Ark shows how a box about 7in. wide, 13in. long and 8in. deep has been adapted. Cut away the sides and shape the ends to points. Fix two pieces into place as a sloping roof, leaving an opening at the top into which holly is inserted. Stick four triangles of card at the lower corners of the box and then

colour it, making the roof red, walls yellow, and the lower part blue. Ink or paint in black windows, leaving yellow bars.

For Children

Next comes "Out Of The Christmas Stockings." Purchase half a yard of 36in. width coarse white net or use up an old pair of curtains. Cut out four pieces to the stocking shape shown in diagram A, then sew up each pair and stuff them with coloured crumpled paper so that they will stand in the centre of the table.

Slip a Father Christmas doll into the top of one stocking and a fairy doll in the other, each facing



opposite sides of the table. From the dolls' hands attach as many lengths of tinsel as there are guests, letting each strand reach from the dolls' hands to one of the children's places.

Make, or purchase, a small Christmas stocking for each child; filling it with sweets or tiny gifts, and attach one to each end of the net strands. Tie a card to the stockings, after writing the name of a guest upon each.

"The Foot of The Rainbow" is a very striking scheme. Cut out the rainbow in card, making it in two pieces if such a large piece is unavailable. Colour it in the correct shades and stretch it across the table as a centrepiece. To keep it in an upright position slit the ends of the arc as may be seen in the illustration.

Let the rainbow measure about 48in. straight across from foot to foot, as if a 48in. diameter circle had been cut in two. The width may be about 7 1/2 in. A round rug makes a good pattern or else a piece of string taken from the same centre and moving slowly round, a pencil marking each point it touches, will give you a perfect half circle.

Purchase about six penny dolls, or as many more as you wish and dress them as fairies in white crinkled paper, etc., as follows:

Gather up a strip of paper about 7in. long around the waist and fasten a band of silver tinsel ribbon in a large bow above it; the ends looking like wings. Cut out of paper and glue a silver star to the front of the head. Stick a piece of wire through the hand, with a second star affixed.

Tiny Fans

Now pierce holes in the rainbow and hang the dressed dolls along it, using very fine cotton to give a flying effect as in the illustration.

Cut out a small rainbow for each child, making two of them from an 8in. diameter circle and cutting out the centre to leave a 2in. width. Colour them, write a name upon each and stand them by the same method as for the large one; one over each child's place.

Purchase a number of "gold coins" from the sweetshop, these being goldpaper covered chocolate, and stuff them into little brown linen sacks made by folding over and sewing up the sides of a 6in. by 2in. strip of material as in diagram B.

Place the sacks at the foot of each little guest's rainbow and the picture is complete.

"My Lady's Fan" cannot help but be a success for a grown-up's table. The centrepiece is a huge fan made in the way in which we used to pleat and form fans from paper in our younger days.

Choose a fairly stiff paper and select a design as lace-like as possible. If you prefer, you may make your centrepiece from real lace; starched to stand stiffly in its pleats, if you have an old lace



curtain or a discarded evening gown. The effect can be very beautiful.

Cut out two lengths of paper, each 10 1/2 in. wide and 40in. long. Paste the papers together and leave under a weight until quite dry. Next fold the papers as in diagram C, pleating them into about 1 1/2 in. folds. Pierce the bottom thicknesses and pull a length of wide satin ribbon through the hole, tying it into a large bow.

To keep the fan upright a short stick should be split and the fan inserted as in diagram D. This stick may now be placed in a small jar of sand in the centre of the table, the ends of the bow concealing it.

Make tiny fans in different shades of coloured paper, attaching a name card to the ribbon of the fan in each case as in diagram E.

To complete the scheme, dress a little celluloid doll as a Crinolene Girl for each lady guest.

Gather up a strip of artificial silk taffeta 12in. by 4in. for a 4in. height doll. Fasten this around the waist, then tie a band of black velvet ribbon around the body. Make a poke bonnet from a piece of card cut as in diagram F, covering it with taffeta to tone the skirt, and gliding or silvering the part of the head left showing. A completed doll is shown in diagram G. A small gift may be hidden beneath the full skirts, if you wish.

Pantomime is the gayest show of all. Here Cinderella's coach takes the centre of the stage. This is formed from a box turned upside down.

Cut out four pieces of card the length of the box and cut the edges curved as the shaded parts show, and scallop the edges of one pair. Glue the portions to the top and bottom of the box.

Pierce the bottom ones where the black circles indicate and insert a wooden skewer.

Cut out two wheels, pierce their centres and attach them to the skewer. Fold pieces of card to form driver and pillion seats and stick them into place. Attach skewers as in the diagram for shafts, using small tacks, then gild the whole model, which should look as in diagram Q. Indicate windows with squares of black, and also a door, or else cut them out and insert holly and mistletoe.

Use tinsel for reins and cut out a horse from a magazine illustration or a child's drawing book and stick it on card, or else use a small model one.

At each guest's plate, or the ladies only need be favoured, if you wish, there is a wee celluloid doll, each dressed to represent a well-known pantomime character. These cause great fun and are charming mementoes. They may be seen above diagram Q.

As In The Pantomime

Aladdin wears a pointed hat cut from a piece of card as in diagram H. His tunic is cut magenta from paper or silk and has an edging of another colour as in diagram I. A piece of wire is pushed through his hand, and from this dangles a lantern made from a piece of card curved and glued, then painted. Paper tassels hang from hat and lantern.

Cinderella has a broomstick made from a twig with a bundle of smaller ones tied to the end. Her dress is cut exactly as Aladdin's tunic, but longer. The sleeves and hem are cut jaggedly and a cord draws in her waist.

Robinson Crusoe has a costume and hat made from scraps of fur-cloth. Cut the cap to go to a point, forming it as Aladdin's but not as shallow. Sew his "skin" across one shoulder and over the other. Stand him in a shallow dish of sand in which a foot-print has been made, and finish him off with a toy parrot tied around his neck to that it appears to be perching on his shoulder.

Mother Goose is celluloid and wears a shawl made from a scrap of plaid, together with a ridiculous bonnet cut out from a scrap of old straw hat and tied under her beak with a scrap of bright ribbon. Make a miniature umbrella from a twig and a triangle of black velvet and glue it to her side.

Make place cards from masks cut out in card and coloured. The diagram J should be followed, and completes a novel and unbelievably attractive scheme.

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At
"The Black Dog"

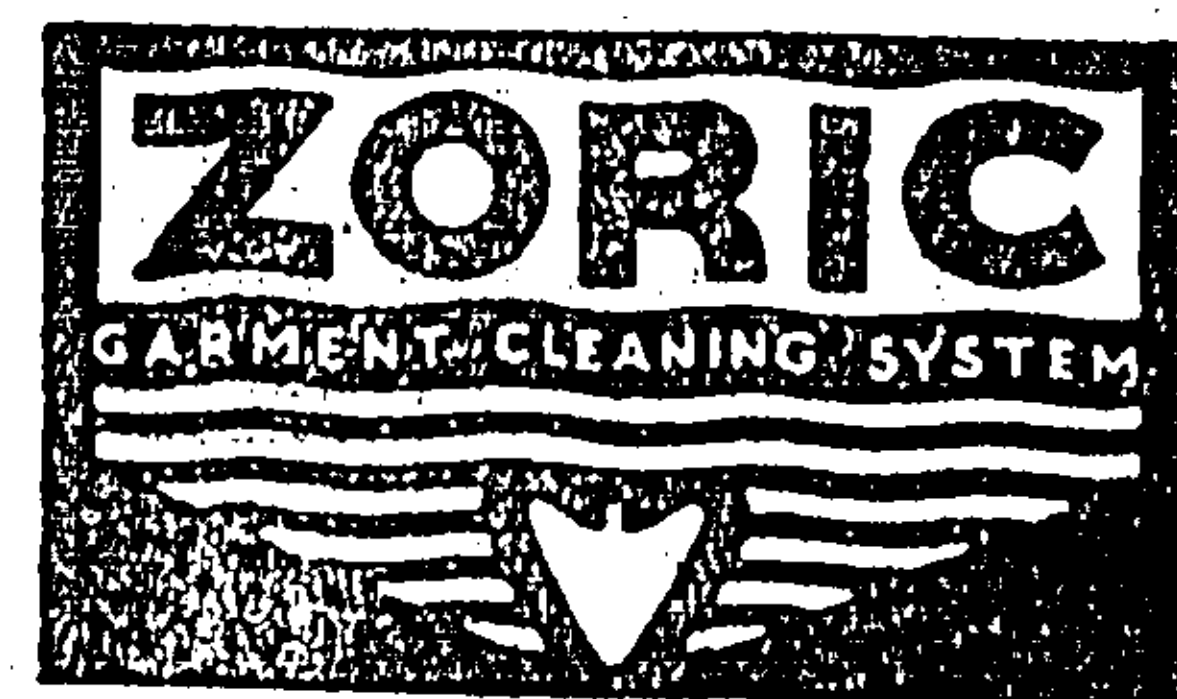
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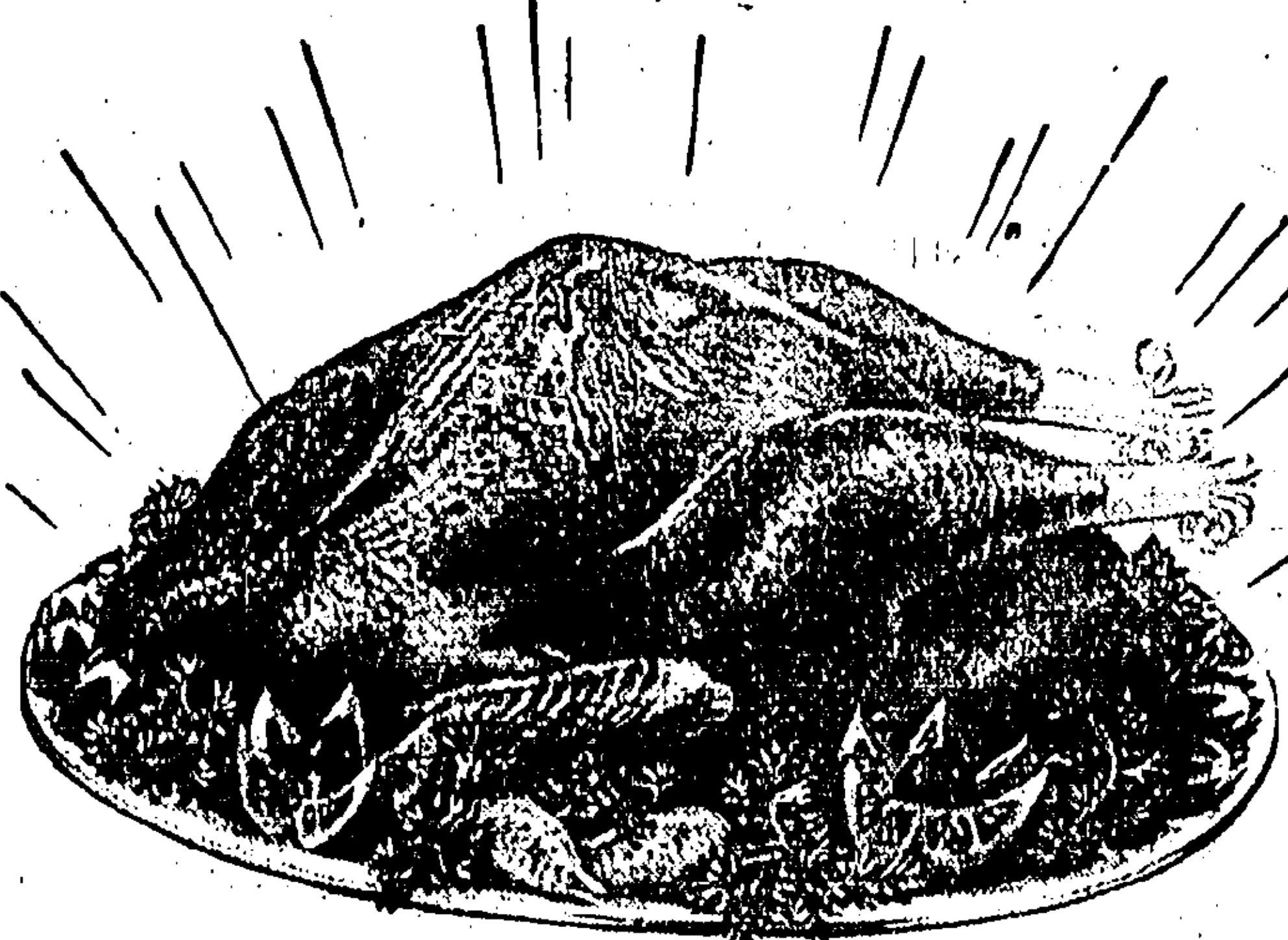
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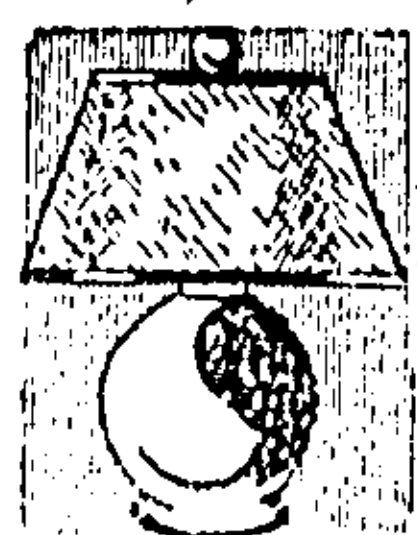
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MOST of us have been guests at parties where the fun has suddenly come to a full stop. Then comes the question: "What shall we do next?" Don't let that happen to your party. As host—or hostess—it is up to you to draw up a rough programme before the guests arrive, so that at no time during the evening will the merry-making flag. Once your guests become bored, it is difficult to revive the interest.

You can plan your own curriculum of games by choosing those best suited to your visitors. Of course, but you'll need more than just a programme of games. So, with your permission, I'll try to help you make your party the best of the festive season.

Getting Them Together

When I spoke of games, I referred, of course, to the more familiar games that are played at most parties. You want to give your guests something different, don't you? Then what about introducing these, which I shall describe as follows?—

The first I have called "Dumb Artists," and it relies on its competitive interest. Split your guests into two teams and place each side in a different room. They must not come together under any circumstances. You are to be the adjudicator and must take your place in some other part of the house—in the hall, if it's not too cold.

Before the game starts, compile a list of 12 subjects. You will understand why as we go along. At the call of "Go," one member of each team must come to you to be told the first of the subjects you have chosen. Knowing it, they must go back to their team and draw what you have mentioned. It is up to the remainder of the team to try to guess what the drawing is meant to represent.

We'll say that someone guesses right. Then he must go back to the adjudicator—you, in this instance—and report. He will be given the second subject on the list. And thus it goes on, each team in turn guessing one subject and going on to the next, until the list is complete. The team that finishes first is, of course, the winner.

The subjects you choose need to be a little difficult. For instance, when I had this job last Christmas, I chose such things as "paper on the wall," "air in a balloon," "rain," and "smoke from a cigarette." Remember, the man who must put this before his team is only allowed to draw it, without speaking a word and without writing any wording on his drawing. And not until the subject is guessed, in exactly the words used by yourself, can the next one be tried.

You'll be surprised at the difficulty some of these subjects present. But the drawing is the only clue—that is, if everyone plays fair!

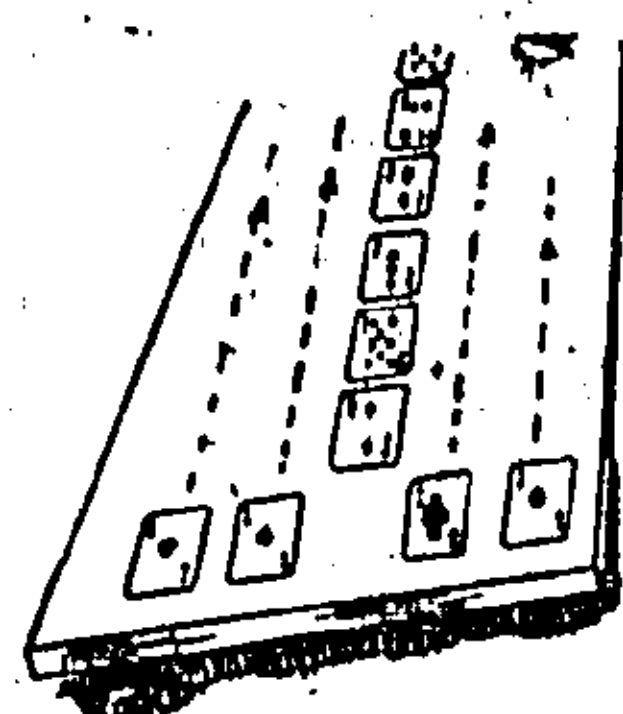
Want another team-game? All right, what about balloon bursting? If there are a dozen guests, you'll have two teams. A dozen balloons are hidden about the rooms—or two rooms if you like. At the word "Go" the teams must search for the balloons and, having found them, must blow them up and burst them. The first team with six burst balloons wins. And if this game doesn't cause howls of laughter, then nothing will.

With A Pack Of Cards

Have you ever tried ace-racing? Well this is how it's played.

You'll need two packs of cards. Out of one pack take the four aces—they will be the horses. Some of the other cards in that pack are laid along the table in a row (as in the accompanying sketch). All is ready for the race.

Four players take their places by the aces. You will stand beside the table with the other pack face downwards in your hand. Then, one at a time, you will turn the cards up. If you turn up a diamond, then the man with the



Ace Racing

ace of diamonds will move up one card, and so on, until one of the aces has reached the "winning post."

While you've got the cards out, how do you fancy yourself as a conjurer? Never thought about it, perhaps? Why not? Here are two or three simple little tricks you can do quite easily, providing you practise them once or twice before the evening of the party.

Before you produce your cards for the first trick, you must arrange them that the 8 of dia-



monds and the 7 of hearts are placed at the top of the pack and the 7 of diamonds and the 8 of hearts at the bottom. Now for the trick.

"Just an ordinary pack of cards," you say, "and on the top here I have two cards." You take them from the pack and show them to your audience. "Remember them, please. Now," this to one of your guests, "Will you please place them in the pack in different places." You hold out the pack that this can be done. Then you place the pack face downwards on the table.

"Now then," you bang the cards twice with your hand to "work the magic," so to speak. "You thought the two cards were hidden, but I say they are at the bottom of the pack."

You pick up the pack turn up the bottom two cards, which are the 7 of diamonds and the 8 of hearts. And although the trick is really nothing better than a catch, you can be almost certain that your guests will not detect the deception. Few people will remember after you have chatted a bit and banged the cards a few times, which 7 and which 8 were placed within the full pack. Try it and see.

Here's another "catch-trick." Take the four Jacks from the pack and hold them fanwise for the audience to see. But before



Try These Two

you do so see that behind the last Jack are four others cards which you keep covered because they are absolutely flush. Now flick the "four Jacks" together and place them on top of the pack. Actually, they will be underneath the four other cards. Remember that.

Now you take the top four cards (which are not the Jacks, of course) and place them at different intervals throughout the rest of the pack.

"There you are," you say to your keenly-watching guests, "the four Jacks are now in the pack, aren't they? Very well, but say they are still on the top of the pack." You beckon one of the guests forward. "You'll be good enough to turn up the top four cards." This is done—the four Jacks, as you said. Then wait for the gasps.

"You had two sets of Jacks," someone is bound to say. All right, tell that person to inspect the pack. Good, isn't it?

Impossible Arithmetic

Some quite good tricks can be worked with an accomplice. For instance, you can pick out a chosen card with this assistance. Before you do this one, tell a friend that you want him to act as your accomplice—and if he is of what you want him to do. Then take the pack of cards, pass them among your guests, and ask them to choose one and replace it in the pack. They can shuffle the cards, cut and re-cut, then hand them back to you.

Now you start dealing the cards one by one on to the table, until you feel a slight pressure on your foot—your accomplice has told you the right card. ("By Jove, how does he do it?" you'll hear the other visitors asking).

All sorts of tricks and puzzles are possible with a box of matches. You may know some yourself, but have you ever seen this one?

Lay ten matches on the table to form the word "Five." The trick is to take seven matches away and still leave four! Sounds impossible, but it's so simple—when you know how! Just take away the matches forming the letters "F" and "E," and what have you left? The matches forming the Roman numerals "IV"—four. Spot it?

Making Money

Here's another one. An empty match-box is wanted this time. Hold up each part separately and

show them to your guests. "Empty, you see," you say. "I will now put the box together—and it will not be empty." You proceed to do so, and, when the box is opened once more, it is seen that it contains a penny.

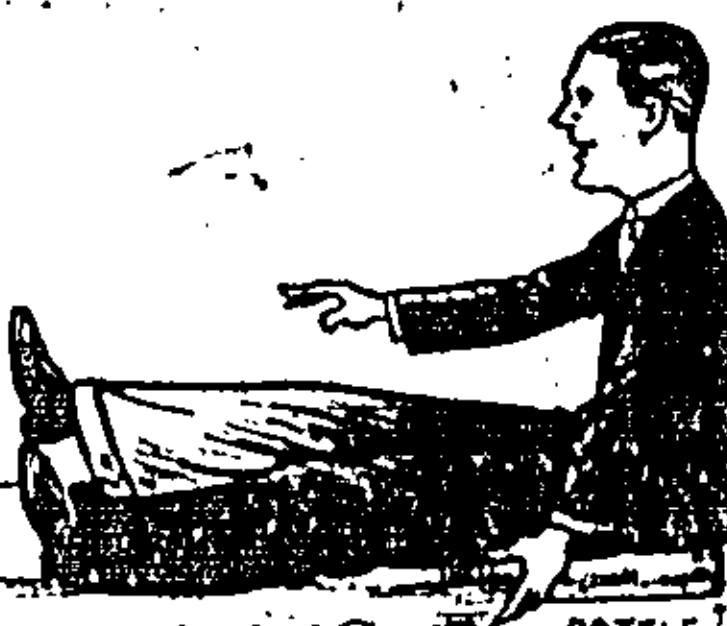
It's really quite easy. All you do is to hold a penny flush with the inside of the lid with your two fingers as you show it around. Then, as you place the two pieces of the box together again, it should not be difficult to drop the penny into it. Practise it once or twice before you perform it in public. Your guests will never suspect the trick.

A few tricks like that one will liven up any party, for there are times during the evening when your guests will want to "take a breather," or when you're waiting for a drink to be served. You do not need any complicated apparatus, either.

These Are Catches

Ask your guests if they could make a needle float. "Impossible," they'll say. But you proceed to show them that it is possible.

Get a glass of water and place a small piece of tissue paper—or cigarette paper, for preference—on the surface. On this lay a needle. After a few seconds the paper will become saturated, and



Try These Two

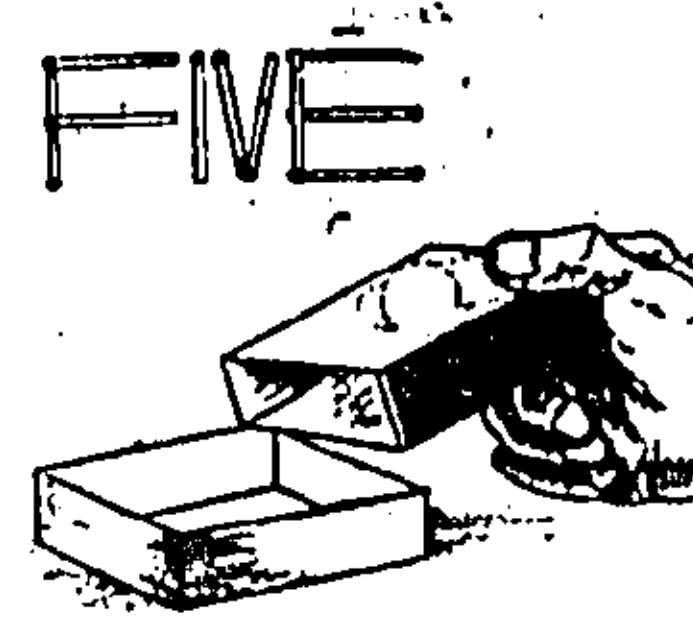
will sink to the bottom of the glass. But the needle will remain floating.

This one should also make your guests gasp. Tell them that you can turn a glass of water upside down without spilling a drop. You'll want the glass brimful of water. Then place a piece of glazed paper across the top. Hold your hand flat upon it and then turn the glass upside down on your hand, taking care to see that the paper is not moved in any way. Slide your hand slowly away—and, hey presto, the paper will adhere to the glass and not a drop will be spilled. At least, it won't if you work the trick right.

While you have the tumbler, try this one. Empty it, and then stand it upside down on the table. Place a shilling on it, and then tell your guests that anyone who can make the shilling from the top of the tumbler can have it. Then watch them rush and grab! But not one of them will be able to claim the shilling—off the top of the tumbler, you said, but they have taken the shilling from the bottom! Such a catch—but it never fails to catch!

Fun For The Watchers

If there is an empty bottle handy, here's another trick—or, rather, I should say, a feat of concentration. Place the bottle length-



Match Tricks

wise on the floor. On one side of it, about a couple of feet from it, place a box of matches, and on the other side a candle. Offer a small prize to anyone who can sit on that bottle with legs stretched out, the right heel resting on the left toe (as in the sketch), and can pick up the matches, light one and then set the wick of the candle alight, without touching the floor with the hands.

I've tried it dozens of times, but never yet have I been able to do it. But it can be done, and it'll raise roars of laughter from those looking on. It's worth including in your programme.

So is this one. Place a penny on the floor about eight feet from a

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wall (you'll have to decide on the floor, then, if anyone is successful, distance according to the height they will gain a nice little prize. Of course, if you want to make it more interesting, tell your guests beforehand that if they do not succeed they must place another penny on the one you place on the

The Cigarette That Will Not Burn

Some Simple Tricks Of Christmas Magic

Christmas is traditionally the time for magic, a word which generally suggests a picture of a conjurer turning rabbits into silk handkerchiefs, or producing coins from the mouth of a member of his audience.

Nine out of 10 of the tricks commonly performed by conjurers depend upon "sleight of hand," the making of movements that deceive the eye. To master sleight-of-hand requires hours, even years of constant practice; but there is another kind of magic that depends more on the knowledge than the skill of the "conjurer."

Many facts discovered by science can be made the basis of tricks which require little manual dexterity on the part of the conjurer, although if you should decide to give a display of these tricks I am going to describe, at a Christmas party, it would be as well to run through them beforehand at least once, in order to make sure that you follow them exactly.

Needless to say, the professional conjurer relies on his " patter" not only to amuse his audience, but also to distract their attention from any little manipulation he may be making.

You can make up your own patter from the hints I offer, and I suggest that it should be along scientific lines. Personally, after having performed a "trick," I prefer to explain to my audience how it was done, and thus add, per-

Cigarette Trick

haps, a little to their scientific knowledge.

One of the most effective tricks is what I may call "the cigarette that will not burn." You produce a clean handkerchief, or borrow one from a member of the audience, and laying it open over the palm of your left hand, you take a lighted cigarette in your right hand and press the burning end well down on the handkerchief. Hold it there for a few seconds—or even a minute—while the leader of the handkerchief shows unmistakable signs of anxiety, then replace the cigarette in your mouth, shake the handkerchief and show that it is not even scorched!

A devastating—although possibly risky!—variation of this trick is to press the cigarette down on the beautiful linen tablecloth of your hostess at the dinner table; but, before risking this, practise the trick many times, to avoid the possibility of what might be an expensive error.

The secret of this trick is that you have in your left hand, underneath the open handkerchief, a half-crown piece.

You press your cigarette onto the part of the handkerchief over the silver coin and press well down, making sure that the cigarette is in contact with the coin. Silver is an excellent conductor of heat and removes the heat from the burning end of the cigarette before it has time even to scorch the cloth. You will feel the coin getting hot very quickly, but it is able to absorb a considerable quantity of heat. Of course, when you remove the handkerchief, you close your left hand over the coin so that it is not seen, and eventually replace it in your pocket.

It's So Simple

While you have a cigarette in your hand, you may like to try another very simple but puzzling trick. Bend an ordinary cigarette and the paper will burst, spilling the cigarette.

But put the cigarette in your mouth, moisten the end (as many people do) and then, casually turning the cigarette round, light the moistened end. Take a puff or two and you will then find you can bend the cigarette double, screw it about and generally maltreat it, without tearing the paper. The explanation is that your first few draws have brought the moisture from the end right into the paper, which then becomes soft to bend. Of course, a cigarette which had been exposed to moisture would behave in the same way, but it is more effective, and cheaper, to use one taken from a member of your audience.

Walking Match

A box of matches is all the material required for many amusing tricks. A great favourite is the "walking match." Half-break a match and place it over the edge of a knife. Hold the knife in your hand—or let a member of your audience hold it—and the inverted V of the match will begin to "walk" down the edge.

This happens however steadily your try to hold the knife, and probably is due either to the rhythm of breathing, or fatigue in the muscles of the arm.

The same explanation can be given of another trick, or perhaps I should say phenomenon. Tie a piece of cotton tightly round a sixpence, then ask a member of your audience to hold it steadily in his hand, so that the cotton

increase and eventually strike the side of the glass with a "ping." This nearly always happens, although the person is trying to hold the coin absolutely steady, and the explanation, as before, is probably that the muscles of the hand become tired and impart an unconscious movement to the cotton.

Lifting a dozen matches with a single match, is always an amusing feat. It is simply done. Lay the single match on the table, then place eleven across it at right angles, alternating the heads,

By Professor R.M. Low



Fig. 4

and finally put the 12th match on top, parallel with the first or lifting match. Take the end of the bottom match with finger and thumb and lift.

The whole dozen will rise with it instead of falling off. The eleven matches form a series of X's, the

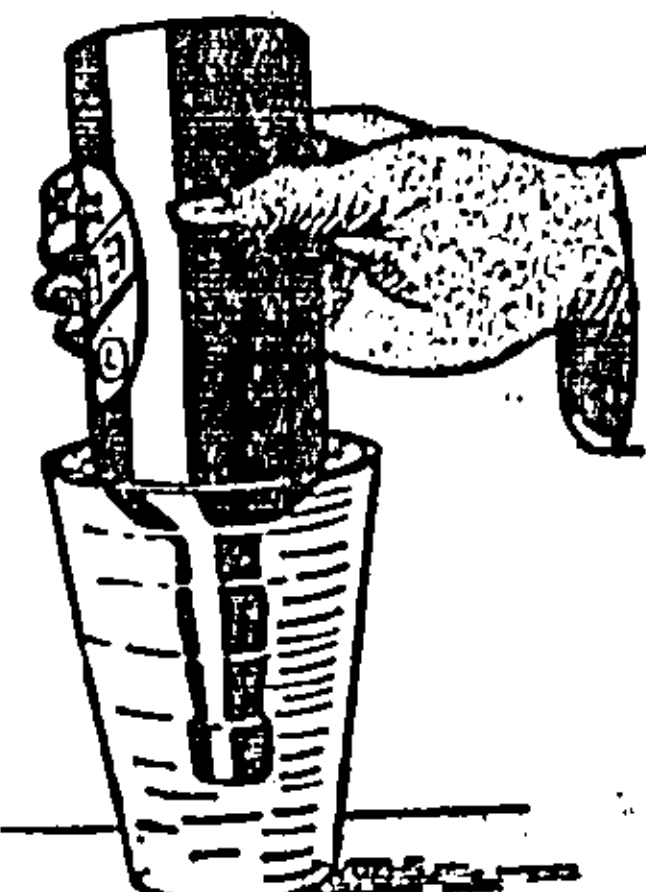


Fig. 2

lifting match preventing them falling down, and the top match preventing them slipping sideways.

Drink Problem

Suppose you were lost in the desert and had a glass full of water and a bottle full of beer. How would you drink the beer out of the glass without losing the water?

It is unlikely that your audience will ever have to face the problem, but they will be interested in its scientific solution. Put your thumb over the opening of the bottle and carefully lower the neck into the glass of water. Take your thumb away and in a short time the beer will pass into the tumbler and the water into the bottle. (Fig. 2)

This trick depends upon the difference in specific gravity be-

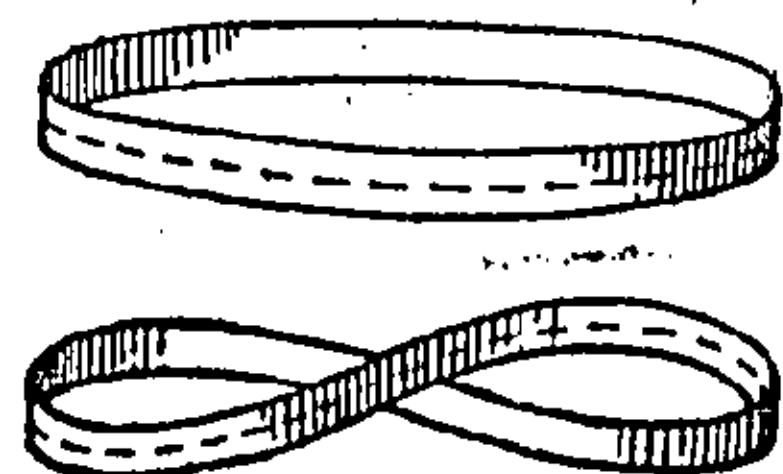


Fig. 3

tween beer and water, and you want to make sure that you use good beer.

While you have your glass of water, you may like to give a demonstration that a glass is not always full when it appears to be so. Get one of your audience to fill the glass right up and then offer to show that the glass is not by any means full, by dropping in a number of pins.

You will find that you can slide in a considerable number of pins, making a pile at the bottom of the tumbler, without a drop of water spilling. This is because of the "surface tension" of the water. What may be called a "skin" exists on the surface of all liquids, and as you drop in the pins the surface of the water is built up into a mound, rising well above the edge of the glass without breaking.

The number of pins you insert depends on the steadiness of your hand, but a dozen may often be put into a full tumbler. The glass should be thoroughly clean.

Paper Chain

An effective trick—although a child can perform it—is to cut a piece of paper so that it makes a chain without a join. You require a long strip of paper—six feet is not too long—and by pasting one end over the other you get a loop or ring. If you cut along this with a pair of scissors as shown in the illustration (Fig. 3), you will simply get two separate loops. But give the band a twist before starting to cut, and

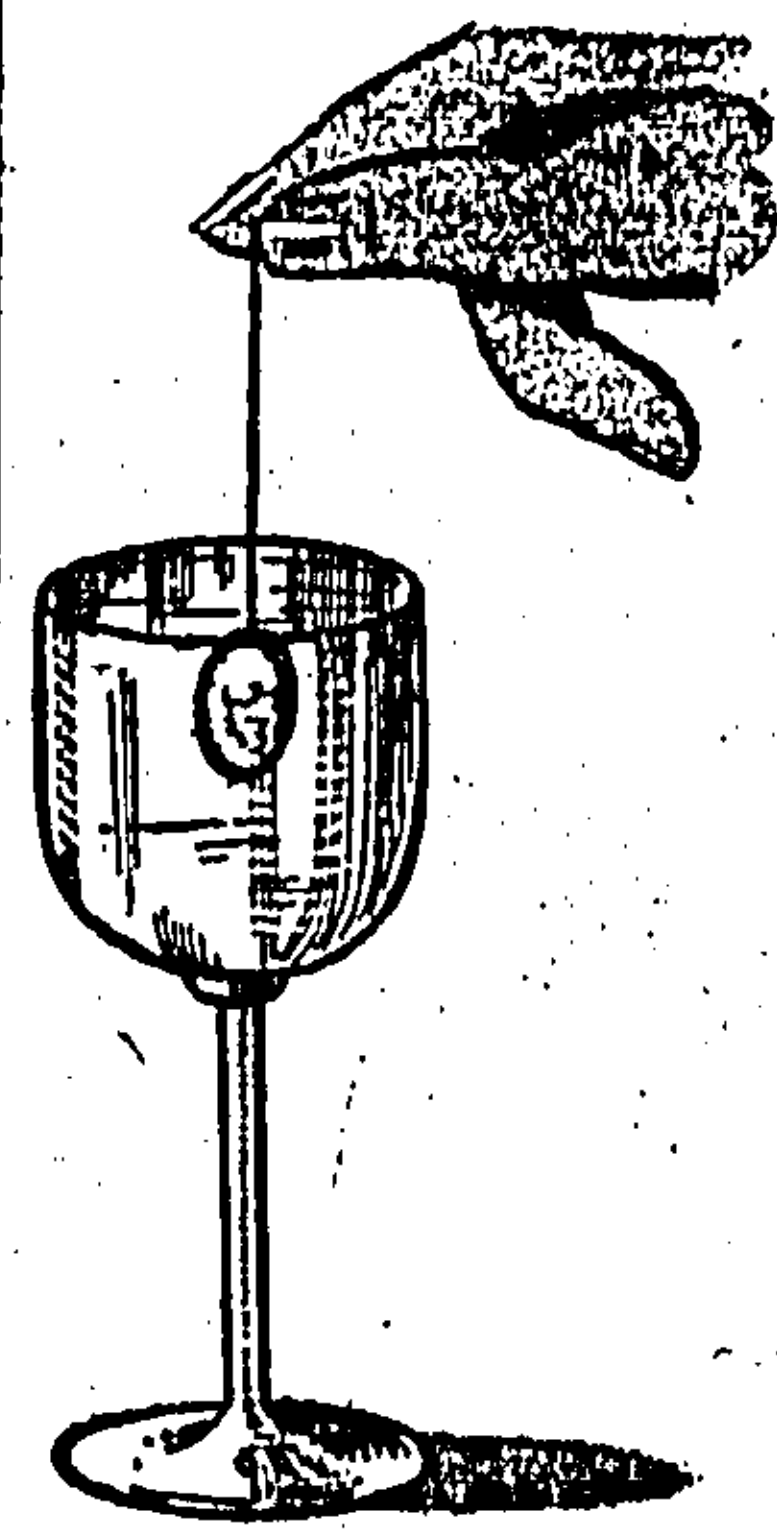
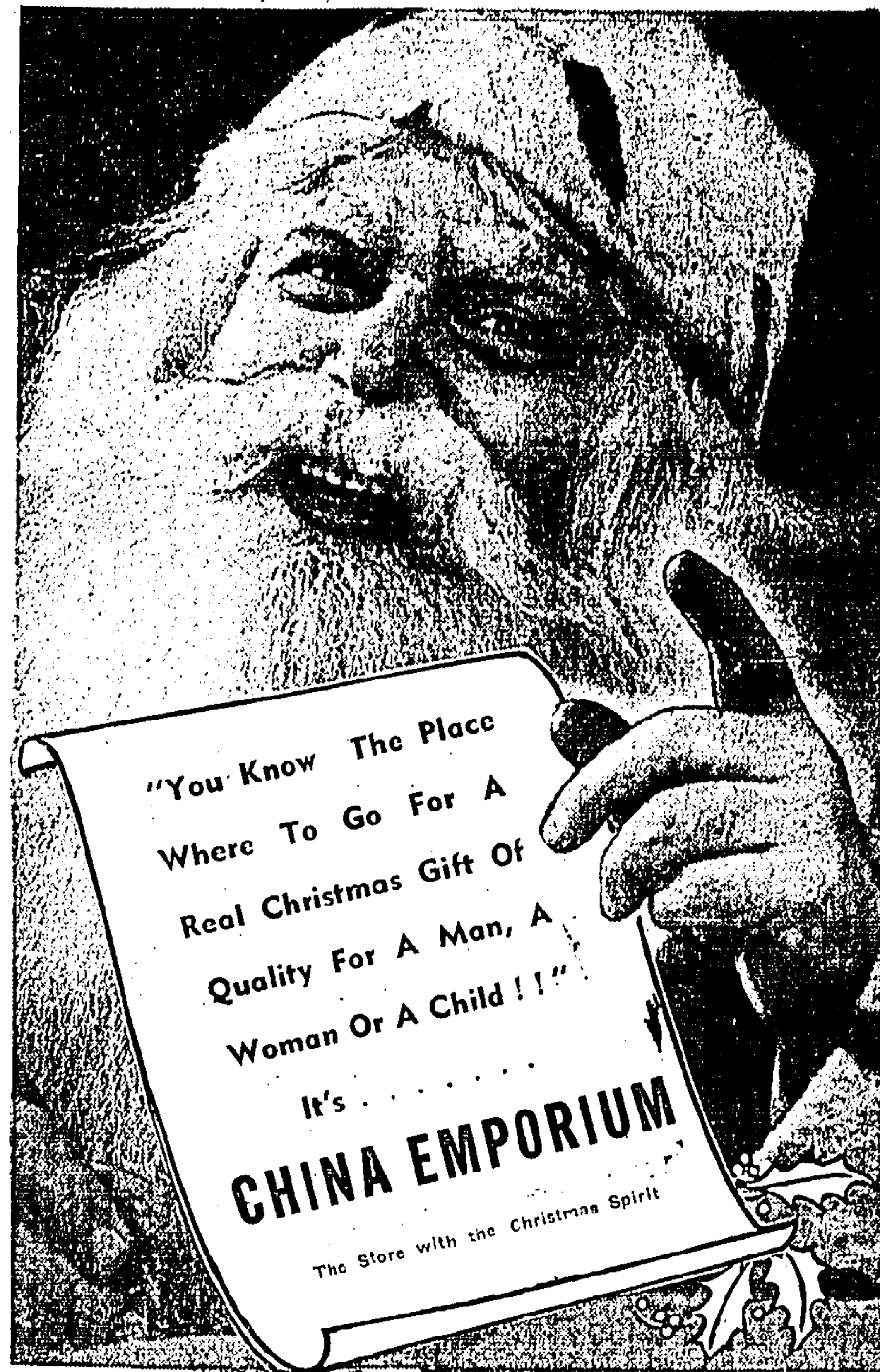


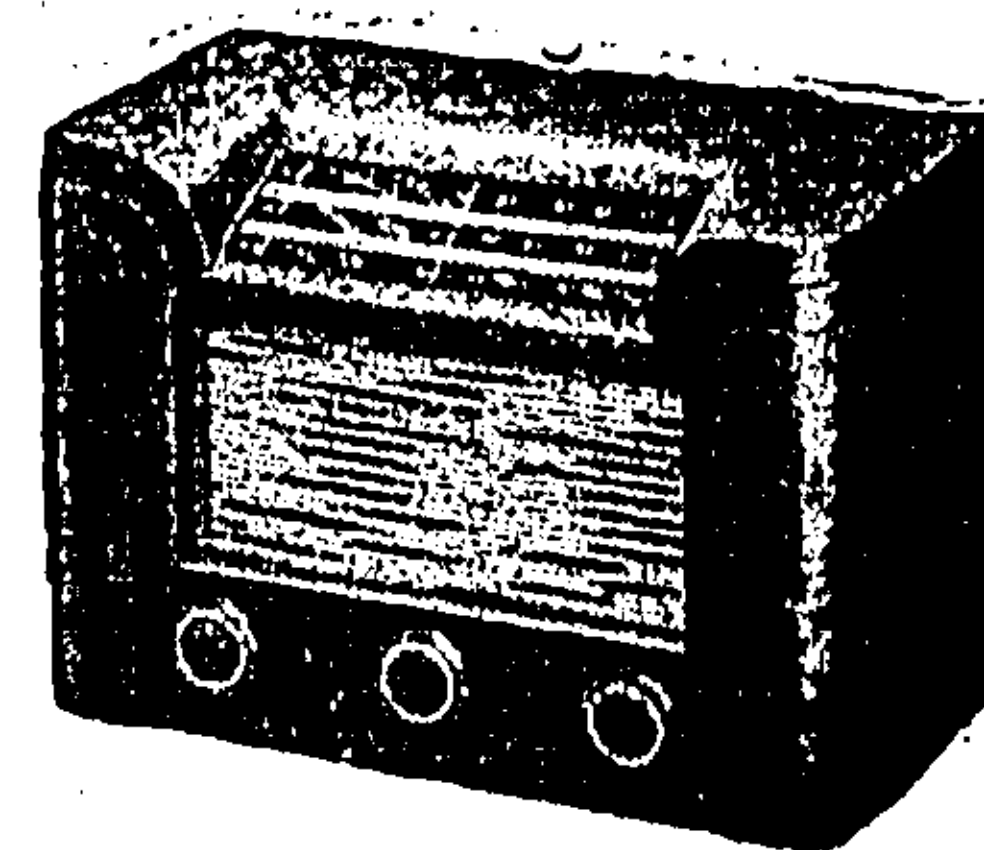
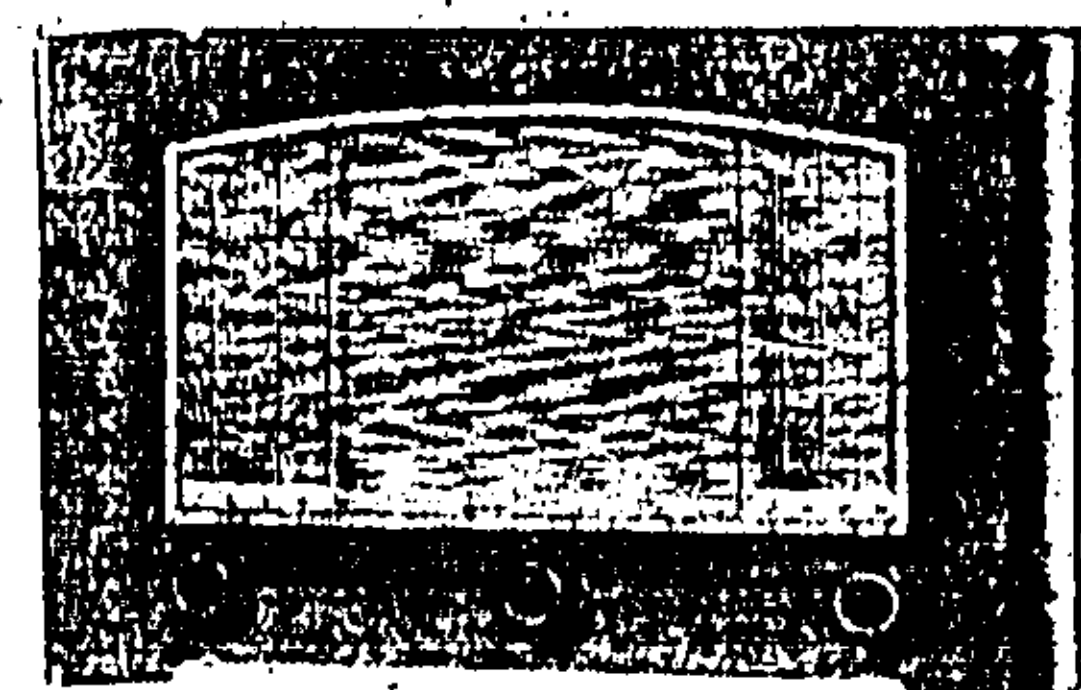
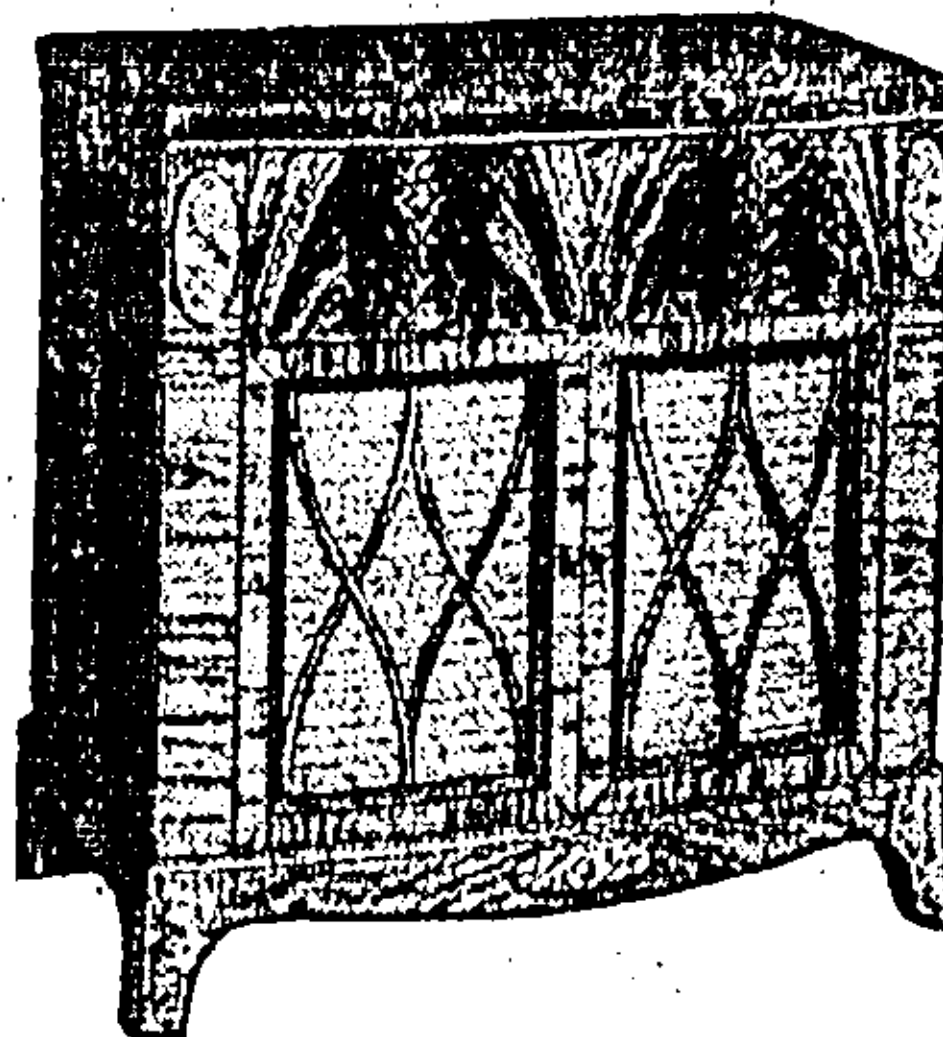
Fig. 1

passes over the ball of his thumb and the sixpence is suspended in the mouth of an empty wineglass. (Fig. 1)

In a few seconds the sixpence will begin to swing, the swing will



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presenting
William Shakespeare's Comedy
"Twelfth Night"
or
"What you will"
with
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Nora Witchell as VIOLA; Nan Moodie as MARIA;
Ralph Dormer as MALVOLIO;
Charles Thom as SIR TOBY BELCH; W'm Kirby as SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK;
Rupert Baldwin as FESTE-the Jester;
David Ingleby as The DUKE;
supported by a complete cast of experienced and talented players.

Performances will be given on
Twelfth Night
Monday, 6th January, 1941, at 9.15 p.m.
Wednesday, 8th January, at 5.30 p.m.
Thursday, 9th January, at 5.30 p.m.
Friday, 10th January, at 9.15 p.m.
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IN AID OF Y. M. C. A. CHARITIES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WIRELESS



"ABOVE all, a wireless set is a source of worry and excitement," said Dr. Meynell, the comfortable fashion affected by doctors.

Mrs. Harter, as it often the case with people hearing these soothing but meaningless words, seemed more doubtful than relieved.

"There is a certain cardiac weakness," continued the doctor fluently, "but nothing to be alarmed about. I can assure you of that."

"All the same," he added, "it might be as well to have a lift installed, eh? What about it?"

Mrs. Harter, looking worried, Dr. Meynell, on the contrary, looked pleased with himself. The reason he liked attending rich patients rather than poor ones was that he could exercise his native imagination in prescribing for their ailments.

"Yes, a lift," said Dr. Meynell, trying to think of something else even more dashing—and failing. "Then we shall avoid all undue exertion. Daily exercise on the level on a fine day, but avoid walking up hills. And, above all," he added happily, "plenty of distraction for the mind. Don't dwell on your health."

To the old lady's nephew, Charles Ridgeway, the doctor was slightly more explicit.

"Do not misunderstand me," he said. "Your aunt may live for years, probably will. At the same time shock or over-exertion might carry her off like that!" He snapped his fingers. "She must lead a very quiet life. No exertion. No fatigue. But, of course, she must not be allowed to brood. She must be kept cheerful and the mind well distracted."

"Distracted," said Charles Ridgeway thoughtfully.

CHARLES was a thoughtful young man. He was also a young man who believed in furthering his own inclinations whenever possible.

That evening he suggested the installation of a wireless set.

Mrs. Harter, already seriously upset at the thought of the lift, was disturbed and unwilling. Charles was fluent and persuasive.

"I do not know that I care for these new-fangled things," said Mrs. Harter piteously. "The waves, you know—the electric waves. They might affect me."

Charles in a superior and kindly fashion pointed out the fallacy of this idea.

Mrs. Harter, whose knowledge of the subject was of the vaguest, but who was tenacious of her own opinion, remained unconvinced.

"You may say what you like, Charles, but some people are affected by electricity. I always have a terrible headache before a thunderstorm. I know that."

She nodded her head triumphantly.

Charles was a patient young man. He was also persistent. "My dear Aunt Mary," he said, "let me make the thing clear to you."

He was something of an authority on the subject. He delivered now quite a lecture on the theme; warning to his task, he spoke of bright-emitter valves, of multi-emitter valves, of high frequency and low frequency, of amplification and of condensers.

Mrs. Harter, submerged in a sea of words that she did not understand, surrendered.

"Of course, Charles," she murmured, "if you really think—"

"My dear Aunt Mary," said Charles enthusiastically, "it is the very thing for you, to keep you from moping and all that."

The lift prescribed by Dr. Meynell was installed shortly afterwards, and was very nearly the death of Mrs. Harter since, like many other old ladies, she had a level on a fine day, but avoid walking up hills. And, above all," he added happily, "plenty of distraction for the mind. Don't dwell on your health."

After the lift the wireless set arrived. Mrs. Harter was left to contemplate the, to her, repellent object—a large ungainly-looking box, studded with knobs.

It took all Charles' enthusiasm to reconcile her to it.

MRS. Harter sat in her high-backed chair, patient and polite, with a rooted conviction in her own mind that these new-fangled notions were neither more nor less than unmitigated nuisances.

"Listen, Aunt Mary, we are on to Berlin, isn't that splendid? Can you hear the fellow?"

"I can't hear anything except a good deal of buzzing and clicking," said Mrs. Harter.

Charles continued to twirl knobs. "Brussels," he announced with enthusiasm.

"Is it really?" said Mrs. Harter with no more than a trace of interest.

Charles again turned knobs and an unearthly howl echoed forth into the room.

"Now we seem to be on the Dogs' Home," said Mrs. Harter, who was an old lady with a certain amount of spirit.

"Ha, ha!" said Charles, "you will have your joke, won't you, Aunt Mary? Very good that!"

Mrs. Harter could not help smiling at him. She was very fond of Charles. For some years

a niece, Miriam Harter, had lived with her. She had intended to make the girl her heiress, but Miriam had not been a success. She was impatient and obviously bored by her aunt's society. She was always out, "gadding" about as Mrs. Harter called it.

In the end, she had entangled herself with a young man of whom her aunt thoroughly disapproved. Miriam had been returned to her mother with a curt note much as if she had been goods on approval. She had married the young man in question and Mrs. Harter usually sent her a handkerchief, case or a table-centre at Christmas.

Having found niece disappointing, Mrs. Harter turned her attention to nephews. Charles, from the first, had been an unqualified success. He was always pleasantly deferential to his aunt, and listened with an appearance of intense interest to the reminiscences of her youth.

In this he was a great contrast to Miriam, who had been frankly bored and showed it. Charles was never bored, he was always good-tempered, always gay. He told his aunt many times a day that she was a perfectly marvelous old lady, and that she was highly satisfied with her new acquisition, Mrs. Harter had written to her lawyer with instructions as to the making of a new will. This was sent to her, duly approved by her and signed.

And now even in the matter of the wireless, Charles was soon proved to have won fresh laurels.

MRS. Harter, at first antagonistic, became tolerant and finally fascinated. She enjoyed it very much better when Charles was out. The trouble with Charles was that he could not leave the thing alone.

Mrs. Harter would be seated in her chair comfortably listening to a symphony concert or a lecture on Lucrezia Borgia or Popd Life, quite happy and at peace with the world. Not so Charles. The harmony would be shattered by discordant shrieks while he enthusiastically attempted to get foreign stations.

But on those evenings when Charles was dining out with friends, Mrs. Harter enjoyed the wireless very much indeed. She would turn on two switches, sit in her high-backed chair and enjoy the programme of the evening.

It was about three months after the wireless had been installed that the first eerie happening occurred. Charles was absent at a bridge party.

The programme for that evening was a ballad concert. A well-known soprano was singing "Annie Laurie," and in the middle of "Annie Laurie" a strange thing

happened. There was a break, the music ceased for a moment, the buzzing, clicking noise continued and then that too died away. There was dead silence, and then very faintly a low buzzing sound was heard.

Mrs. Harter got the impression, why she did not know, that the machine was tuned in to some where very far away, and then clearly and distinctly a voice spoke, a man's voice with a faint Irish accent.

"Mary—can you hear me, Mary? It is Patrick speaking. I am coming for you soon. You will be ready, won't you, Mary?"

"Then, almost immediately, the strains of 'Annie Laurie' once more filled the room."

Mrs. Harter sat rigid in her chair, her hands clenched on each arm of it. Had she been dreaming? Patrick's voice! Patrick's voice in this very room, speaking to her. No, it must be a dream, a hallucination perhaps. She must just have dropped off to sleep for a minute or two.

A curious thing to have dreamed—that her dead husband's voice should speak to her over the ether. It frightened her just a little. What were the words he had said?

"I am coming for you, soon, Mary. You will be ready, won't you?"

Was it, could it be premonition? Cardiac weakness. Her heart. After all, she was getting on in years.

"It's a warning—that's what it is," said Mrs. Harter, rising slowly and painfully from her chair, and added characteristically: "All that money wasted on putting in a lift!"

She said nothing of her experience to anyone, but for the next day or two she was thoughtful and a little preoccupied.

And then came the second occasion. Again she was alone in the room. The wireless, which had been playing an orchestral selection, died away with the same suddenness as before. Again there was silence, the sense of distance, and finally Patrick's voice, not as it had been in life—but a voice rarified, far away, with a strange unearthly quality.

"Patrick speaking to you, Mary. I will be coming for you very soon now."

Then came the third occasion. Mrs. Harter glanced at the clock. No, she had not been asleep this time. Awake and in full possession of her faculties, she had heard Patrick's voice speaking. It was no hallucination, she was sure of that. In a confused way she tried to think over all what Charles had explained to her of the theory of ether waves.

Could it be that Patrick, had really spoken to her? That his actual voice had been, waited through space? There were missing wave lengths or something of that kind. She remembered Charles speaking of "gaps in the scale."

Perhaps the missing waves exactly:

A Christmas Story By AGATHA CHRISTIE

plained all the so-called psychological phenomena? No, there was nothing inherently impossible in the idea. Patrick had spoken to her. He had nuzzled himself of modern science to prepare her for what must soon be coming.

Mrs. Harter rang the bell for her maid, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH was a tall, gaunt woman of sixty. Beneath an unbending exterior she concealed a wealth of affection and tenderness for her mistress.

"Elizabeth," said Mrs. Harter when her faithful retainer had appeared. "You remember what I told you? The top left-hand drawer of my bureau. It is locked. The long key with the white label. Everything is there ready."

"Ready, ma'am?"

"For my burial," snorted Mrs. Harter. "You know perfectly well what I mean. Elizabeth. You helped me to put the things there yourself."

Elizabeth's face began to work strangely.

"Oh, ma'am," she wailed, "don't dwell on such things. I thought you was a sight better."

"We have all got to go sometime or another," said Mrs. Harter, practically. "I am over my three score years and ten, Elizabeth. There, there, don't make a fool of yourself. If you must cry, go and cry somewhere else."

Elizabeth retired, still sniffing. Mrs. Harter looked after her with a good deal of affection.

"Silly old fool, but faithful," she said, "very faithful. Let me see, was it a hundred pounds, or only fifty I left her? It ought to be a hundred. She has been with me a long time."

The point worried the old lady and the next day she sat down and wrote to her lawyer asking if he would send her will so that she might look over it. It was that same day that Charles startled her by something he said at lunch.

"By the way, Aunt Mary," he said, "who is that funny old jester up in the spare room? The picture guy? The mantelpiece, I mean. The old Johnny with the beaver and side whiskers?"

Mrs. Harter looked at him astutely.

"That is you! That Patrick as a young man," she said.

"Oh, I say, Aunt Mary, I am awfully sorry, I didn't mean to be rude."

Mrs. Harter accepted the apology with a dignified bend of the head.

Charles went on rather uncertainly:

"I just wondered, you see—"

He stopped undecidedly and Mrs. Harter said sharply: "Well? What were you going to say?"

"Nothing," said Charles hastily. "Nothing that makes sense, I mean."

For the moment the old lady said nothing more, but later that day, when they were alone together, she returned to the subject.

"I wish you would tell me, Charles, what it was made you ask me about that picture on your uncle."

Charles looked embarrassed. "I told you, Aunt Mary. It was nothing but a silly fancy of mine—quite absurd."

"Charles," said Mrs. Harter in her most autocratic voice, "I insist upon knowing."

"Well, my dear aunt, if you will have it, I fancied I saw him—the man in the picture, I mean—looking out of the end window, when I was coming up the drive last night. Some effect of the light, I suppose."

"I wondered who on earth he could be, the face was so—early Victorian, if you know what I mean. And then Elizabeth said there was no one, no visitor or stranger in the house, and later in the evening I happened to drift into the spare room, and there was the picture, over the mantelpiece. My man to life!"

"It is quite easy to explain, really, I expect. Subconscious and all that. Must have noticed the picture before without realising that I had noticed it, and then just fancied the face at the window."

"The end window?" said Mrs. Harter sharply.

"Yes, why?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Harter. But she was startled all the same. That room had been her husband's dressing-room.

THAT evening Charles, again alone, absent, Mrs. Harter sat listening to the wireless with feverish impatience. It for the third time she heard the mysterious voice, it would prove to her finally and without a shadow of doubt that she was really in communication with some other world.

Although her heart beat faster, she was not surprised when the same break occurred—and after the usual interval of deadly silence the faint, far-away Irish voice spoke once more.

"Mary—you are prepared, now?"

"On Friday I shall come for you. . . . Friday at half-past nine. . . . Do not be afraid—there will be no pain. . . . Be ready. . . . Then, almost cutting short the last word, the music of the orchestra broke out again, clamorous and discordant."

Mrs. Harter sat very still for a minute or two. Her face had gone white and she looked blue and pinched round the lips.

Presently she got up and sat down at her writing-desk. In a somewhat shaky hand she wrote the following lines:

"To-night, at 9-15 I have discovered—"

(Continued on Page 14)

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ALWAYS SOLD IN THE YELLOW BOX

The notched surface fits between the teeth, thoroughly cleans every tiny nook and crevice.

BY HILDA COWHAM

"I'm going to give that stuck-up young Smith minor a jolly good scare when he comes to our party this Christmas."

"Why?" asked Betty.

"Can he's always boasting and bragging about everything that

"Then it's his aeroplane, goes so fast round his garden that you can't see it—can't see it," retorted Dicky.

"Rubbish!" again said Betty. "Does he think you believe him?"

"And now, if you please," continued Dicky, "he's got a ghost—a real ghost—in his house."

"O-o-o-oh!" said Betty, laying down her doll and hunching her shoulders.

"Story-teller," said Betty. "What's it like?"



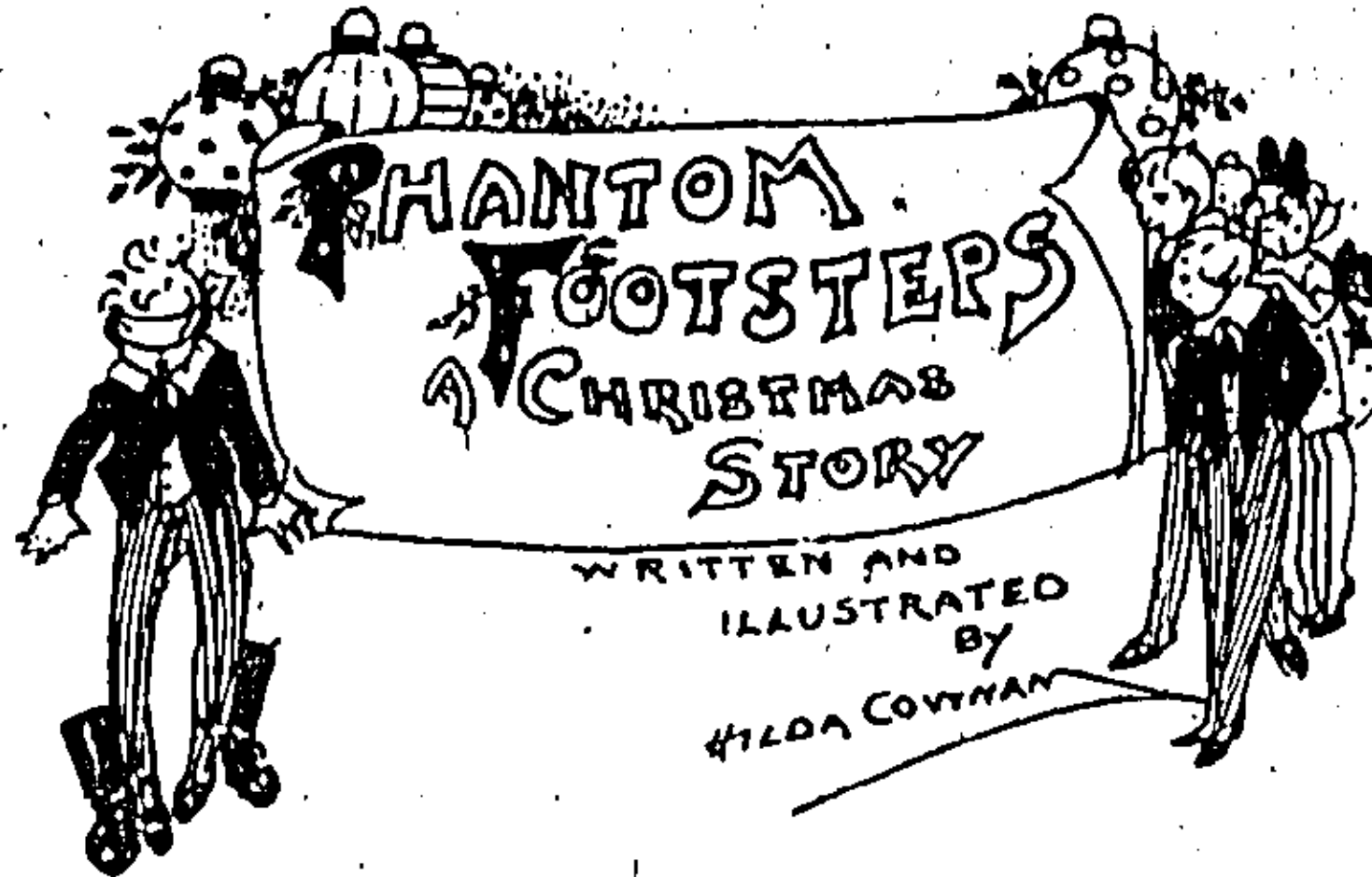
A great big man with great big feet follows you.

he's got. First it's his Daddy's car—fifty horse-power, goes hundreds of miles per hour."

"Rubbish," said Betty.



You just fasten the cycle clips and Hey Presto!



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HILDA COWHAM

"That's the ticket," said Dicky. "Mind you all watch out and see the result."

They all dispersed chuckling.

"Who's for Hide-and-Seek?" said Dicky and Betty, after the tea and crackers were finished.

There was a chorus of shouts.

"We'd love it! And Smith minor to be 'He'!"

Smith minor looked very consequential as they led him along the corridor followed by most of the party.

"Here we stop!" said Dicky, "and here we blindfold you. Come



Had a most wonderful engine from Santa Claus.

along, Betty, tie the hanky round, and then all of you," to the crowd, "disperse."

But not they! Betty tied the hanky round his eyes, and whilst twirling him round, Dicky slipped on the clips. All the party peered round the doors and curtains to see the fun.

"Now!" said Betty, "you're ready—one, two three 'He'."

Smith minor put one foot forward. It felt funny—then he put the other foot forward. It felt funnier—then he put forward his hands, to grope his way. He dragged his legs along. What was wrong? He bent down to feel—a boot at the side of him! A big boot! He felt at the other foot. Another big boot! He raised his hand—he heard a faint gurgle. He tore off the bandage and



He tore off the bandage; he looked down there were two big feet beside his.

looked down. Two huge feet on either side of him. He walked along, the feet wobbled too; he started to run, the feet ran too; he looked over his shoulder—there was nobody there. He galloped, he tore, he fled. "The ghost," he whimpered. "The ghost," he cried. "The ghost!" he shrieked as he reared into the drawing-room right into mother's arms, waving his feet in the air and shouting "Help me! Help me!"

"Bless the boy, what is it?"

But mother was unheard, as a laughing chorus gambolled in behind him.

"Who's not afraid of ghosts?" they shouted.

Smith minor stood flummoxed, and gazed intently at the "boots." One was kicked into the middle of the floor, quite harmless, and one was hanging on to his left leg.

"Who's been played with my boots?" said Daddy, picking up the forlorn looking object.

Even Smith minor had to laugh after that, as he disentangled the other one from his leg. But it taught him a lesson. He has never



"The Ghost!" he whimpered. "The Ghost!"

boasted since, except to say very boastfully afterwards that it was in the end the best party he'd ever been to. But, of course, we didn't mind that—would you?

"A great big man with big feet, follows you all over the place—the house, I mean."

Dicky brought the boots and the cycle clips.

"Isn't he frightened?" asked Betty, bending forward with an awestruck face. "I should be—wouldn't you?"

"He says not—in fact he's quite friendly with it."

"You really believe that?" said Betty incredulously.

"I'm going to find out. He says says the chap goes 'Clot! clot!' behind him with his great big feet."

Dicky and Betty danced round their stockings with joy.

"Ugh!" said Betty, hugging her doll, and looking over first one

The party came at three. Every little guest arrived, including the



Dicky whispered a few words "Ha, Ha! Hee Hee! Good! That's good!" said they.

shoulder and then the other. "How awful."

boastful Smith minor, boasting louder than ever.

"That's nothing. Now don't you go and get all scared, as I want you to help me. I've got a brainy idea, and don't be surprised if Smith minor doesn't get the first class jump of his silly boastful life."

"Had a most wonderful engine from Santa Claus—literally goes by itself," said he.

"Does it?" said Betty politely. "Do you push it?"

"How?" asked Betty.

"Almost runs away," said he loftily.

Dicky held up his hand with his fingers outstretched.

"Do you run after it?" asked Betty.

"First, we'll play Hide-and-Seek; second, bicycle clips, third, Daddy's boots—got it! Hurray!"

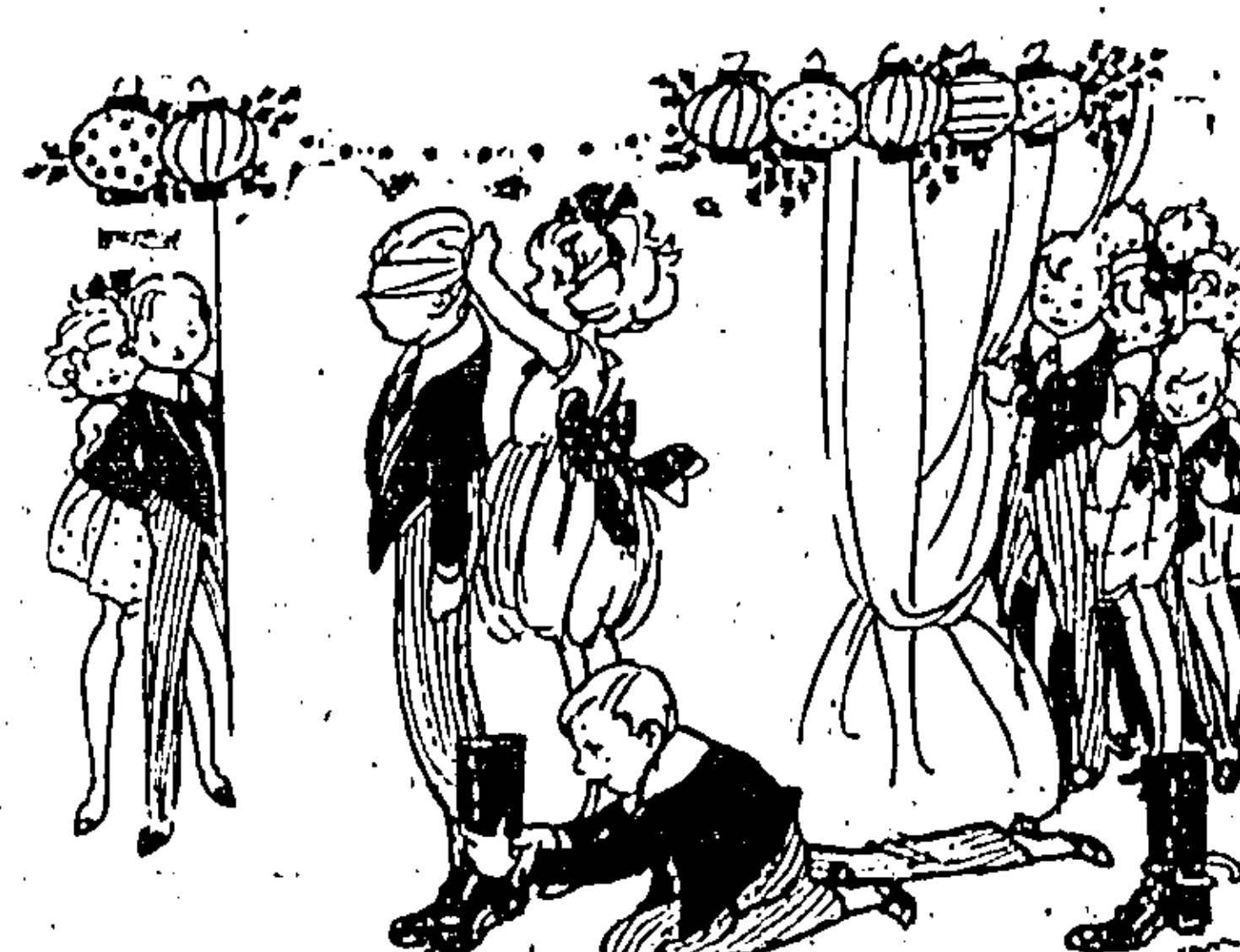
"Me—no, I never run after anything, or away from anything."

"What is it? Do tell me," cried Betty. She was bursting with curiosity.

"Umph!" said Betty to herself, "I wonder?"

"Well, you won't tell a soul, will you?" said Dicky. "It's like this. You suggest after tea and crackers that we play hide-and-peek all

"I see that you've got Smith minor boasting around," said Tommy Tucker, as he and a few



Betty tied the hanky round his eyes.

over the house, and we'll get Smith minor to be 'He.' He'll feel so important if we do, and," continued Dicky, "whilst you are blindfolding him I'll clip Daddy's boots on to his legs."

others were trying out the Lucky Dip.

"It would do that chap good if someone would take a rise out of him," said Billy Baker. "I've tried suppressing him, but he bubbles up again."

"But how?" asked Betty, laughing.

"Well," said Dicky, "come closer and I'll tell you a secret."

They all bent over the Lucky Dip.

Dicky whispered a few words.

"Hal hal hal Heel heel heel Good, That's good!" they cried.

"I'll go and get them now and show you how they work."

"During Hide-and-Seek," said Billy Baker, in a loud whisper.

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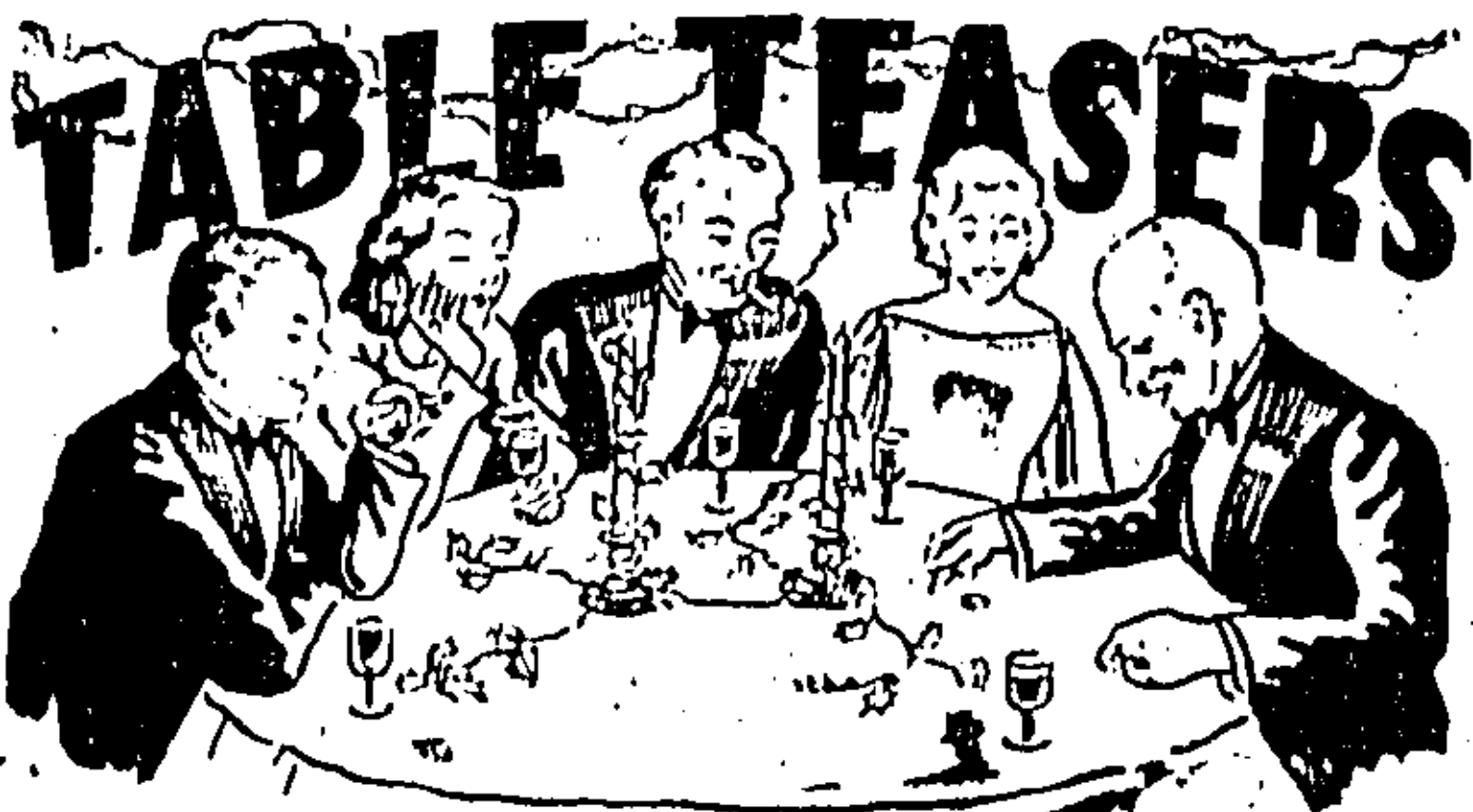
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BY V. T. STEVENSON

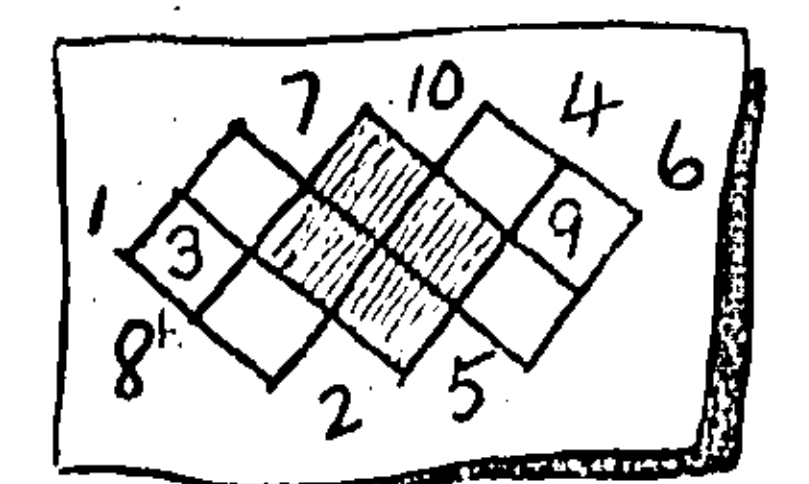
CHRISTMAS only comes once a year, and when it does you cannot have too many tricks and teasers up your sleeve for the amusement of the company.

If you get this little collection "off pat" before December 25th, you will truly become the wizard of the party. Here's one good item—

Placing The Figures

The illustration below consists of three overlapping squares, and ten smaller squares altogether.

The object of the puzzle is to place the numbers one to ten, in



clusive, in the small squares, in such a way that the four numbers in the two outside large squares add up to 2 in each case; while the total contained in the middle one is 21.

To start you off, two of the squares are already filled in—try to place the others!

Charade Without Action

An old favourite in new garb, this, and especially suitable to propound during the interval between the turkey and the pudding.

Just as in ordinary charades the idea is to find a word or words by means of actions, so you have to discover something popular at Christmas, here. It consists of two words, and to find the answer,

the following clues have to be answered correctly:

An unknown quantity.

A tall pole without an end.

Half something put before.

And a perfume without a letter.

A deep one, no doubt, but all the better for it!

A Domino Diddler

For this item, surreptitiously remove two dominoes from a box of dominoes, and place the remainder on the table with an air of innocence. Inform a selected "victim" that you have cast a magic spell on the set of dominoes in question, and that he will be unable to match them up. The victim will naturally think this is "all my eye" and proceed to match them up in spite of the warning.

However, try as he will, the spots will not work, and your "spell" will be justified. But away with the dominoes quickly, and trot out some of these—

Yuletide Anagrams

These are puzzles that young and old alike can try—only a little perseverance being required to rearrange the letters in each of the following word-groups to make something connected with Christmas.

1. "R" Takes me. 5. Imp Niece

2. Got Snick. 6. Miles to tie.

3. Eye in rest. 7. Rest pens.

4. Dnd pimg. 8. Store "A.D." Coin.

Having worked all those out, consider the

Useful Letter

Now for an easy one! Imagine that a certain letter of the alphabet—a small one—has been cut

out of a piece of wood, and according to which way it is turned it will make three other letters. Try to think which letter is very obliging.

Holding The "Hankie"

Here's an effective but simple trick to try after dinner. Keep a small handkerchief in your pocket for the right moment, and a large handkerchief.

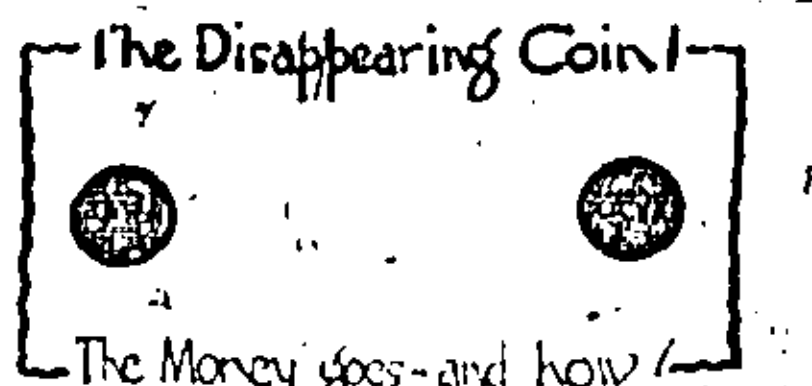
When ready to perform, say "Ladies and Gentlemen! I will now show you how to pick up a handkerchief by the tip of my finger only."

At this stage keep the handkerchief in your left hand which should be quickly pulled out of your pocket and covered with the handkerchief—using your right hand. By holding the handkerchief with the open end upwards, and having the handkerchief spread out over it, you can wave your right hand with a flourish, and quickly plunge your index finger into the handkerchief, and pull the hand away again.

Lo—the handkerchief is duly suspended from your finger. Afterwards, you can slip your hand into your pocket, thumb as well, and no one is any the wiser.

The Disappearing Coin

Pass the accompanying illustration round the table. Instruct each person to hold it in front of the



eyes and bring it gradually nearer. First shut the right eye and fix the left eye on the right-hand coin. At a certain distance, which varies with each person, incidentally, the left-hand coin will vanish completely. If the left eye is closed, then the effect will be reversed.

And what next? Well, for those who like problems, here is a

Christmas Party Poser

Mr. Meanswell had given a lavish Christmas party, and one of his neighbours was rather curious as to how much it cost.

"That party cost you quite a packet, didn't it, Meanswell?" he said.

"You cannot entertain for nothing, you know," replied

Meanswell. "As a matter of fact it cost me five per cent. more than last year's, but had it been six per cent. more instead, then I should have been the poorer by another five shillings."

"I see," said the inquisitive one, but he didn't for quite a time!

Now what was the cost of the party?

After that try something easier, and

Find The Names

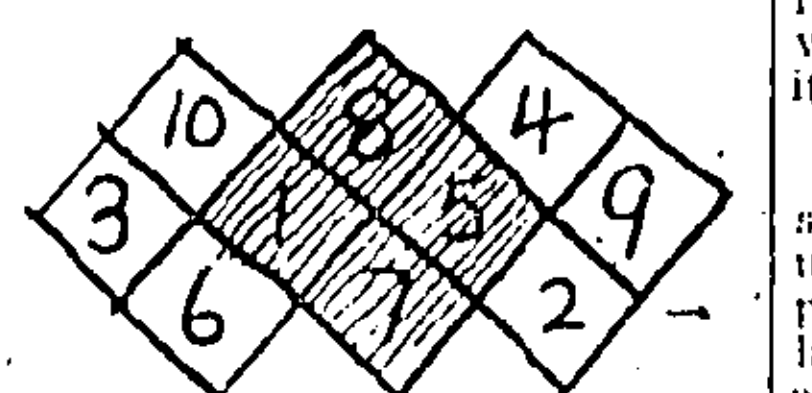
Here are some well-known Christian names, but each is minus the vowels that rightly belong to it. For instance, the first one will make Alice—but don't be left saying "where art thou" to the other examples given.

ic	Lul	Pl	lre
re	lbrt	Mre	Cria
nd	Can	Sml	lur
Mrjr	Bdr	lvr	diphs
Vit	Vr	Mchl	Hrrt

If you like, you can turn this one into a game by copying the "skeletons" on to sheets of paper, and giving a prize for the first to complete them all.

SOLUTIONS TO TABLE TEASERS

Placing the Figures: The diagram shows how!



Charade Without Action: Xmas present.

Christmas Party Poser: £26 5s. Find The Names: (first column) Alice, Eric, Maud, Marjorie, Violet; (second column) Lionel, Albert, Connie, Barbara, Vera; (third column) Paul, Maurice, Samuel, Oliver, Michael; (fourth column) Horace, Caroline, Eleanor, Adolphus, Harriet.

Yuletide Anagrams: 1. Christmas tree; 2. stocking; 3. greetings; 4. pudding; 5. mince pie; 6. mistletoe; 7. presents; 8. decorations.

Useful Letter: The letter P which will also make q, d, and b according to which way you look at it.

Brush Away Your Gift Worries

During the rush of gift buying one is quite likely to forget that an appropriate brush is gratefully received.

Every person should own a good hair brush, even children, and no household should be without a couple of sturdy hand brushes. But gift brushes are more varied than that.

Take for instance those long, natural bristle tweed brushes which two English houses have exported to our shores. Show me the man whose face doesn't brighten when you present him with one of those! Somehow these brushes, because of their shape and bristles, whisk off dirt more quickly and efficiently than any other, and they keep the nap of the material from matting.

Brushes For The Bath

A long handled brush for scrubbing one's back is an excellent gift for any person, and if you accompany it with bars of soap, a nicely scented soap, it becomes a gift de luxe! For shower devotees, there is an oval, squatty affair with a big hole in its short handle by which you may hang it to drain.

Now let us get down to shaving brushes—many men still use them, you know, even though electric razors are in vogue. And a man who does use a shaving brush likes it to be a good one.

Experts tell me that a good shaving brush, which will stand up under constant use, cannot be produced for less than five dollars, but the average price paid by a man is \$8.50. That may guide you if you plan to give hubby one in his stocking. Those which have a standing rack for draining are liked by men, for a shaving brush should be rinsed well each time it is used and so hung or placed that its bristles will dry quickly. It should never be stood on its handle for that permit the water to run down into the roots of the bristles which rots them.

Pet Brushes

For friends who have pets there is an array of brushes from which to choose and the lady who is devoted to her dog will scream with glee if you send her a brush for his coat, tied with a big sprig of holly. The salesman will aid you with your selection for I haven't the space to prattle on about pets and their needs!



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IN THIS AGE OF TERRIBLE DISASTERS AND FALLING STANDARDS, SOME PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO DOUBT THAT THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS. THIS IS BAD. FOR WHEN SANTA CLAUS IS LOST, EVERYTHING IS LOST. AND AS LONG AS WE BELIEVE IN SANTA, THERE IS STILL HOPE. THE FEELING IN THE AIR THAT IS COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT IS THE BREATH OF CIVILIZATION AND CHRISTIANITY. WE WANT YOU TO KNOW WE BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS.

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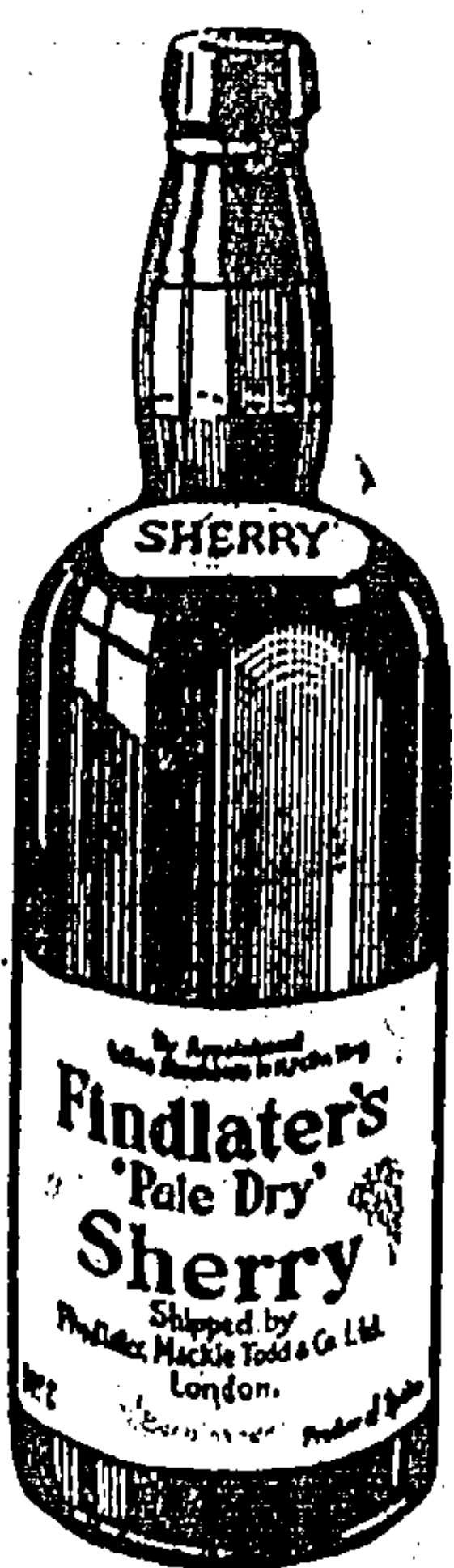
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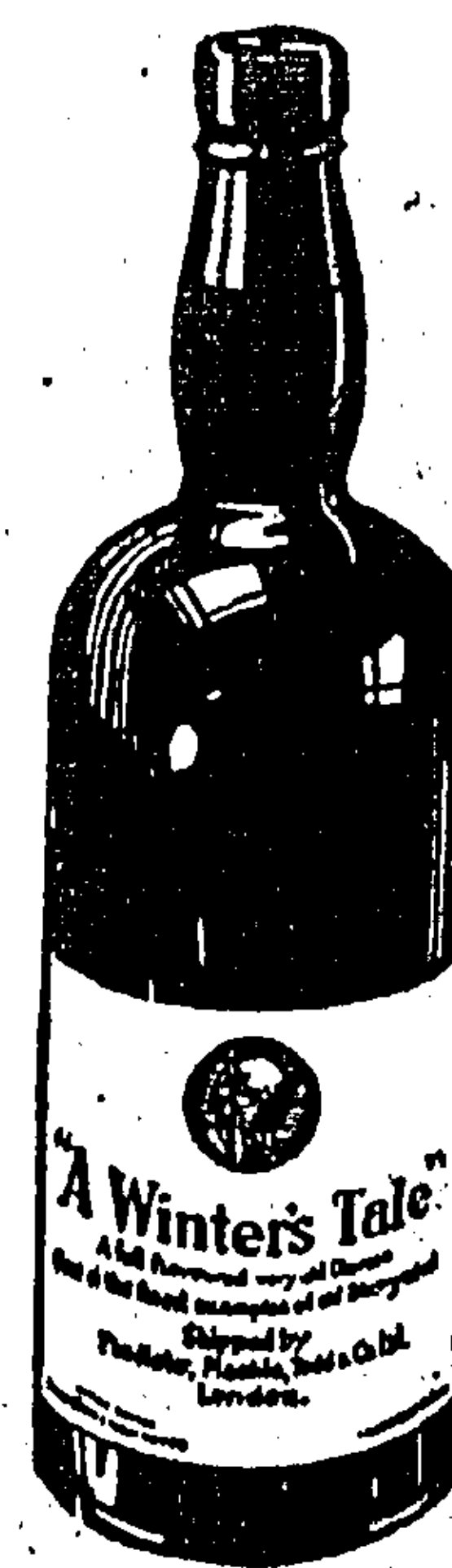
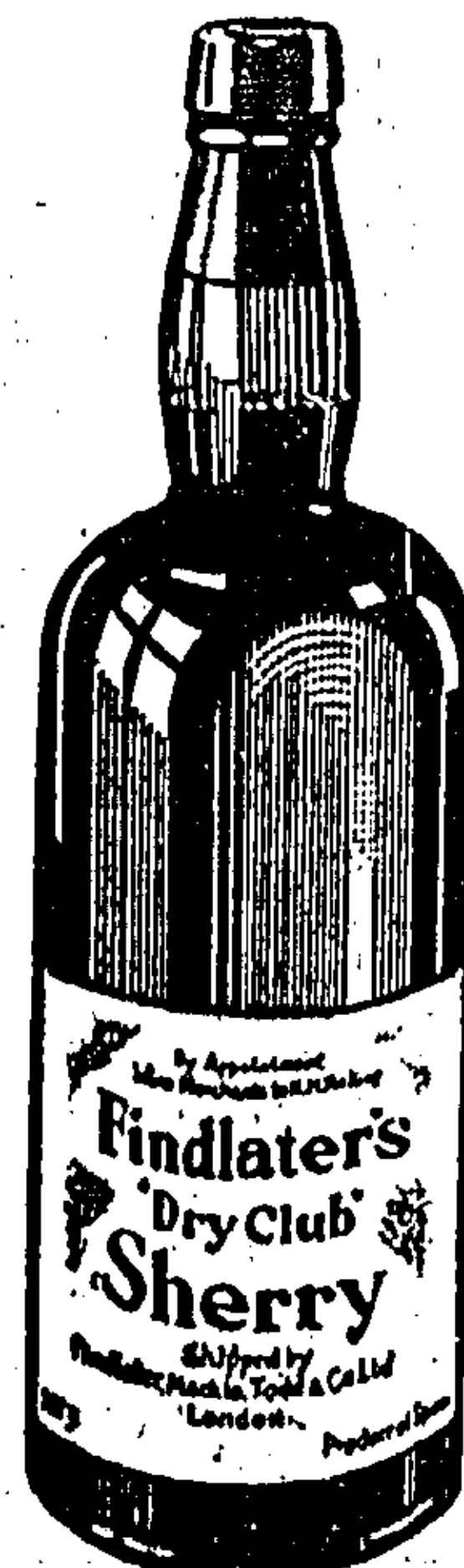
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THE WIRELESS

(Continued From Page 11)

But she heard neither. Instead there came a familiar sound, a sound she knew well but which to-night made her feel as though an icy hand were laid on her heart. A fumbling at the front door...

It came again. And then a cold blast seemed to sweep through the room. Mrs. Harter had now no doubt what her sensations were. She was afraid. She was more than afraid—she was terrified.

And suddenly there came to her the thought: "Twenty-five years is a long time. Patrick is a stranger to me now."

"Terrific! That was what was invading her."

A soft step outside the door—a soft, halting footstep. Then the door swung silently open. Mrs. Harter staggered to her feet, gazing slightly from side to side, her eyes fixed on the open doorway, something slipped from her fingers into the grate.

She gave a strangled cry which died in her throat. In the dim light of the doorway stood a familiar figure with chestnut beard and whiskers and an old-fashioned Victorian coat.

Patrick had come for her!

Her heart gave one terrified leap and stood still. She slipped to the ground in a huddled heap.

There Elizabeth found her an hour later.

Dr. Meynell was called at once and Charles Ridgeway was hastily recalled from his bridge party. But nothing could be done. Mrs. Harter had gone beyond human aid.

It was not until two days later that Elizabeth remembered the note given to her by her mistress. Dr. Meynell read it with great interest and showed it to Charles Ridgeway.

"Very curious coincidence," he said. "It seems clear that your aunt had been having hallucinations about her dead husband's voice. She must have strung herself up to such a point that the excitement was fatal and when the time actually came she died of the shock."

"Auto-suggestion?" said Charles.

"Something of the sort. I will let you know the result of the autopsy as soon as possible, though I have no doubt of it myself. In the circumstances, an autopsy was desirable though purely as a matter of form."

Charles nodded comprehendingly.

On the preceding night, when the household was in bed, he had removed a certain wire which ran from the back of the wireless cabinet to his bedroom on the floor above. Also, since the evening had been a chilly one, he had asked Elizabeth to light a fire in his room, and in that fire he had burned a chestnut beard and whiskers. Some Victorian clothing belonging to his late uncle he replaced in the camphor-scented chest in the attic.

As far as he could see, he was perfectly safe. His plan, the shadowy outline of which had first formed in his brain when Doctor Meynell had told him that his aunt might with due care live for many years had succeeded admirably. A sudden shock, Mr. Meynell had said, Charles, that affectionate young man, beloved of old ladies, smiled to himself.

When the doctor had departed, Charles went about his duties mechanically. Certain funeral arrangements had to be finally settled. Relatives coming from a distance had to have trains booked out for them. In one or two cases they would have to stay the night. Charles went about it all efficiently and methodically, to the accompaniment of an undercurrent of his own thoughts.

A very good stroke of business! That was the burden of them. Nobody, least of all his dead aunt, had known in which perilous straits Charles stood. His activities, carefully concealed from the world, had landed him where the shadow of a prison loomed ahead. Exposure and ruin had stared him in the face unless he could, in a few short months, raise a considerable sum of money. Well—that was all right now, Charles smiled to himself. Thanks to—yes, call it a practical joke—nothing criminal about that—he was saved.

He was now a very rich man. He had no anxieties on the subject, for Mrs. Harter had never made any secret of her intentions. CHIMING in very appositely to these thoughts, Elizabeth put her head round the door and informed him that Mr. Hopkinson was here and would like to see him.

About time, too, Charles thought. Repressing a tendency to whistle, he composed his face to one of suitable gravity and repaired to the library. There he greeted the precise old gentleman who had been for over a quarter of a century the late Mrs. Harter's legal adviser.

The lawyer seated himself at Charles's invitation and with a dry little cough entered upon business matters.

"I did not quite understand your letter to me, Mr. Ridgeway. You seemed to be under the impression that the late Mrs. Harter's will was in our keeping?"

Charles stared at him.

"But surely—I've heard my aunt say as much."

"Oh! quite so. It was in our keeping."

"That is what I said. Mrs. Harter wrote to us, asking that it might be forwarded to her on Tuesday last."

An uneasy feeling crept over Charles. He felt a far-off premonition of unpleasantness.

"Doubtless it will come to light among her papers," continued the lawyer smoothly.

Charles said nothing. He was afraid to trust his tongue. He had already been through Mrs. Harter's papers pretty thoroughly, well enough to be quite certain that no will was among them. In a minute or two, when he had regained control of himself, he said so. His voice sounded unusual to himself, and he had a sensation as of cold water trickling down his back.

"Has anyone been through her personal effects?" asked the lawyer.

Charles replied that her own maid, Elizabeth, had done so. At Mr. Hopkinson's suggestion, Elizabeth was sent for. She came promptly, grim and upright, and answered the questions put to her. She had been through all her mistress's clothes and personal belongings. She was quite sure that there had been no legal documents such as a will amongst them. She knew what the will looked like—her poor mistress had had it in her hand only the morning of her death.

"You are sure of that?" asked the lawyer sharply.

"Yes, sir, she told me so. And she made me take £50 in notes. The will was in a long blue envelope."

"Quite right," said Mr. Hopkinson.

"Now I come to think of it," continued Elizabeth, "that same envelope was lying on this table the morning after—but empty. I laid it on the desk."

"I remember seeing it there," said Charles.

He got up and went over to the desk. In a minute or two he turned round with an envelope in his hand which he handed to Mr. Hopkinson. The latter examined it and nodded his head.

"This is the envelope in which I despatched the will on Tuesday last."

Both men looked hard at Elizabeth.

"Is there anything more, sir?" he inquired respectfully.

"Not at present, thank you," Elizabeth went towards the door.

"One minute," said the lawyer.

"Was there a fire in the grate that evening?"

"Yes, sir, there was always a fire."

"Thank you, that will do," Elizabeth went out. Charles looked forward resting a shaking hand on the table.

"What do you think? What are you driving at?"

Mr. Hopkinson shook his head.

"We must still hope the will may turn up. If it does not—"

"Well, if it does not?"

"I am afraid there is only one conclusion possible. Your aunt sent for that will in order to destroy it. Not wishing Elizabeth to lose by that, she gave her the amount of her legacy in cash."

"But why?" cried Charles wildly.

"Why?"

Mr. Hopkinson coughed. A dry cough.

"You have had no—disagreement with your aunt, Mr. Ridgeway?" he murmured.

Charles gasped.

"No, indeed," he cried warmly. "We were on the kindest, most affectionate terms, right up to the end."

"Ah!" said Mr. Hopkinson, not looking at him.

"It came to Charles with a shock that the lawyer did not believe him. Who knew what this dry old stick might not have heard? Rumours of Charles's doing might have come round to him. What more natural than that he should suppose that these same rumours had come to Mrs. Harter, and that aunt and nephew should have had an altercation on the subject?"

But it wasn't so! Charles knew one of the bitterest moments of his career. His lies had been believed. Now that he spoke the truth, belief was withheld. The irony of it!

Of course his aunt had never burnt the will. Of course—his thoughts came to a sudden check. What was that picture rising before his eyes? An old lady with one hand clasped to her heart—something slipping a paper—falling on the red-hot embers—

Charles's face grew livid. He heard a hoarse voice—his own—asking:

"If that will's never found—"

"There is a former will of Mrs. Harter's still extant. Dated September, 1920. By it Mrs. Harter leaves everything to her niece, Miriam Harter, now Miriam Robinson."

What was the old fool saying? Miriam! Miriam, with her non-descript husband, and her four whining brats. All his cleverness—for Miriam!

The telephone rang sharply at his elbow. He took up the receiver. It was the doctor's voice, hearty and kindly.

"That you, Ridgeway? Thought you'd like to know. The autopsy's just concluded. Cause of death as I surmised. But as a matter of fact the cardiac trouble was much more serious than I suspected when she was alive. With the utmost care, she could not have lived longer than two months at the outside. Thought you'd like to know. Might console you more or less."

"Excuse me," said Charles, "would you mind saying that again?"

"She couldn't have lived longer than two months," said the doctor in a slightly louder tone. "All things work out for the best, you know, my dear fellow—"

BUT Charles had slammed back the receiver on its hook. He was conscious of the lawyer's voice speaking from a long way off.

"Dear me, Mr. Ridgeway, are you ill?"

Damn them all! The smug-faced lawyer. That poisonous old ass Meynell. No hope in front of him—only the shadow of the prison wall.

He felt that somebody had been playing with him—playing with him like a cat with a mouse. Somebody must be laughing...

By
AGATHA CHRISTIE

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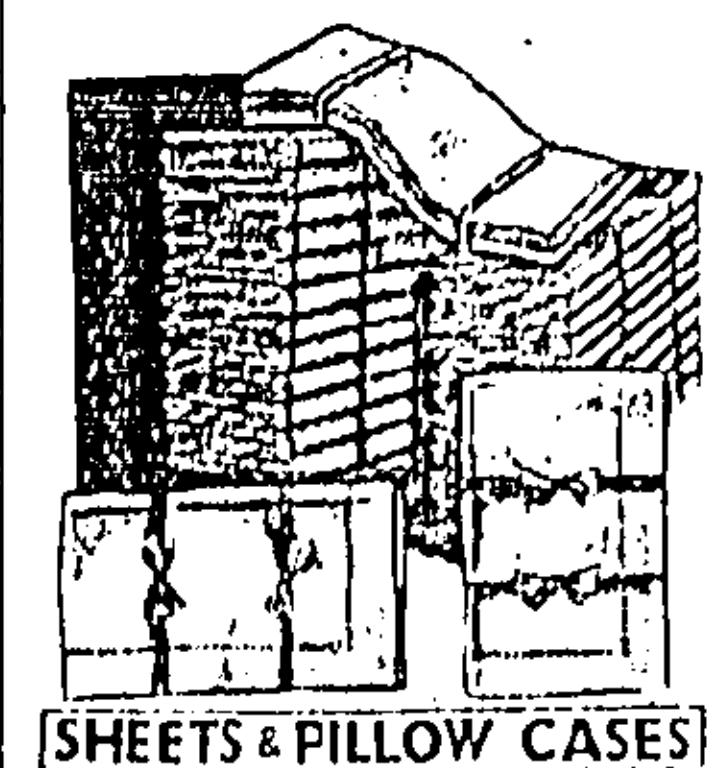


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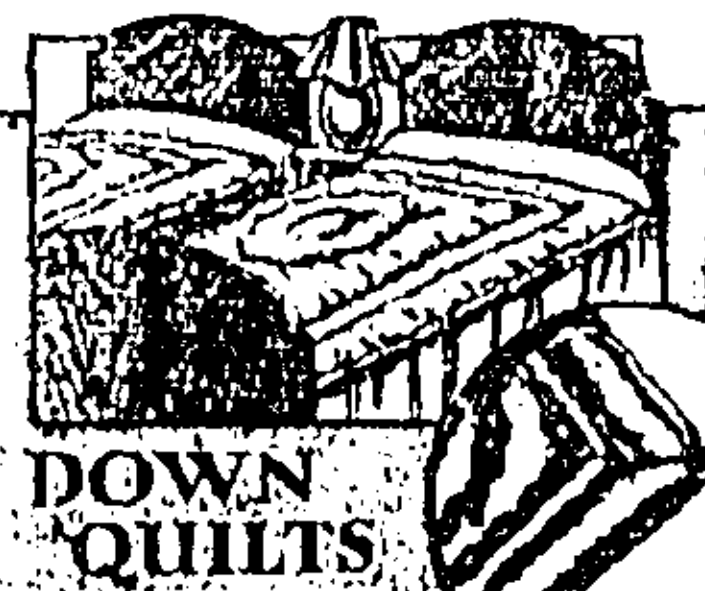
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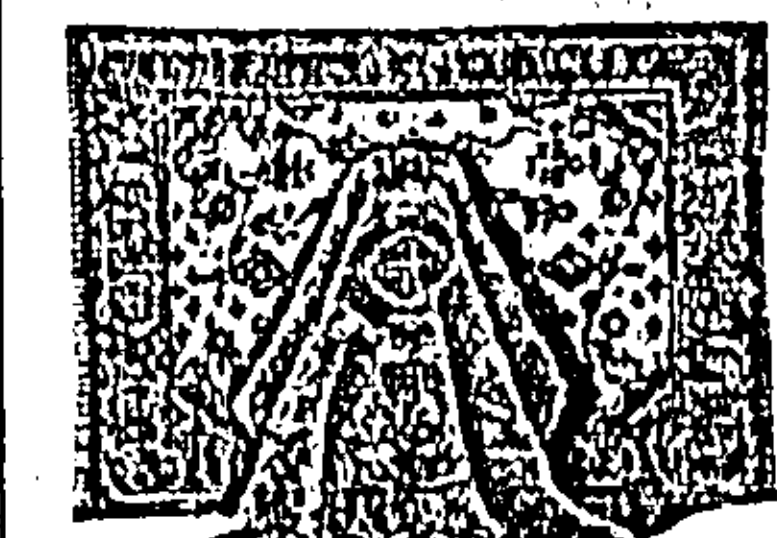
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JAPAN GIVES RUSTLE OF AXIS PACT

Leading Army Newspaper Tries To Scare United States

Heavy Shock To Italian Morale

WHILE IT IS APPRECIATED THAT THE ITALIAN PEOPLE DO NOT REGARD WITH EQUANIMITY THE REVERSES EXPERIENCED BY ITALIAN ARMS, SUSTAINED IN A WAR FOR WHICH THEY HAD NO DESIRE BUT WERE COERCED INTO UNDERTAKING IN ORDER TO FURTHER THE GRANDILOQUENT ASPIRATIONS OF SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, IT IS NOT LIKELY THAT THE GREEK AND BRITISH VICTORIES, BRILLIANT AS THEY ARE, WILL AT ONCE BRING ABOUT A DEBACLE ON THE ITALIAN HOME FRONT.

The present situation must come as a profound shock even to devoted followers of the Duce, especially as events have shown how ill-prepared the country was for a military adventure rushed into by the political chief at a time when he thought great gains could be secured from the success of his fellow dictator at the expense of an unfortunate neighbor.

That unrest and disillusion are manifesting themselves even within the Fascist ranks is patent from the fervid exhortations Signor Farinacci finds it necessary to publish in "Regime Fascista."

In a second article he reproaches "Trusted Fascist party leaders and officials of the second and third rank as many, fearing public opinion and loss of their private posts, remain inactive instead of encouraging the public to fulfil its duty and withstand hardships during war time." And his announcement that "It has become necessary to issue strict orders to all leaders or former Fascist executives that the Fascist Party will apply the sharpest measures against those who do not or will not understand that Italy is at war" and that "while soldiers are sacrificing their lives at the front a definite end will be put to defeatist and anti-Fascist propaganda," while showing the reality of popular disquiet, may have become necessary as a result of his own previous article, which attempted to divert criticism from the politicians and concentrate blame on the army.

Like Civil War

Summarising and commenting on that article the "Daily Telegraph" says: "The chief of the Fascist Party, Signor Farinacci, has been allowed or ordered to proclaim what looks almost like civil war. Marshal Badoglio and his friends in high places and in the army are the enemy. They should be put in the hands of 'the old guard of reliable Fascists'—a sufficiently explicit demand for their torture or murder. This truculent brutality, however, shows not only the deep divisions in Italy but the growing influence of those hostile to Mussolini. Signor Farinacci—no doubt his master's voice—is desperately afraid of the heaven working among the Italian people and in endeavours to prove Badoglio is to blame for everything which has gone wrong, makes the most naive admission. The pretence that Italy did not attack Greece in order to protest that Badoglio did not object but took over command unconditionally.

Where Is Il Duce?

Responsibility in the war, Signor Farinacci announces, "lies with the military and technical experts. Where, Italians can hardly help asking, is our Duce now? He was commander-in-chief but that, his henchman explains, was all a sham. Mussolini, he implies, is no war lord. He knows nothing about military matters. It was grossly unfair of Badoglio to have tried to convince people of influence that he, as Chief of Staff, disapproved of the attack on Greece. His function was to pass the laurels for any success to Mussolini and shoulder all blame for every mishap.

Vast Sums

The Duce had provided vast sums for the Italian army and was entitled to assume it could carry out whatever he ordered. But neither the army nor the people of Italy can possibly forget that the Duce took to himself control of military affairs and if the money which the nation spent on them is wasted the blame is his. Military victories sometimes have political consequences out of all proportion.

BIRTH

BRAUDE.—On December 14, 1940, at the French Convent Hospital, to Irene, wife of Arthur N. Braude, a daughter.

to actual military results obtained. Particularly is this true where the political systems involved are insecurely based. Of this the Battle of Marengo is a classic example. Before now self-imposed governments have found it necessary to find a scapegoat in military commanders and before now the scapegoat has turned into a veritable unicorn.

Rome radio speaks truly when, at the end of an endeavour to belittle the Greek and British successes, it stated: "The Italian people are aware they are living in the gravest hour of their history."—British Wireless.

BUS FARES INCREASED

THE CHINA GENERAL OMNIBUS COMPANY YESTERDAY INFORMED THE SHANGHAI MUNICIPAL COMPANY THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO MAINTAIN THE PRESENT SERVICE EFFICIENTLY AT THE PRESENT COST.

The company regret having to increase fares by 35 per cent. The low exchange value of the Chinese dollar, the high cost of imported materials and increased labour charges are blamed for the increase.—Reuter.

BASE RUMOURS

It was insistently rumoured in Mexico City yesterday, though not officially confirmed, that an agreement had been reached with the United States for the construction of two naval bases, probably in Lower California. Reports also persist that an American naval and military mission is likely to visit Mexico shortly.—Reuter.

JAPANESE LIFT BLOCKADE IN SHANGHAI

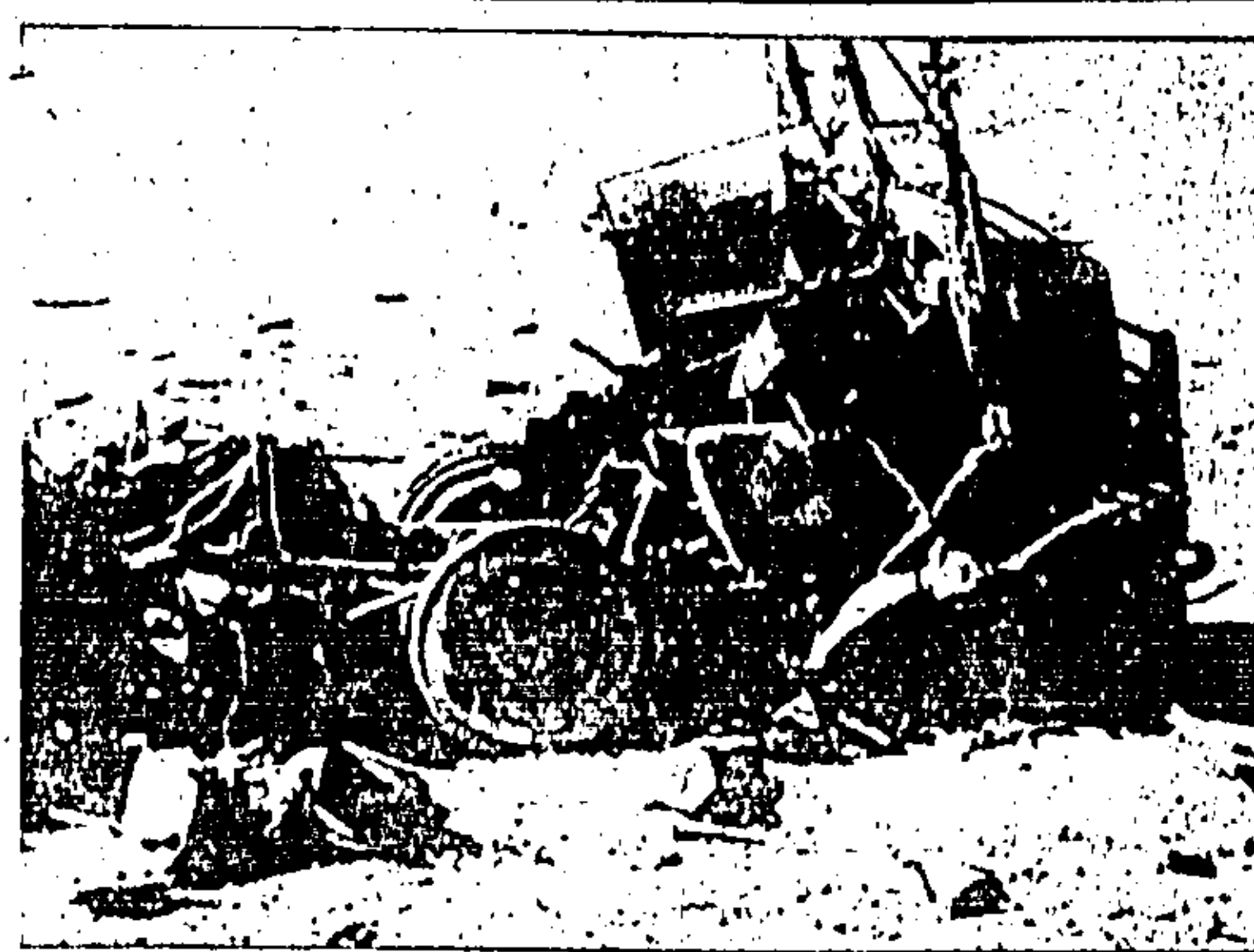
THE THREE WEEKS' blockade of the western district adjacent to the International Settlement and French Concession in Shanghai was lifted yesterday morning when restrictions were removed for entry into a big area where over 25,000 persons are residing.

Barbed-wire barricades have closed in the zone for three weeks while Japanese gendarmes and Chinese policemen of the Japanese-sponsored Greater Shanghai Special Municipality have been searching and patrolling following the killing of a Japanese gendarme by a robber.

RETAINS TITLE

KEN OVERLIN EASILY RETAINED THE WORLD MIDDLE-WEIGHT BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP YESTERDAY WHEN HE OUTPOINTED THE YOUTHFUL CHALLENGER, STEVE BELLOISE, IN A 15-ROUND CONTEST AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

The experienced Overlin topped his opponent's strength with a forceful body attack, while Belloise foolishly elected to wait for one heavy punch which he was never able to land.—Reuter.



Battered and burnt-out Italian motor-vehicle. (Copyright, Fox.)

U.S. THRILLS TO TRIUMPH IN EGYPT

THE BRITISH VICTORY over the Italians in the Western Desert continued to furnish an unbroken flow of cables, dramatic headlines and radio bulletins in New York yesterday, and evidence of growing internal unrest in Italy is fully reported.

Meanwhile, President Roosevelt's approaching return from his Caribbean cruise is hailed as marking the end of the post-Election slump.

The "Herald-Tribune" declared the President "will face a country which has climbed out of the bog of defeatism and apathy in which it temporarily stumbled and now stands ready once more to face reality." In this connection, the appeal by Mr. William Knudsen, Defence Commissioner, for a speed-up in defence has attracted much attention and has been described as galvanising the home front.—Reuter.

DATES OF 1940

Commenting yesterday on the Victory of the Western Desert the "Daily Mail" says that there have been two great occasions in the present war.

The first was when the R.A.F. shot down the Nazi air armada and ended Hitler's dream of an easy conquest of Britain. That never to be forgotten date, says the paper, was September 15, when 134 enemy planes were downed over Britain. To that we must now add another date, December 10, when British land forces for the first time took the offensive on a grand scale against Italy and routed the enemy.—Reuter.

JAPANESE FINGERS ON SAIGON RICE

The Japanese have demanded that the Indo-China authorities prohibit the shipment of Saigon rice to Lungchow (Kwangsi), according to a Hanoi report to the Shanghai "Sin Wen Pao" yesterday.

Whether this included the shipment of rice from Indo-China to other "Free China" areas is still unknown.

Motive of this Japanese demand, the report states, is believed to be due to a desire to secure all supplies of rice from Indo-China for Japanese demands. Current reports that the Japanese are trying to secure supplies of rice in Indo-China appear to have been partially confirmed, as the French authorities have now issued an order prohibiting rice to be exported to Kwangchow-wan.—Reuter.

Waiting for a bus near the railway bridge in Prince Edward Road yesterday afternoon, Miss B. Hutchinson, of No. 100, Prince Edward Road, had her hand-bag snatched.

Might Be Forced To Action

"AS LONG AS THE UNITED STATES KEEPS UP HER PRESENT ATTITUDE WE MAY BE FORCED TO UTILISE THE THREE-POWER PACT TO THE FULLEST EXTENT," STATED THE "CHUGAI SHOGYO," PROMINENT TOKYO DAILY, IN A LEADING ARTICLE YESTERDAY.

Assailing the Far Eastern policy of the United States the paper says China's "national existence or victory over Japan are by no means the ultimate objective of the recent Anglo-American assistance to Chungking but instead they have been trying to benefit themselves at China's sacrifice.

"Washington's announcement of a new loan to Chungking, immediately following the conclusion of the Tokyo-Nanking treaty, is nothing but a straightforward expression of American hostility against Japan."

In view of the recent American attitude we are pessimistic for the future adjustment of Japanese-American relations, despite the appointment of Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura as Ambassador to Washington. "Unless the United States alters completely her Far Eastern policy little can be expected for an improvement of relations."—Reuter.

BACK TO OLD LEVEL

THE MINISTER OF FOOD, LORD WOOLTON, STATED YESTERDAY HE HAS CONSIDERED A REDUCTION OF THE "MEAT" RATION FROM 2 1/2 LBS PER WEEK TO 1 1/2 LBS VERY SHORTLY, PROBABLY BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

A factor which Lord Woolton is taking into consideration is the decline in the quantity of home-killed meat supplied by farmers which may make necessary that the nation have recourse to supplies at present in cold storage. Interesting fact is that present consumption of meat, with the ration at 2 1/2 lbs, averages weekly 1 1/2 lbs.

It is further anticipated there will be a greater reduction in the ration after Christmas or early in the New Year, affecting hotels and restaurants but not communal feeding centres.—British Wireless.

HENGYANG BOMBED

RAILWAY FACILITIES, GO-DOWNS AND OTHER INSTALLATIONS AT HENGYANG, KEY TRAFFIC CONTROL POINT IN SOUTHERN HUNAN PROVINCE, WERE HEAVILY BOMBED BY JAPANESE NAVAL AIRCRAFT. IT WAS REVEALED IN A COMMUNIQUE IN TOKYO YESTERDAY.

Several fires were sighted in the bombed area and the raiders met

BRITISH TANGIER PROTEST

The British consul-general at Tangier immediately lodged a protest with the Spanish authorities following the replacement of foreign officials in the International Zone by Spaniards, it was learned in London yesterday.—Reuter.

CHINA'S WOLFRAM OUTPUT

THE OUTPUT OF WOLFRAM, ANTIMONY AND TIN IS BEING INCREASED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE NATIONAL RESOURCES CONTROL COMMISSION OF THE CHUNGKING GOVERNMENT, AS THESE MINERALS ARE BEING EXPORTED AS PAYMENT OF CHINA'S DEBT TO THE UNITED STATES, ACCORDING TO THE SHANGHAI "CHENG YEN PAO" YESTERDAY.

Yunnan is the largest tin-producing area in China. The mining of tin here is being undertaken by the newly-formed Tin Mining Corporation, which has a capitalisation of \$8,000,000. Modern and improved methods are being employed to increase output.—Reuter.

with intense anti-aircraft fire from positions north of the city but all planes returned safely, the Japanese report claims.—Reuter.

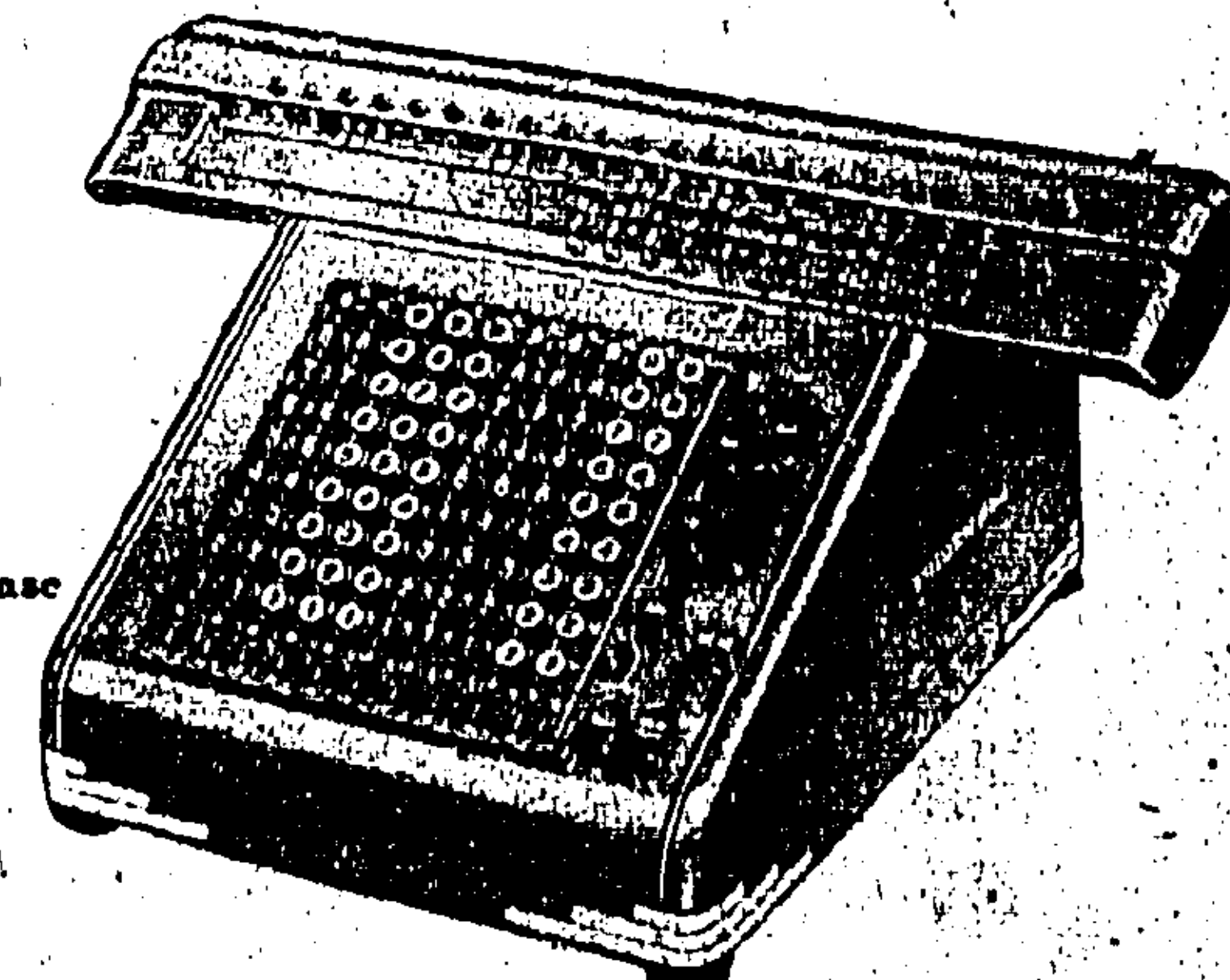
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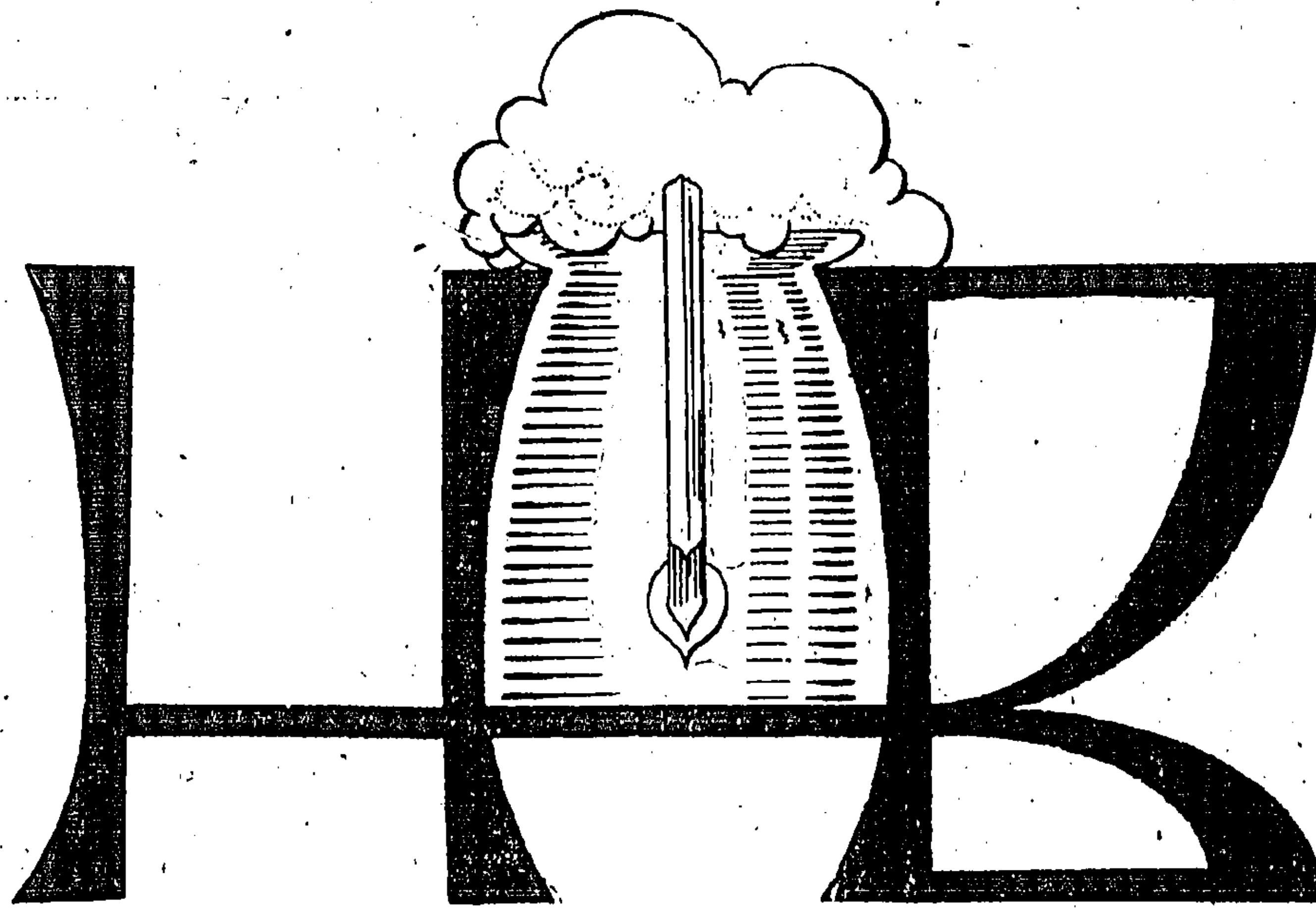


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THE PEOPLE FOR WHOM
THE BEST IS BARELY
GOOD ENOUGH!



For the people who . . .



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For the people who . . .



For the people who . . .



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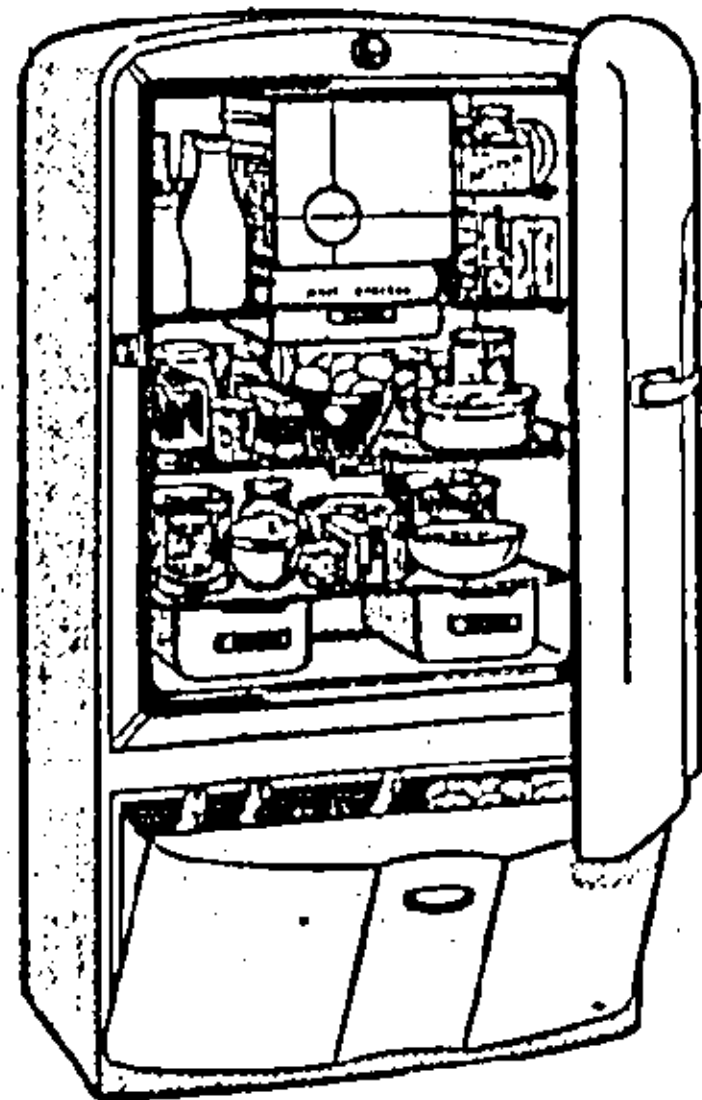
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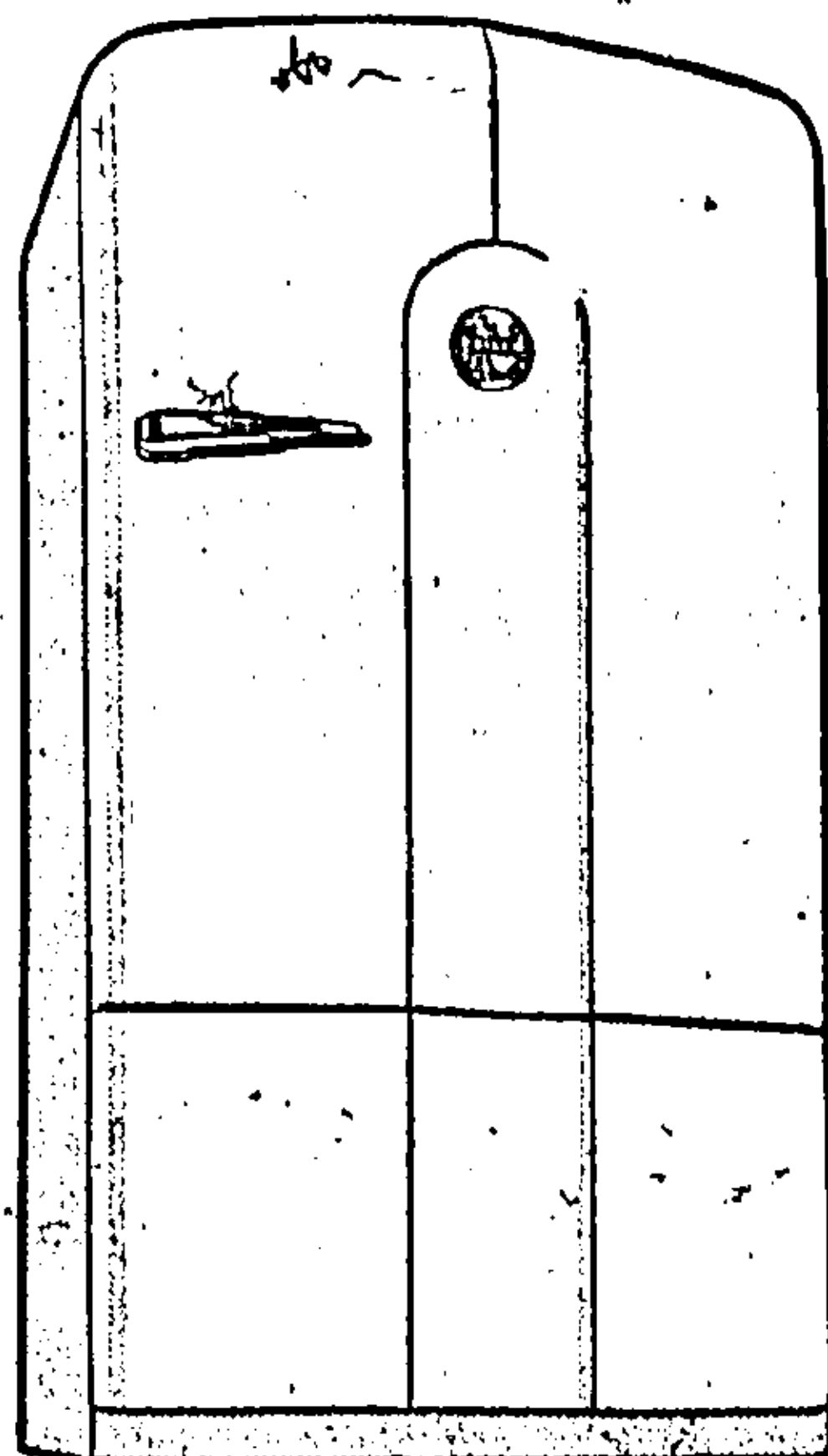
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Colony Lives Up To Its Christmas Reputation

Infinite Variety Of Choice For Shopper

DESPITE THE WAR IN Europe and in China and their effect on trade and shipments, Hong Kong's department stores have a wide variety of useful gifts and presents for Christmas which will cater to all tastes and all pockets. Useful gifts such as socks and handkerchiefs, toilet necessities and cosmetic kits, radio sets and knick-knacks of a hundred and one different varieties burden the counters and shelves in their profusion.

It is customary to advise people to "Shop Early at Christmas," but this year this advice might be supplemented by some more which takes into account the unusual strain on everyone's pocket-book and the natural desire to make every cent go as far as possible while securing the best in the particular line of gifts one is purchasing.

In the first section of the tour, wander around looking over goods and examining them, for whereas one store may give the best value in say, watches, another store might surpass it in the quality and variety of, for instance, gloves and socks. At the end of the tour the shopper should be able to draw up a list of what he (or she) wants and know just where to buy it.

The five leading department stores visited by a representative of the "Sunday Herald" in a Christmas Shopping Tour were, in alphabetical order, the China Emporium; Lane, Crawford and Company; Sincere's; Whiteley, Laidlaw and Company; and Wing On's. Each has a wide variety of goods and articles of all kinds, and most of them stock several exclusive ranges which would make ideal Christmas gifts. Prices compare very favourably with those of former years.

China Emporium

THE China Emporium, for instance, has a special range of watches by the famous American firm of "Bulova," for whom they are local agents. All are in special presentation boxes and the wide variety of watches, both for men and for women, include some unusual streamlined designs. Some are solid gold, others are gold-filled.

On an adjoining counter is another special feature—ivory. Rings, brooches and paper-cutter and pen combinations in ivory make an ideal gift for a Christmas in China.

Two unique gifts on this counter include a delicate ivory vase, with a picture and a Chinese poem in microscopic characters on its side, and a grain of rice in a special glass tube—not an ordinary grain of rice, though, for under the magnifying glass one discovers that the whole of Dr. Sun Yat-sen's will has been engraved on it!

While on the subject of Oriental gifts for an Oriental Christmas, some special scroll pictures are on display in the China Emporium. In cunning fashion, they combine characters expressing a desire that the recipient have a long life, together with appropriate pictures in the traditional Chinese style—an unusual gift to harmonise with blackwood furniture in one's sitting room.

For the mere male (as the Chinese quantity has it), there is a wide variety of useful gifts—ties, socks, shirts, scarves, dressing gowns galore.

If he smokes, he will probably value a cigarette case or lighter by Benson, and there are many different sizes and types to choose from. A man never has too many ash-trays, and the China Emporium has a large stock of these, including a clever one which does away with "stopping."

Over the ash-tray is a small, inverted bowl of water. Touch the end of the cigarette to the bottom of the bowl, and a drop or two of water freezes the burning end out of existence in a jiffy!

Women will be interested in the handbags which are of real crocodile leather and come straight from Paris—war or no war! Both evening bags and the less ornate type for day and afternoon use are stocked in various novel designs.

It might be a good idea to keep the children away from the Toy Department—otherwise one might be forced to spend the rest of the day there! For the little girl, there are, of course, dolls of a dozen and one types and sizes, including Shirley Temple, Pinocchio, Charlie McCarthy, Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs.

School-boys of all ages (and Papa, too!) will be breathless at the Emporium's range of electric trains by the famous "Lionel" firm. Some of the models are excellent replicas in miniature of the heavy, speeding juggernauts that tear across the Five Continents.

Lane, Crawford's

LANE, Crawford's "exclusives" include the famous "Rolex" watches and "Garrard's" Westminster Chime-clocks, and, in the purely Men's Line, some exquisite English gum-twill silk foul- and ties, with handkerchiefs to match.

Lane, Crawford's, of course, have always specialised in home-made wearing apparel for men and women, and have an unusual

choice from. In the Men's Wear Section, for instance, there are Jaeger fleece-lined slippers, silk dressing gowns, bath-robes of as many colours as Joseph's famous garb, sweaters and cardigans, woollen and silk scarves, men's handkerchiefs in many colours, shaving brushes, mirrors, and the famous Rolks Razor (both the ordinary type and special presentation sets).

Christmas is, of course, the season when evening dress comes into its own, and Lane, Crawford's have a special display of "dress sets" which should not be overlooked.

The Women's Wear Section includes a wide variety of sweaters and cardigans and some very attractive (and cosy!) woollen bed-jackets in blue, pink, green or white. Hand-bags, too, are in profusion, both for day and night use, in black, brown, calf suede and many attractive styles.

"Elizabeth Arden" is almost a synonym for cosmetics, and in addition to the complete range of usual supplies are "hankie" powder puffs, eau-de-cologne and lavender water and "Blue Grass" soap, not to mention "Ebe" dusting powder in attractive boxes.

Before going on to the Toy Department one should not overlook the special saddle leather ash-trays, the travelling rugs in a variety of colour, and the Maclelland hand-woven silks.

The Toy Department has a choice range of dolls and toysets, ranging from a very simple baroque of indoor games, books, rocking horses, pedal-cars, balloons and "Pedigree Pets," which are guaranteed to be fully hygienic.

Useful gifts for children include dressing gowns, a variety of white scarves, jumpers and cardigans, with shawls, white, pink and blue pram sets, sleeping bags, toilet sets and padded quilts.

For the living room and the dining room are such useful gifts as a Moplin and Webb cutlery sets, enamel-and-silver toilet sets, Stewart hand-cut crystal sets and a very good range of English pottery, including some delightful dog-heads for mounting on the walls in the hall or one's study.

Whiteway, Laidlaw's

"USEFUL" gifts are also the key-note of this year's display at Whiteway, Laidlaw and Company, although there is also a wide variety of the "other sort" which includes toys and knick-knacks to brighten up a home. In the Furniture Department are a splendid assortment of Mersapora and Peking rugs, jostling for first place in popularity with silk-covered cushions, down quilts and travelling rugs which make one feel warm just looking at them.

Whiteway's, too, have a special range of useful gifts for the Man in the House. Among those to catch the eye are really comfortable looking cotton/wool pyjama suits, sports shirts in a variety of colours and stripes, Jaeger slippers and camel-hair cardigans and pull-overs.

Men's wear is usually rather drab (shades of Beau Brummell) but for some reason ties and scarves always form a welcome exception—and Kynoch's tartan wool scarves provide just that touch of colour that a man needs around Christmas—or the rest of the winter, for that matter!

Evening-dress, too, comes in for a special little display—socks, ties, silk scarves, and stiff shirts with the unique "Wy-an-ised" starch-less stiff collars.

And for good measure there are Morley sports-shirts, men's handkerchiefs in fast boiling colours, cashmere wool lightweight dressing gowns, bath robes and Morley and Virella socks.

"Cire-patin for evening dresses" is one of the keynotes of the Ladies' Department, with silk or angora wool scarves and gloves for those nippy days around the turn of the year.

Milady, too, would appreciate one of the swans-down back puffs or a neat manicure set in an attractive box.

And since every woman left in the Colony seems to be doing some sort of knitting or sewing for the Cause, special note should be taken of the many needle-work baskets and "Crimoline Lady" pin-cushions on display. The baskets are all fitted out incidentally.

Children, of course, will go wild over the dolls and games in the Toy Department. In addition to Whiteway's usual large range to choose from, there is a delightful

"Dopey" doll and another unique little lady who "drinks, wets, and plays!"

Sincere's

SINCERE'S have always been a popular rendezvous for people wanting to buy useful gifts, especially socks and small articles of clothing, at remarkably low-prices, and the shelves and counters are filled with such a variety that one can practically complete one's entire shopping list in a matter of moments.

Among the special displays are a very large assortment of Wedgwood Pottery and Doulton ware, "Santay" shatter-proof cocktail mixer sets, glassware and cut-crystal sets of all sorts, and crockery in profusion—big sets, little sets, ornate sets, simple sets.

And, of course, there is "Aqualand," which has to be seen to be appreciated. It is enough to say that it is based on that delightful under-water scene from "Pinocchio" and has been drawing enthusiastic crowds ever since it was opened a short while ago.

Ladies will find the special Max Factor and Merle Norman cosmetic displays of special interest, while those who want to buy something but just can't make up their minds what to purchase will find the special "Gifts Department" a veritable boon.

Wing On's

WING ON'S, too, have an unusually large display of useful gifts to attract the Christmas Shopper, ranging all the way from sports shirts and suede and leather sports jackets to dressing gowns, gloves, shirts, ties, handkerchiefs and completely fitted out sewing baskets.

Babies, too, come in for special attention, among the many articles of wear being some delightful little "baby sets"—consisting of woollen coat and hat to match—

in various delicate pastel colours. Women will find the "Razorette" set very useful in these days of low-cut evening gowns. Used for the arms and eye-brows, the razor is a small but strong affair, complete with blades, and comes in a natty little egg-shell shaped celluloid case.

There is a fine display of travelling sets, in soft leather cases, and near them a wide range of Eversharp pencils and Parker pens, with Benson cigarette cases and lighters and "Lucky-Packs" just around the corner.

The "Little Woman" is catered to by a large display of, among other things, Colonial Dames beauty aids, Houbigant perfumes, manure and make-up sets, and powder puffs, soft, delicate things in a variety of pastel shades.

An unusual gift this Christmas would be a fully-stocked aquarium and a wide choice is on view on the first floor. A special feature is a little aerating pump, which can be purchased as an accessory and which keeps a constant flow of bubbles shooting up from the bottom of the glass aquarium.

Ivory is also featured at Wing On's, and in addition to a big range of statuettes and ornaments, there are also mah jongg sets, ivory rings, and chips and counters in neat, revolving wooden boxes.

Special mention should also be made of Wing On's Radio Department which, in addition to a complete stock of Zenith and R.C.A. radios, contains an amazingly large stock of spare parts.

After travelling round Hong Kong's department stores, one returns home really amazed at the wealth of good things to be bought this Christmas. How they got some of the things out here despite the war will probably remain a secret—but the stores can pride themselves on having lived up to their unexpressed motto of catering to all tastes and to all pockets.

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Order richer, mellower, heart-warming Chase and Sanborn Coffee from your grocer to-morrow!





A baby was born to Mrs. Johnson of Edmonton, N. whilst she was in an Anderson shelter. The christening name of Margaret Anderson is being given to the baby. A council nurse who was called by an A.R.P. warden attended to Mrs. Johnson and the baby by candle light. Mother and baby are doing well. Photo shows Nurse Cow leaving the Anderson shelter with the baby.—(Copyright, Fox.)

VIRGIN ISLANDS PROJECT

[SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD"]

Proposals that the Virgin Islands be made a haven for European political refugees who would be allowed entry without passports provided they have sufficient money to live for two years, will not be adopted at present, it was stated in Washington yesterday.

The proposal was made by the Governor of the Virgin Islands, Mr. Lawrence Cramer, and was approved by the Secretary of Interior, Mr. Harold Ickes, but is being opposed by the State Department.

Mr. Cordell Hull, the Secretary

REMOVING HEALTH MENACE

Government To Take Over Removal Of Nightsoil

Increase In Rates To Meet Cost

UNLESS UNFORESEEN EVENTS SUPERVENE, THE URBAN COUNCIL WILL TAKE OVER RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE COLLECTION AND REMOVAL OF NIGHTSOIL FROM PRIVATE PREMISES ON APRIL 1, 1941, BEGINNING OF GOVERNMENT'S NEW FINANCIAL YEAR, THE "SUNDAY HERALD" LEARNED AUTHORITATIVELY YESTERDAY.

The announcement presumably means that Government has accepted in principle the financial details of the scheme, although it is understood that it continues to be the main problem under discussion.

Suggestion in most favour is that the cost of creation of a new departmental system, involving an outlay in the first year of approximately \$1,000,000, and of about \$500,000 yearly thereafter, be met by an increase of one per cent. in the assessment tax.

An alternative proposal is that the Council should fix by by-law that \$1 per month be paid by the principal tenant of each floor for each bucket used. It is estimated that householders at present pay coolies who perform the work unsatisfactorily at least \$300,000 annually. Plans for formation of a public utility company to undertake the service has, it is understood, been dropped.

Taking Over Coolies

Government intends to take over at least 2,000 of the coolies now employed by private enterprises and although it is not Government's policy to employ women coolies, in this case, owing to the special circumstances, women coolies now employed in the work will also be absorbed.

The most attractive feature of the complete scheme, introduction of the double pan system, is likely to be postponed because of difficulty in obtaining sheet iron buckets. It is estimated that at least 130,000 buckets would be

of State, told the press he had never heard of Governor Cramer's proposal. — International News Service.

Agricultural Angle

An equally interesting feature, concerned with disposal rather than the collection of nightsoil, is being worked up with efforts to make the Colony more nearly self-sufficient in vegetable supplies.

Investigations are continuing regarding the erection of maturing pits in the New Territories where the nightsoil can be made sterile and used as a cheap fertilizer for which there would be ready sale.

COLONY'S TRADE FAIR

[SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD"]

SAMPLES OF ALL THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF GOODS MANUFACTURED IN HONG KONG — NAILS, MATCHES, CLOTH, MACHINERY, SHOES, RUBBERWARE, TORCHES, MEDICINE, TINNED FOOD, STEEL HELMETS, FARMING IMPLEMENTS, WAR EQUIPMENT, ETC. — WILL BE DISPLAYED AT THE FOURTH ANNUAL HONG KONG CHINESE PRODUCTS EXHIBITION WHICH OPENS ON DECEMBER 22.

His Excellency the Acting Governor, Lieutenant-General E. F. Norton, will open the Exhibition which will continue until January 2.

This will be the largest exhibition of its kind yet held in the Colony—thousands of samples of local products will be displayed on 212 stalls closely built on the 70,000 square-foot area opposite the Peninsula Hotel.

Over 200 factories have registered with the Hong Kong Chinese Manufacturers' Union under whose auspices the Exhibition is held, and whose membership has increased during the last 12 months to 307.

PARADE OF AIR RAID WARDENS

WELL OVER 1,000 AIR RAID WARDENS WILL PARADE BEFORE HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL E. F. NORTON, ON THE GROUND OF THE HONG KONG FOOTBALL CLUB IN HAPPY VALLEY ON SATURDAY NEXT AT 3.30 P.M.

The parade will be under the command of the Deputy Chief Air Raid Warden of Kowloon and will be formed up of Divisions in mass.

On his arrival His Excellency will be met by the Director of Air Raid Precautions, Wing-Commander A. H. S. Steele-Perkins, the Deputy Director, Mr. B. H. Puckle, and the Chief Air Raid Warden for Hong Kong, Mr. G. A. Penfold, who will accompany the Governor through the centre entrance of the grand stand, and as the party emerges from the entrance, the Officer in Command will call the Parade to attention and salute.

After the inspection His Excellency will address the Parade.

HANKOW ROAD FLAT ENTERED

Mr. G. W. Deacon, of No. 16, Hankow Road, has reported his residence was entered through an open verandah window on Friday and that money and clothing to the value of \$80 was stolen.



Captured Italian Prisoners. Washing their clothes in a British camp in Egypt. — (Copyright, Fox.)

U.S. ARMS SPEED-UP DRIVE

A speed-up in America's defence production was urged yesterday by Mr. William Knudsen, Defence Commissioner, in an address to an audience that included America's leading industrialists.

Mr. Knudsen asserted that a speed-up in defence production was imperative, and disclosed that aircraft production in the United States was 30 per cent. behind production schedules prepared last July.

He contended that the week-end closing down of factories (which he referred to as a "black-out") tended to defeat production, and urged industrialists to "talk to your men and ask them what they think of a civilisation that drives women and children to live in cold wet holes in the ground."—Reuter.

WEDDING AT THE CATHEDRAL

A quiet wedding took place at St. John's Cathedral early yesterday morning, when Miss Constance, Games of No. 381, Nathan Road, became the bride of L/Cpl. John Butterworth, of the Royal Scots Regiment.

The Dean, the Very Rev. J. L. Wilson, conducted the ceremony.

MURDER CHARGE ADJOURNED

Ho Sung-hei, 22, was again remanded by Mr. G. T. Lowry yesterday, when charged with the murder of Woo Tung-chiu, 28, accountant of the Chung Hwa Book Company, on December 5. Detective Inspector L. R. Whitt is in charge of the case.

CRACKER-FIRING

The usual authority for cracker-firing between 11.45 p.m. on December 31 and 12.15 a.m. on January 1 was published yesterday in the Gazette.

RUSSIA BEGINS CONSERVATION OF FOOD

AS A PRECAUTIONARY measure against the possibility of Russia being drawn into the war, further restrictions have been imposed throughout the Soviet, reducing by a half supplies of certain foodstuffs.

This is in spite of the fact that shops in Moscow have never been so well stocked.

There is no rationing in Russia, but only buy 100 grammes of butter at one time instead of 200 as hitherto.

Theoretically they can visit either stores and buy the same amount, again but the necessity of joining a long queue each time discourages this practice.

KING'S BIRTHDAY

The King celebrated his forty-fifth birthday yesterday, and hundreds of congratulatory messages from all parts of the British Empire and from other countries began to arrive at an early hour in the morning.—Reuter.

Japan's Internal Crisis

Japan's internal political and financial crisis is commented upon by the Soviet daily "Red Star," says a Chungking message to the Shanghai "Shun Pao" yesterday.

Three and a half years of hostilities, the "Red Star" declares, has cost Japan an enormous sum, rendering Japan's national economy at a very low ebb as her domestic loans increase and gold reserves are being depleted. Japan must change her domestic policies and reform the economic structure if she desires to fight against China and carry out her southward expansion, the "Red Star" observes. — Reuter.

FALSE PRETENCES SENTENCE

Cheung Hing-chau, 32, was sentenced to two months' hard labour by Mr. G. T. Lowry yesterday, for obtaining a cheque for \$100 by false pretences. Defendant offered to cash a cheque for \$100 for a woman in the National City Bank of New York, and absconded after he cashed it.

NO HOLIDAY FOR CIVIL SERVANTS

Government Departments are to lose one of their annual holidays.

Under proposals embodied in a draft Bill published yesterday, Empire Day is to become a holiday for educational establishments only.

Hitherto it has been a Government holiday but not a public holiday.

It is also proposed to abolish the general holiday on the first Monday in September and to substitute therefor the Chinese Mid-Autumn Festival Day which during the next ten years will fall on various dates between September 10 and October 6.

If these dates fall on a Sunday, the holiday will be observed the following day.

BOVRIL

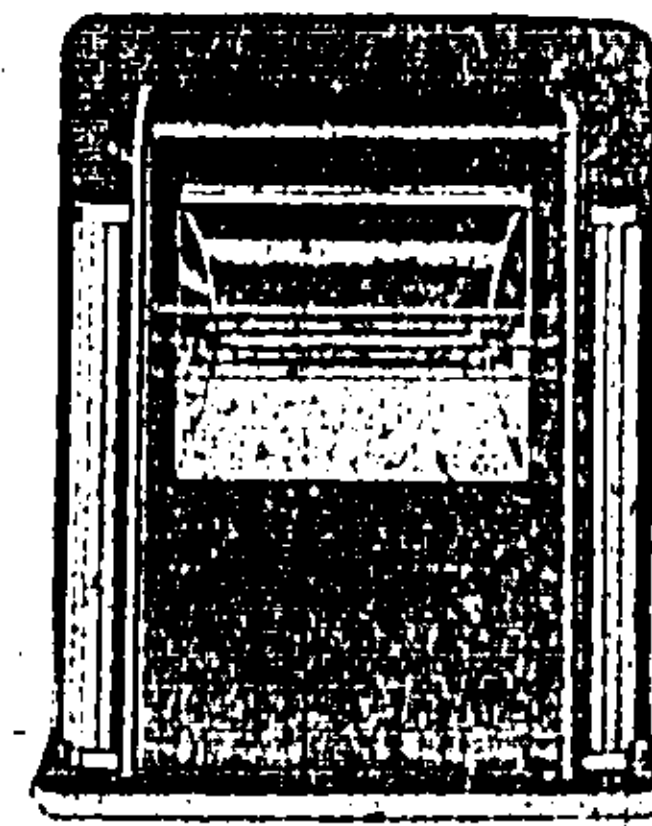
prevents that sinking feeling



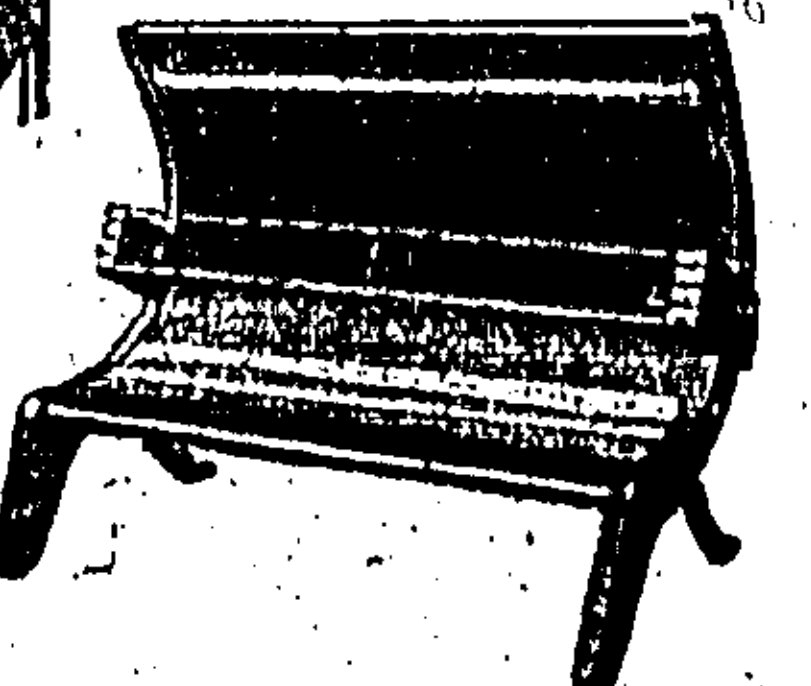
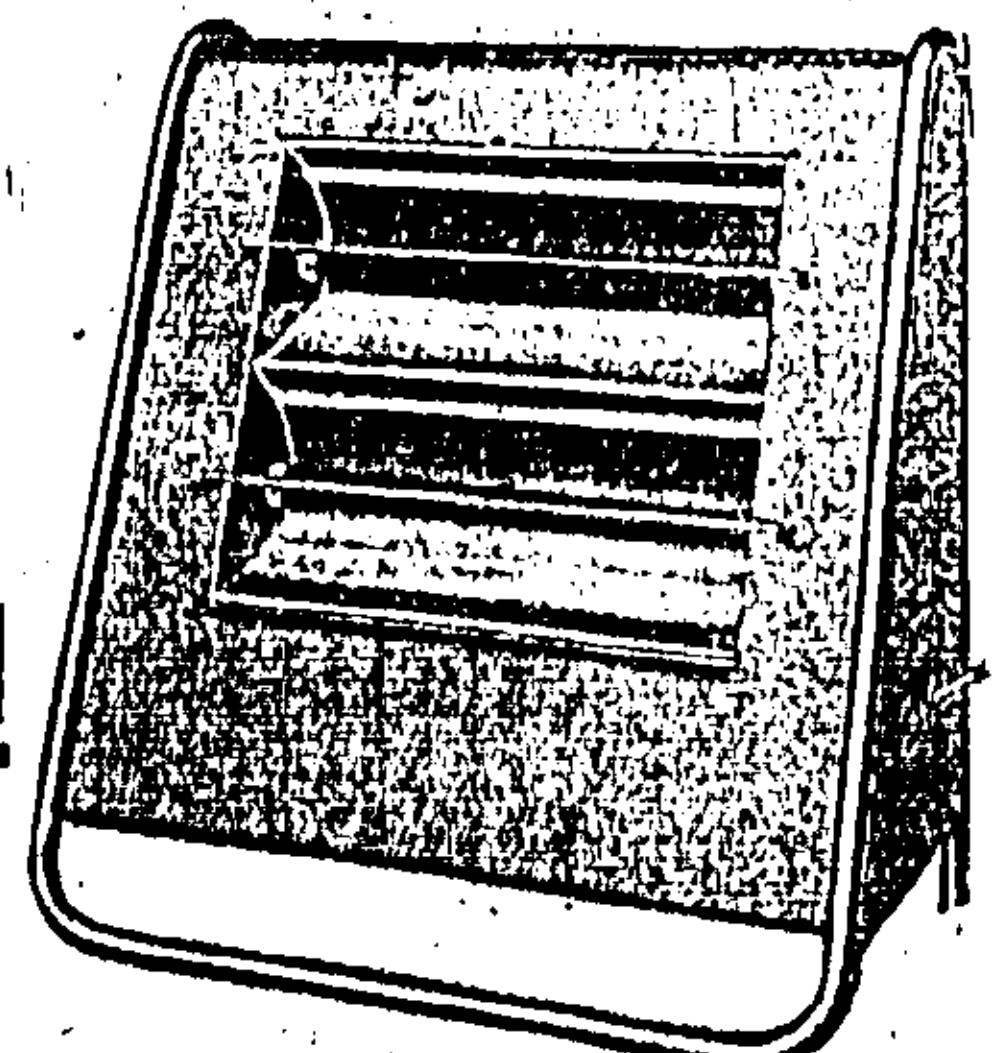
At any hour, day or night, Bovril is ready in a moment to cheer, to comfort and to stimulate you. Now, more than ever, you need Bovril. It helps you to get full nourishment from all your food and makes you stronger, fitter and more cheerful.

G.E.C. ELECTRIC FIRES

THEY'RE ECONOMICAL
THEY'RE MODERN
THEY'RE CLEAN
THEY'RE SAFE



AND THEY'RE
BRITISH



At the flick of a switch G.E.C. Electric Fires provide instantaneous heat, added comfort, greater cleanliness.

The degrees of heat required are controlled by switches on the Fires.

1941 MODELS NOW IN STOCK

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. OF CHINA LTD.
Sole Importers THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD. OF ENGLAND.

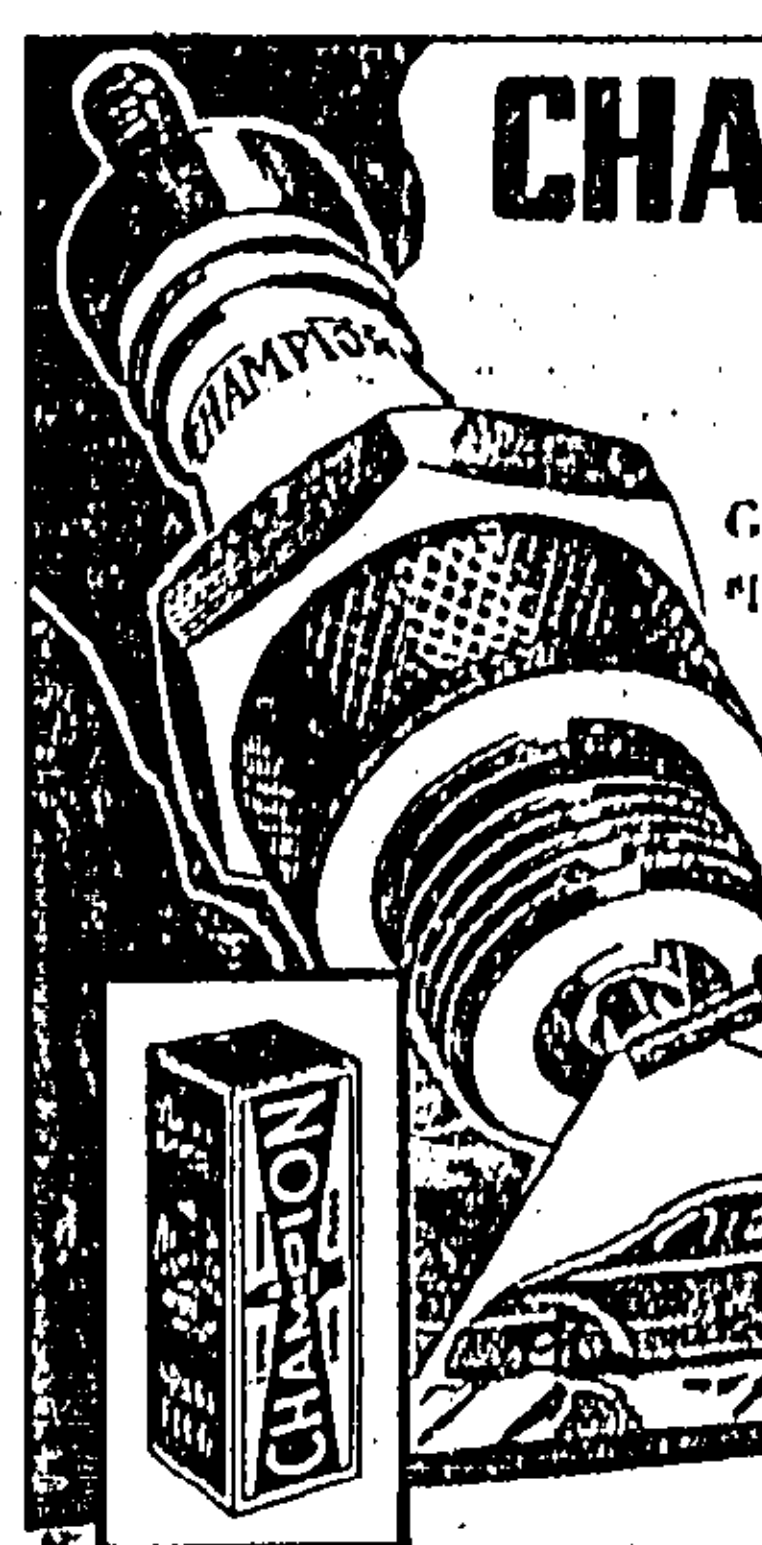
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IN SPECIAL XMAS BOXES containing 2 or 3 bottles.

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CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS
Bring BETTER HILL CLIMBING

Good hot sparks from Champion spark plugs will give your car the kind of ignition it needs for a smooth, even pull up a hill. Champions allow less carbon to form, so you get more speed, more power, more economy. Champions save you money!

Champion Spark Plug Co., Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.

GOVERNOR OPENS NEW BAPTIST CHURCH

THE \$30,000 new building of the Kowloon City Baptist Church in Stirling Road, was officially opened yesterday by His Excellency the Acting Governor, Lieutenant-General E. F. Norton.

His Excellency arrived at 3 p.m. and was met by the Rt. Rev. R. O. Hall, Bishop of Hong Kong, the Rev. Lau Yuet-shing, Dr. Y. T. Chiu, Mr. Lam Chi-fung and the Rev. Cheung Man-chiu.

His Excellency was conducted through the school building and then to the front of the Church where a short prayer was said by the Rev. Chiu Sze-cheung. His Excellency then was given the key with which he opened the church door.

Declaring the Church open His Excellency said:—It was with great pleasure that I accepted the Bishop's invitation to be present at this inaugural ceremony to-day.

That I am not a member of the Baptist denomination myself makes no difference to this pleasure.

In a life not devoid of adventure and experience in out-of-the-way parts of the world I have discovered to my own satisfaction one interesting fact:—Good men—men imbued with the finest inherent qualities are in my experience, curiously equally distributed between all classes and between all races of mankind. And when it comes to those educational virtues which are inculcated by religion all the big religions of the world make their contribution to those inherent virtues.

Hardest Standards

Perhaps one of the hardest standards laid down for Christians is in the saying: "Greater love hath no man than this that he lay down his life for his friend." You can't ask much more of any man. Yet this finest example of a lateral adherence to this precept in my experience was given by an untimely, ignorant Tibetan porter of Buddhist religion who died on Nanga Parbat, one of the great Himalayan peaks, deliberately sacrificing his own life, which he could easily have saved, because he would not desert a German climber so stricken with frost-bite high on the mountain in a blizzard that he had no hope of escape.

If then I feel strongly the appeal of all the finer religions how much more must I feel that the differences between the various sects of our own religion are less than skin deep.

Not Universal

Such a tolerant outlook is unfortunately not universal. But from all I know of Hong Kong since my father was here 70 or 80 years ago this Colony has been singularly happy in the broad-mindedness of the various sects of the Christian religion one to another here—and there is no finer protagonist of this broad minded tolerance than the Bishop of Hong Kong to whose help I am indebted for some of the following facts.

The Baptists who are I believe the largest Christian denomination in the world after the Roman Catholics, were early in the field in Missionary work in China—making their start in Macau in 1607.

Thence they transferred in 1842 to Hong Kong only a year after the foundation of the Colony—so that Hong Kong has a very early connection with the Baptist denomination.

In 1880 they moved to Swatow where their work flourished exceedingly. This church is the fruit of the work carried out here and in Canton.

Educational Work

In parenthesis I should like to touch on the very fine educational work carried out in Canton by the Baptists; particularly the Pooi Ching and Pooi Do Schools for boys and girls respectively and the former has a branch in Hong Kong and the latter has now moved complete to Hong Kong for sanctuary.

The building of the church which we are inaugurating to-day has been made possible entirely by the work of Chinese Christians and owes much to the energy and organising ability of Mr. Lam Chi Fong of Swatow who is also this year Chairman of the Y.M.C.A. in Hong Kong. May I take this chance of expressing my admiration for his work. This church may stand, then, as an upward and visible sign of a most flourishing branch of the Christian Church. Long may it continue to flourish in Hong Kong, which if not its mother was at least its nurse—and which has proved so kindly a nurse for Chinese Christians as a whole that the Chinese Christian population in the Colony to-day numbers some 40,000—three times its total European population.

Curious Contrast

What a curious contrast! Here is a Chinese Christian church set in the midst of a large Chinese Christian community and owing its existence to Chinese Baptists largely domiciled in Swatow and Canton—and it is one of many autonomous self-propagating churches of Chinese Christendom. Yet one hundred years ago the Reverend Vincent Stanton who was later to become the first Colonial Chaplain in Hong Kong was in prison in Canton for preaching the Christian religion on Chinese territory.

It would ill become me, who have no claims to call myself a very religious man, to attempt to



One dollar's worth of rice at current prices exhibited by a youthful purchaser.

THE DEVIL LOOKS AFTER HIS OWN?

In a six-handed poker game on Friday night, a local player made two straight flushes!

In each case, he bought a six to a holding of 2, 3, 4 and 5 first of clubs and then of spades.

Friday the Thirteenth was not such a Black Friday for him!

turn this address into anything like a sermon. But I should like to say that I am proud to call myself a Christian and few things have contributed more to that pride than my experience of the sincerity and piety of the genuine Christians of Oriental race whom I have encountered doing the work of our Lord, teaching and healing the sick and setting a fine example of Christianity by the lives they lead.

In conclusion, I wish to congratulate all those responsible for the building of this church—it starts its life in sad and troublous times—May that life be a long, prosperous and beneficial one in a happier new world after our present troubles have passed away.

HONG KONG'S ELLIS ISLAND

HONG KONG'S "Ellis Island"—the depot to be established by the Immigration Department when it commences its operations next month—will occupy godowns of the China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company in Connaught Road West, it was learned officially yesterday.

Mr. J. H. B. Lee, who has been appointed Deputy Immigration Officer, under Mr. R. A. D. Forrest, will have general charge of the depot.

Meanwhile, it is proposed to appoint Chinese immigration officers forwarding to the Immigration Department in Marine House. In Hong Kong there are 17 such agencies, and there are three on the mainland and one in Macau. Forms may also be obtained from solicitors' offices and from the Hong Kong and Kowloon Residents' Union.

Agency Working

A "Sunday Herald" representative visited one of the agencies, the Anglo-Chinese General Traders Corporation at No. 159, Des Voeux Road Central, yesterday morning and found the place well-organised. Within less than 15 minutes, the form of an illiterate and unintelligent applicant was completed by the clerks employed by the agency.

The fees charged for services rendered range from \$1 to \$2. Applicants who are able to fill the forms in themselves are allowed to do so free of charge.

The agency has branches at No. 200, Des Voeux Road West and No. 24, Porelvin Street.

The following are the names and addresses of approved agencies in the Colony and Macao. Black & White Studio, 94 Johnston Road; Wing Tai Hong, 83, Connaught Road Central, 3rd Floor; Hong Kong Secretarial Agency, 32, Chinese Street; Wing Cheung Tong, 90, Wing Lok Street; China Travel Service, 6, Queen's Road Central; Anglo-Chinese General Traders Corporation, 159, Des Voeux Road Central; Chan Poo Application Agency, 10, Caroline Road; Pun In Tat Stock Exchange Building, Hong Kong & Kowloon Residents' Union, 6, Queen's Road Central & 550, Nathan Road; Lee Wah, 17, Wing Lok Street, 1st Floor; Hui Fung Hong, 10, Connaught Road Central, 3rd Floor; General Sales Company, 310, Nathan Road; National Mutual Life Association, Canton Bank Building; Wimpie Passage Ticket Booking Service, 121, Connaught Road Central; Lau Chiek Kai, 516, Nathan Road; Whitwell & Company, 27, Gloucester Road; Tong's Agency, 75, Queen's Road East; Lee Ming On (Macao), Wing Yue, 222, Shanghai Street; Kuhn Studio, Shell House; and Zimmerman & Company, 37, Hennessy Road.

Some of the officers will be posted permanently on ships plying between Hong Kong and nearby ports so that passengers may be examined while the ships are on their way to Hong Kong thus avoiding unnecessary delay and facilitating the landing of bona fide immigrants.

From the applicants, ten more will be selected but their appointments will depend on future developments, guided by experience gained.

The godown of China Merchants, to be the Immigrants' Depot, is now being renovated and equipped with offices and lodging accommodation for immigrants while their cases are being investigated.

No branch offices of the Immigration Department have been established, but some 21 authorised agents have been appointed to issue forms to applicants.

Rice Dealers Accused

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD") Retail dealers in rice are now alleged to have reacted to the police action against those selling rice above the rates fixed by the Controller of Food by refusing to issue receipts to customers.

Similar allegations are being made against wholesale dealers who are said to be selling rice (first grade) at between \$18 and \$19.50 per picul against \$14 per picul fixed by the Controller of Food.

First grade rice is being reserved for "regular" customers and those buying large quantities, by both wholesale and retail dealers. No receipts are being issued and to those who insist on being supplied with receipts the usual retort is "take it or leave it."

"Strangers" cannot purchase first grade rice but have to pay first grade rice prices for second grade rice.

PAROCHIAL BAZAAR

A Parochial Bazaar in aid of the Precious Blood of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is being held to-day in the Tung Lo Garden, Tai Po Road.

The Bazaar will be opened by His Excellency Mgr. H. Valorta, Vicar Apostolic of Hong Kong at 11 a.m. and will close at 11 p.m.

The several stalls will be run mostly by the Associations of the Precious Blood Parish. The Rover Scouts of the 17th Kowloon Group and members of the Social Service Club, Rice Hall, have also promised to render their services.

Interesting games and attractive prizes for Christmas presents await the patronising public.

The Tung Lo Garden is a private residence well known in Shumshuipo as the property of the late Mr. Wong Yew Tung. A No. 2 bus of the K.M.B. Co. will bring one to the Bazaar ground. (4th bus stop after the Police Training School).

APPEAL FOR POOR

We are asked by the Director of Medical Services to inform those who have any old clothes which they desire to give away, that such gifts will be welcome for the destitute in Government Camps and for many of the women and children amongst the nearly 6000 still sleeping on the street pavements who are brought to the camps daily by the Medical Department Ambulance in a pitiful condition and quite inadequately clothed.

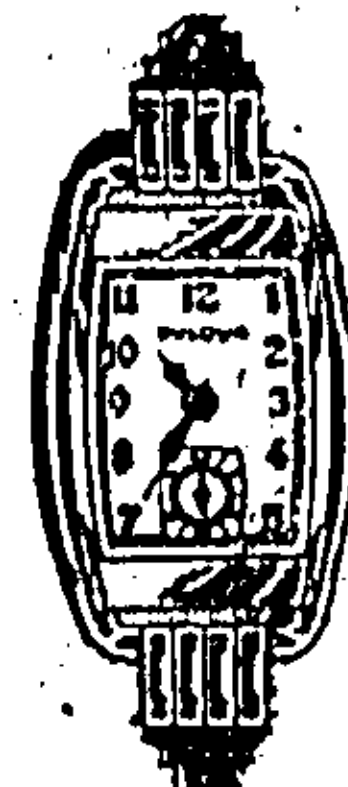
The Director of Medical Services gratefully acknowledges the gift of a wireless receiving set from Sir Robert Ho Tung for use at the Fanning Children's Camp.



THIS CHRISTMAS of all Christmases—

CHOOSE A BRILLIANT
BULOVA

MANY SUPERB
STYLES FOR
LADIES & GENTS.



Bulova
watches

[WATCH DEPT.]

China Emporium, Ltd.

Authorised Dealer

PYE RADIO

MANUFACTURED IN CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

THE ONLY BRITISH RADIO
with BAND-SPREAD tuning

Are SEPARATED
and SPREAD
over this space
on a

**PYE
BAND
SPREAD
RADIO**

Stations on ordinary
radio dial crowded
into this space

8 Wave-bands, including 6 band-spread:—

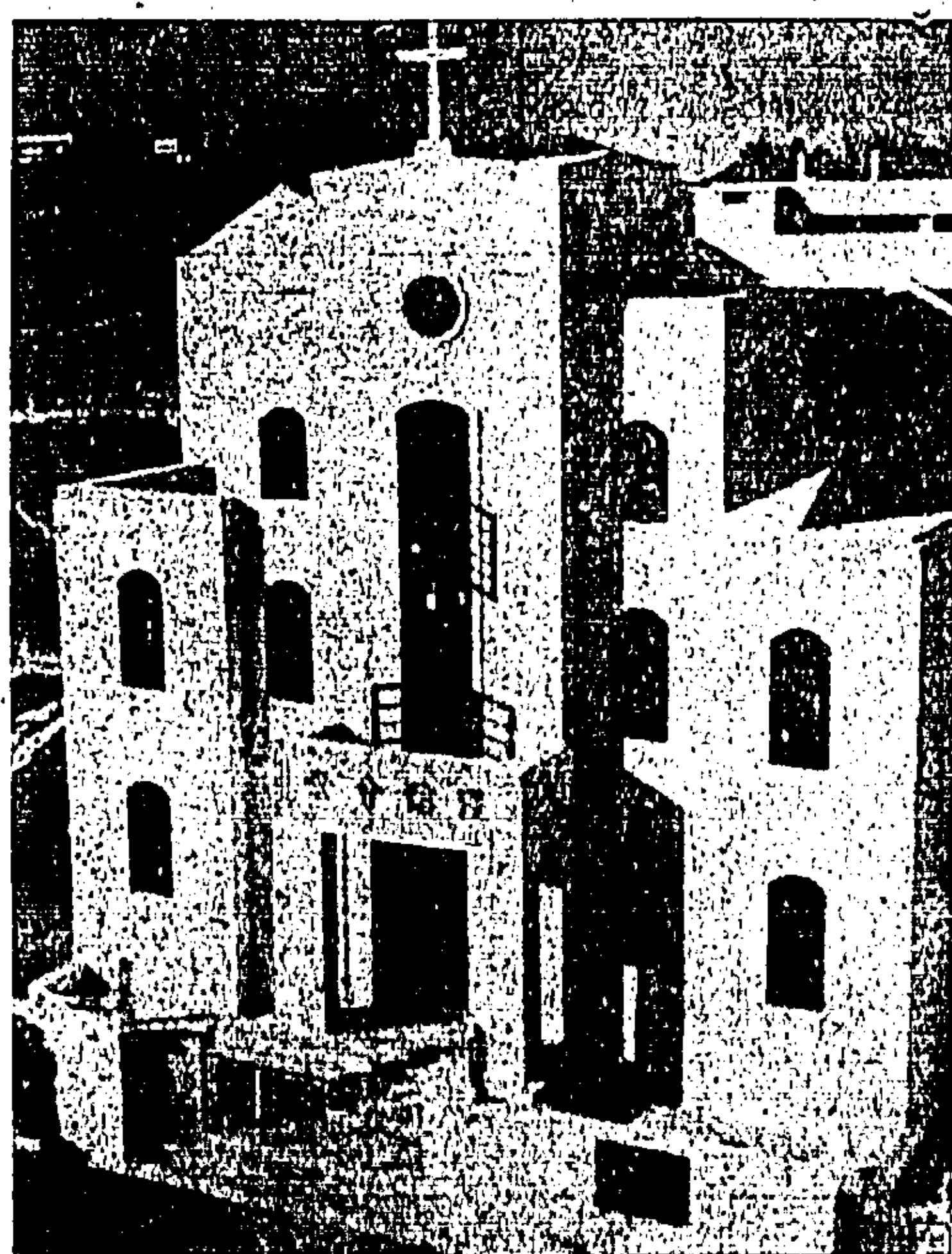
13 metro (21.2 to 21.9 m.c.)	25 metro (11.6 to 12.1 m.c.)
16 metro (17.6 to 18.2 m.c.)	31 metro (9.4 to 9.8 m.c.)
19 metro (14.9 to 15.5 m.c.)	41 metro (7.0 to 7.3 m.c.)

Demonstration In Your Own Home — Without Charge Or Obligation.

GILMAN & CO., LTD.

Gloucester Arcade, Hong Kong.
132, Nathan Road, Kowloon.

Sub Agent:—S. Moutrie & Co., Ltd.,
York Building.



The new Baptist Church, which was formally opened by Lieut.-General E. F. Norton in Kowloon Tong yesterday. (Mayfair).

CHRISTMAS
1940

THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY

ALL THE VERY BEST
FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT

— ANNOUNCING —
OUR POPULAR SEASONABLE

NEW YEAR
1941

CARNIVAL FESTIVITIES

CALENDAR

CHRISTMAS EVE

— TUESDAY —

DECEMBER 24TH., 1940

CHRISTMAS DAY

— WEDNESDAY —

DECEMBER 25TH., 1940

BOXING DAY

— THURSDAY —

DECEMBER 26TH., 1940

NEW YEAR'S EVE

— TUESDAY —

DECEMBER 31ST., 1940

NEW YEAR'S DAY

— WEDNESDAY —

JANUARY 1ST., 1941

HONG KONG HOTEL

CHRISTMAS EVE ("GRIPPS" GALA) TILL 3 A.M.
BOXING NIGHT ("GRIPPS" DINNER DANCE) TILL 2 A.M.
NEW YEAR'S DAY ("ROOF GARDEN" SPECIAL TEA DANCE) 5 TO 7 P.M.
NEW YEAR'S EVE ("GRIPPS" CARNIVAL) TILL 3 A.M.

WITH NICK KORIN & HIS SWING BAND

RESERVATIONS 'PHONE 30281

PENINSULA HOTEL

CHRISTMAS NIGHT (ROSE ROOM GALA DINNER DANCE) ... TILL 2 A.M.
NEW YEAR'S EVE (ROSE ROOM CARNIVAL) TILL 3 A.M.

WITH ART CARNEIRO & HIS ORCHESTRA

RESERVATIONS 'PHONE 58081

REPULSE BAY HOTEL

CHRISTMAS DAY (SPECIAL LUNCHEON) 1 TO 3 P.M.
NEW YEAR'S EVE (GRAND CARNIVAL) TILL 3 A.M.
NEW YEAR'S DAY (SPECIAL LUNCHEON) 1 TO 3 P.M.

WITH GEO. PIO-ULSKI & HIS ORCHESTRA

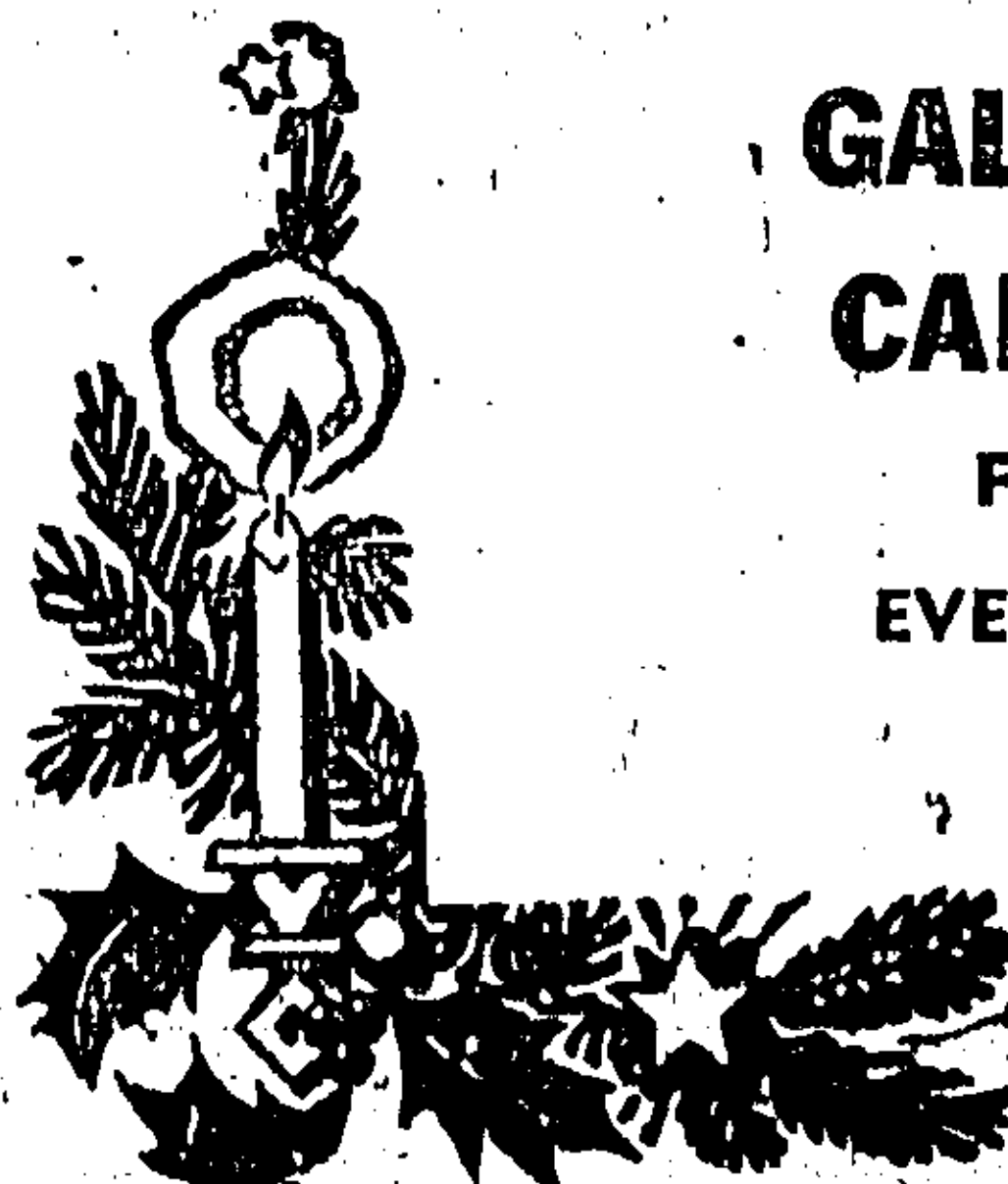
RESERVATIONS 'PHONE 27775

GALAS AND
CARNIVALS
FANCY OR
EVENING DRESS



MOTOR COACHES FROM REPULSE BAY HOTEL — A
QUARTER OF AN HOUR AFTER NEW YEAR'S EVE
CARNIVAL CONNECTING WITH LATE FERRY TO
KOWLOON.

THE HONG KONG & SHANGHAI HOTELS, LTD.



Retired on £240 a year for life!

YOU can arrange this for yourself—peace of mind and comfort in retirement on a private income, drawn in monthly cheques of £20 for as long as you live, and commencing at age 55, 60 or 65.

YOU can achieve it by making periodical out of-income deposits within your means to secure one of our Protective Pension Contracts, under which you can draw annual cash dividends until your income is due to commence.

YOUR pension is quite safe even should illness or accident render you unable to earn meanwhile, because you would make no deposits during your incapacity.

YOUR family are protected, for if you should not live to the retirement age selected we would pay them immediately a minimum sum of £2000 down.

Or if you died soon after your income commenced it would be continued to them, tax free, until it had been paid for ten years in all.

Any similar pension from £2 a month upwards can be arranged. We will gladly send, free of any obligation, particulars suitable to your own case.

★ THIS FORM, OR YOUR VISITING CARD, POSTED TO US, WILL BRING FULL DETAILS

To H. W. MERRICK, Manager Confederation Life Association

(Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament in Canada in 1871 as a Limited Company.)

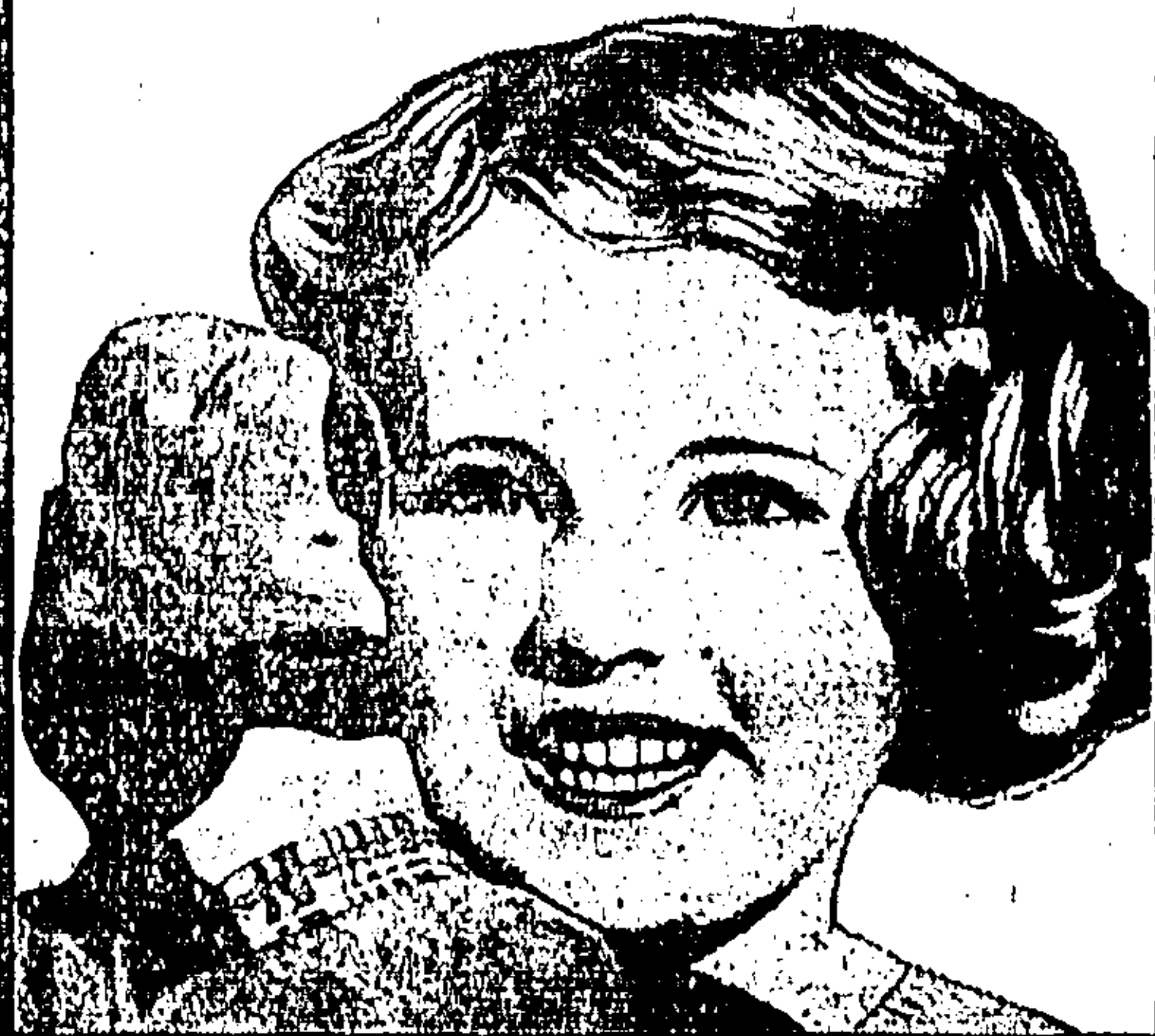
701, BANK OF EAST ASIA BLDG.—Tel. 31913. Hong Kong.

My date of birth is _____
Please send details of your Protective Pension Contract showing how I can ensure £ _____ a month for life from age _____
Name _____
Address _____

ASSETS EXCEED £26,000,000



Did you MACLEAN
your teeth to-day?



"Yes, it's dolly good"

"BRITISH To the Teeth"

Sales Representatives:

Banker & Co., P.O. Box 765, Hong Kong.



2APB2

Mainly about People

REMEMBER Rupert Brooke's "Flash," who dreamed of Another Place where they would go one day, a place where there was "allmer allmer"? — "And in that land of all their wish, There shall be no more land, say flash. All of us have our dreams, our hopes — the bank manager and the day when he can play golf from dawn to dusk without worrying about the Office, the house-choir and the day when he becomes No. 1 Boy, the sub-reporter and the day when he wields the Blue Pen, the Editor-in-chief. Some of us realise our dreams; some of us don't. Those who do eventually reach their goal are generally those who decide, quite early in life what they want to do and keep plugging away, steadily, rising slowly possibly at first, but allowing nothing to stand in their way for long.

IN this category we would place Miss Irene Artush. She started out at the age of six to be a dancer, and is probably one of the best in Hong Kong to-day; her ambition is to carve a niche in the world of spotlights and flood-lights — the Stage and Screen. At the moment she is hot-check girl and cashier at the Pavilion Grill (those Chateaufortians!) which does not at first glance appear to be a step in the desired direction. Actually, however, it is a very real one, as it enables her to dance and act (chiefly at amateur shows) during her spare-time, while her "working hours" are to the accompaniment of music — a big factor when music is in one's blood.

IRENE was rather shy when we introduced ourselves and asked for an interview. She had not done anything interesting, she said, nor was there much interest in her life. We thought differently, and we still do. She began dancing at the age of six, and went at it with such vigour that three years later she had to stop — the doctor warned her parents that she was over-doing it and suggested she wait till she was a little older before taking it up seriously. She waited till she was 12 and then insisted on resuming her dancing lessons. She left school at the age of 16 and ever since then she has been studying and putting her studies into practice. Even at school, she confessed, she paid little attention to algebra and such like and was working out dance routines on odd scraps of paper!

ONE of the high-lights in her life so far is her visit as a little girl to Paris. She is probably one of the youngest children ever to have seen the Folies Bergeres. Normally, children barely in their teens are not permitted anywhere near that famous show — but fortunately for Irene, a former dancing teacher had joined the Folies, and sneaked her in the back way. The little girl was fascinated by the lights and the music and the amazing dance routine — and she has never forgotten the thrill of meeting Josephine Baker and Maurice Chevalier.

HER schooling may be divided into four main periods—1925 to 1928, French Municipal College, Shanghai; 1928 to 1929, Mission Laette, Paris; 1930 to 1933, French Municipal College, Shanghai; and 1933 to 1935, Diocesan Girls' School, Hong Kong. But school



IRENE ARTUSH

a specialty of bare foot dancing and Hungarian and Gipsy dances.

IN 1936, she was offered a contract to appear at the "Osaka Mainichi" exposition at Koshien, dancing on an open-air stage from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. The Japanese, she says, make really wonderful audiences; come rain, come sunshine, her display always had a large crowd. All expenses and so on were paid, so that although the salary was not a large one there was practically nothing to send it on, and for three months she had the time of her life. But, indirectly, this was responsible for her giving up dancing except at amateur shows.

ON the strength of her performances at Koshien, she was offered a contract at the leading night-club in Hankow. She was under the impression that the contract called for her to do so many floor-shows an evening, and nothing more. To her horror, she found that in addition, she was supposed to assume the duties of a taxi-dancer! Fortunately, an old friend of her mother's lived in Hankow, and he went around and saw the management, pointing out she was only a kid (she wasn't even out of her teens) and, anyway, she wasn't that type of girl. Unfortunately, she had accepted an advance in salary, so she could not leave immediately, as she had wanted — but there was no taxi-dancing! For some months after that, she gave French and Russian lessons to aviators and other Europeans who came to Hankow when the Sino-Japanese war broke out.

EVENTUALLY, she decided to come back to Hong Kong. She was offered a berth in the



Landon Burch and Nellie Field in one of the turns they are to give at the C.B.A. cabaret dance next Friday.

was only a necessary evil, and as soon as she could "escape," the serious training necessary, if she was to achieve her aim in life, began. She joined the Russian Light Opera Company and the Ballet in Shanghai, and soon worked her way through to the front ranks and solo dances. For instance, in her first two light operas, "Polish Blood" and the "Czech Girl," she was just one of many pretty young things helping to fill the stage. But in the "Prince of Luxembourg" she was doing an Indian-esque solo dance in which she was finally offered up as a slave-sacrifice by several angry natives. Among the better-known ballets she has appeared in are "Scheherazade" and "Swan Lake," and she was soon making

famous Un-Jacked train down Canton, by decided it would be more fun to travel in one of the normal refugee trains. Suitable subsidies to sundry train officials secured her a compartment to herself—but it was three days before she could get any washing facilities, and then only by visiting a lake near a way-side station! She got to Canton, only to be semi-arrested on suspicion of being a spy. Fortunately, she managed to get that straightened out, and after a few weeks in Canton—during which she made some tidy pocket-money photographing Japanese air raids on the City of Rams—she came on down to Hong Kong. SINCE her arrival here, she has kept up her dancing, but has

orded of an audition—and blossomed out as a "hollyday relief announcer." "Not exactly a holiday, is it?" she asked. "No," he quipped, "but I imagine the relief will come to my listeners when my time is up!"

FOR the benefit of newcomers to the Colony, a brief biography: —Abbott, now 32 years of age, arrived in Hong Kong in March, 1936 and was appointed Assistant Crown Solicitor, being promoted to Acting Crown Solicitor in 1937 after a brief period as Assistant Land Officer and Deputy Registrar of Marriages. He went home on leave a few months ago. He is, incidentally, a Lieutenant in the 9th Battalion The Middlesex Regiment (T. A. Reserve of Officers).

ZBW Again

IF we take many more critics of ZBW's announcers, someone's liable to think we've a personal grudge against them—which, we hasten to add, is far from being the case. But we would just like to raise the issue of the set announcement which precedes the relay of the news bulletin from London, as a certain friend of ours is beginning to suffer from shredded nerves as a result of nightly listening to ZBW's nocturnal asseveration.

SHOULD mention that this lad, though no pedant, loves the English language sufficiently to shudder at the phrase "mental telepathy" and to suffer the pang of a connotation slip when people prattle of the "general consensus of opinion." Hence, his distress can be imagined when the ZBW announcer says "We are now taking you over to London for a relay of the news." It's beginning to get on our nerves, too, for every evening we hear him mutter "No, no—We are now going to relay the news from London!" Logically and in actual practice, of course, he is correct; we don't go over to London for a relay of the news from London!

Paul Pry

ALTHOUGH she has given up professional dancing, she has by no means forsaken the foot-lights. She has danced on several occasions in Dave Kosick's shows "Vaudeville" and also in a show at the Y.M.C.A. Many of these displays were put on in Lyceum Barracks and at the Stanley Barracks, and she was only too glad to do what she could to help Kosick in his highly successful efforts to entertain the troops. She will, incidentally, be putting on a specialty number on Boxing Day at the Peninsula Hotel, at the "Peninsula Sports Club." This number will probably be the "Escapade," a sort of Spanish/Oriental dance. She would, actually, have liked to put on the "Bacchanalia" dance she did in the ballet "Scherzhazade" but feels that possibly it is a little bit too advanced for Hong Kong's Colonial taste!

Lord Lothian

THE suggestion that an American cruiser might convey Lord Lothian's body back to Britain aroused some comment in our communal drawing-room Friday evening. There is, of course, precedent for such a gesture, for not so long ago an American warship conveyed the ashes of Mr. Salto, the Japanese Ambassador to Washington, back to his native country.

LORD Lothian got on famously in Washington with officials and press representatives alike. He possessed the knack of being able to "relax" and act like a human being without detracting in any way from his dignity as British Ambassador. Mr. Churchill has that knack. So has the Duke of Windsor.

John Abbott

TUNING into "London Calling," a regular bi-weekly feature from Daventry, on Tuesday eve last we heard the voice of John Abbott, our Assistant Crown Solicitor who is now in the Old Country on leave. Apparently he is enjoying himself. He was put on for a few minutes with a young lady, whose name we did not catch and who joined the BBC the same time that he did and they chatted together about some of their faux pas. Abbott remarked that he will never forget the time when he announced that a record he had just played was a violin solo by Elizabeth Schumann (who, O Philistines, is a famous soprano). This was bad enough—but he then found that actually the record had been a rousing effort by a military band!

THE young lady, however, had the last word—as usual. She was so flummoxed on one occasion (she said) that, eventually, she turned to the microphone and listened all over the world heard her despairing cry: "What the hell comes next?"

ASKED by the girl how he, a Hong Kong Government employee, came to be announcing over the BBC, Abbott said that he was home on leave, went along to the BBC, passed through the



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The Withering Hand Of Hitlerism

THERE is one thing about dictator countries which places them at a severe disadvantage from the point of view of defence and that is the ban they impose on independent thinking and still more on adverse criticism however well supported it might be by sound argument. Confucius says: "When a person agrees with what you say examine your own thoughts to see whether they be not wrong; when he disagrees with your statements examine his to see whether they be not right." No nation can survive long which suppresses the intelligence and lays emphasis upon mere action.

New military nation, not a nation like Britain which is militant at the moment and whose army at all times consists of civilians in military uniform, cannot possibly possess that alertness of mind which is essential to national preservation. Their education does not lead that way. General Strong, the American military observer in Britain says: "There is nowhere where individual ability stands out as in the air fighting and the British are superior to the Germans. The only reason I can give is that the German is a machine made pilot, whereas the British pilot is rather a highly developed individual. The German pilot looks on it as a job, a day's work to be done and seems to lack both enthusiasm and nerve. The British take it as a game and seem to have both."

That is the important difference—in the one case efficiency which comes from routine practice, in the other spontaneous activity because the individual is master of himself and not merely an obedient servant. The joy of life is

knocked out of the German boy from the beginning.

I remember spending a whole morning in a gymnasium or grammar school a year or two ago in Munich, where the older masters were first class men, keen on their subjects but complaining bitterly that their authority and the opportunities for teaching were being destroyed by the excessive demands made upon the pupils by the very powerful organisation known as the Hitler Jugend under Hitler von Schirach.

Even in the school itself the gymnasium, in our sense of the word, was far more important as a place for training of the body, than the gymnasium or school-room was as a training for the mind. Physical exercises took place in a large room which was adorned with slogans and brief excerpts from Hitler's many speeches.

It was thus impressed upon them that their training had for its sole purpose more efficient service to the Fuehrer when he should want them as soldiers and was not for their own individual benefit. The drill was of the ordinary character, some did it quite well, though some were gauche and clumsy, and were glad when the ordeal was over. What struck me most, however, was the behaviour of the pupils during the recesses. I had expected to find the sort of thing in the playground one meets with in every British school—a boisterous, gaily, some kicking a ball, others playing leap frog, or "touch", and similar games, but here it was quite different.

THOUGH it was a pleasant day as far as weather was con-

cerned, they simply walked around the playground. They were in a kind of loose formation of two, though there was no compulsion about it. Even at this age the habit of order was already established and was unconsciously part of them. These youths were already on the alert. The contrast was much too striking to be missed for British youths from the age of twelve to sixteen would never behave in such a fashion.

It may have been, however, that they were too tired to give rein to their natural instincts, and that the work in the gymnasium had already exhausted them, or perhaps the butter they should have had to give them strength had

By "CIVIS"

been converted into guns. Whatever the cause the behaviour was unnatural.

The older teachers in the school felt that their own efforts were being thwarted by this heavy demand made upon the youth.

It is true that the afternoon was devoted to supervised games in the open spaces. Jumping and running were encouraged and swimming too. High diving was a feature of this sport, but when an elderly German of the old school saw it he said: "Yes, it looks well, but the poor little fellows do it because they are afraid to disobey their leader."

That is the note the Nazis introduced into education—a compulsory course which is of course a contradiction in terms, but it looked well, though the strain on

the average youth was severe. The schoolmasters were waiting the child's mind, the Nazis were waiting his body while the Fuehrer was demanding his soul. The only person he did not belong to was himself. Thus is the slave nation produced and it must be remembered that it is the slave who makes the tyrant, not the tyrant who makes the slave. Think is why Hitler is Fuehrer of Germany but can never be Fuehrer in Holland or in the other countries he has occupied.

They even tried to recondition the older teachers at selected schools. I visited one at Cottbus about forty miles from Berlin where short courses were given ostensibly in the interests of education, really for the purpose of insilling the Nazi doctrine into those who on account of age had escaped its attention during their youth. Here about eighty to ninety elderly gentlemen had to spend a fortnight in residence living very frugally, and listening very carefully to their instructors.

The course being given when I was there was English, so it was an excellent opportunity to see and hear what was going on.

I asked one of them whether their attendance was compulsory. He said "No," but it was an invitation that no one could very well refuse and moreover as some of the courses were given while the schools were in session, it was really an order that had to be obeyed. I felt that many of the teachers were under suspicion of being lukewarm in the cause and this course was meant as a discipline.

The place in which they were housed was a country house whose grounds stretched to the margin of a lake. Eighty men were easily accommodated as the rooms they occupied had four bunks—exactly like a ship's cabin. The meals were simple and the life was Spartan especially for men who had already settled down to slipping ease. To some it was obviously distasteful and to others it was something that had to be endured with good grace. One gentleman was packing up to go and when I asked why he was departing, he implied he had had enough of it. He gave two or three coughs, said he was afflicted with something in his chest, had secured medical certificate and was catching the next train.

The routine was parade at 6 a.m., then the swastika flag had to be saluted, after which a Nazi song was sung, then physical drill, and a run round the grounds. Before meals there was time for meditation on the splendid advantages they had under the Fuehrer. In other words the teachers were acquiring the new spirit, the cult of physical fitness and the right attitude towards the Nazi government and this gained at the fountain head was expected to be transmitted to their classrooms.

THE Nazis, however, did not only concentrate on the schools though that was the main line of attack. They also invaded the universities and colleges, where the lecturers and professors had previously devoted themselves to intellectual pursuits, and ignored party politics. The famous student corps of the German universities with their distinctive banners, badges and houses were disbanded and one student organisation that supported the Nazi system was substituted. Swastikas, red streamers, slogans, and portraits of Hitler were more conspicuous than

art and learning; meetings for advancing the Nazi cause were more numerous and noisier than the meetings of societies for developing interest in literature, music or art. Politics had invaded the universities and driven out learning. It was necessary to be a good Nazi in order to get an appointment and this of course brought in that blatant jarring note which made true learning impossible.

There was a case in Göttingen of a young Nazi lecturer who was given a time-table that suited himself but which deprived an older professor of his students at a certain lecture.

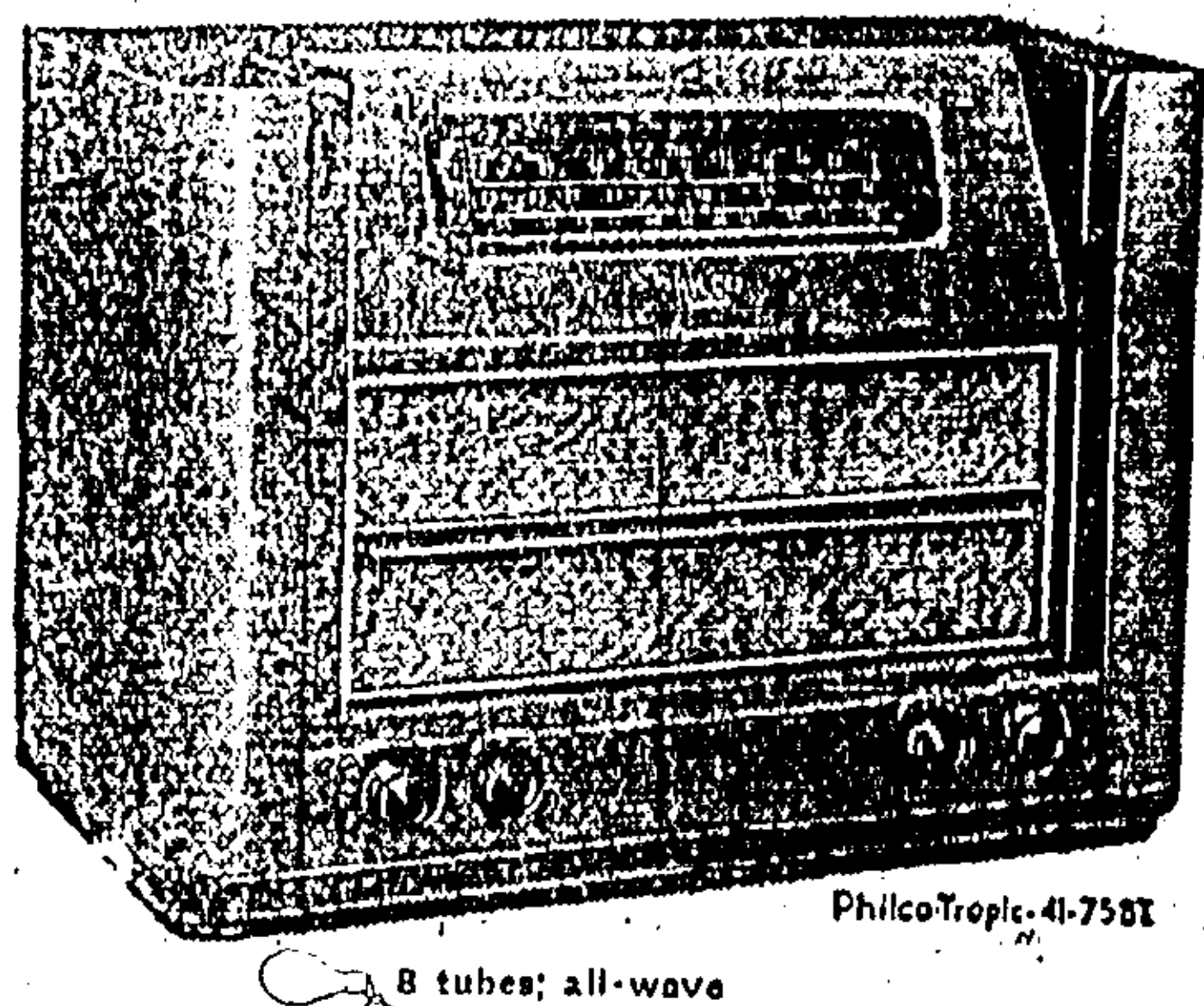
The latter passed some comment on his bad manners and was promptly challenged to a duel. As he was elderly and had a family he refused the unusual fight with the consequence that he was suspended from duties because the Rector of the University was too afraid to antagonise the young Nazi.

THE Nazi party has its own schools in which they undertake to train the future leaders of the state. I visited one of these in the Harz Mountains. It had been a school of considerable importance because of its high standard of scholarship but of course the Nazis soon put an end to that ideal. There were lessons given but the whole atmosphere was semi-military. The headmaster was in a smart fitting uniform, and seemed to be at attention the whole time. The muscles of his face scarcely ever relaxed, even when we asked him whether it was true that Goebbels whose portrait was in front of us was not at all popular in Germany and accused him jestingly and without the slightest justification of sharing that view.

The boys were encouraged to become proficient in the many sports—swimming, running, jumping, horse-riding, making expeditions, camping out, climbing the mountains and in short getting hardened. This was supplemented by an intensive study of the Nazi doctrine in an atmosphere from which it oozed. There was certainly a training in leadership, but its purpose was to lead the rest of the people in their act of obedience to the Fuehrer, not to develop independent minds from which new ideas might emerge. Wherever the Nazis then placed their hand on education, it had that withering effect on the German mind which even before their advent was not very free and independent. It may be then that there is something inherent in the German character which invites this treatment and that the Nazi movement is an effect and not a cause of this national trait.

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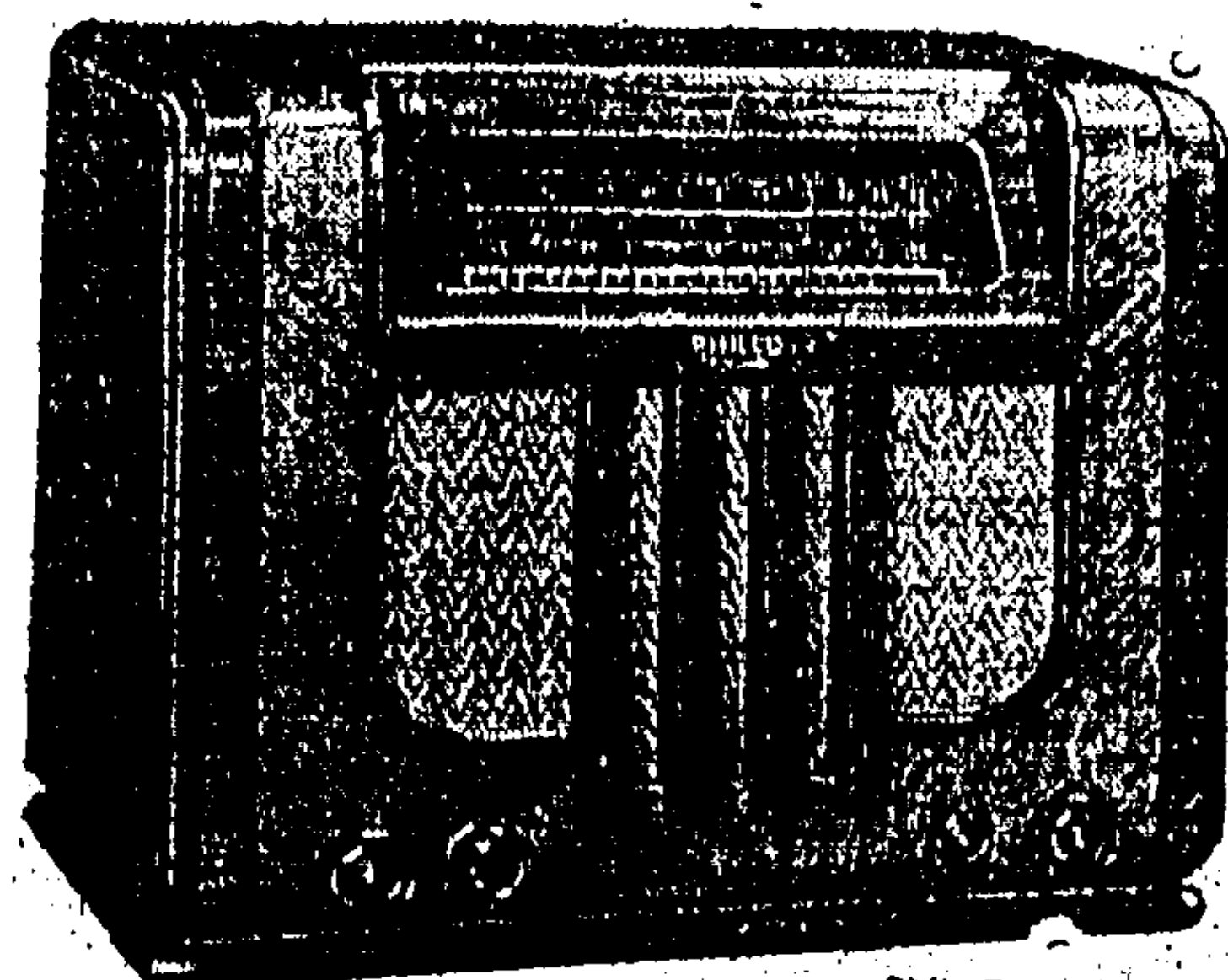
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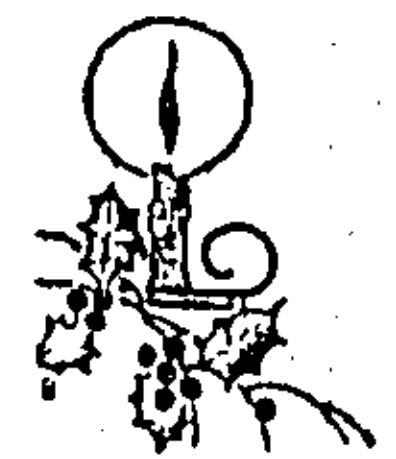


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The Hong Kong
Sunday Herald

Sunday, December 15, 1940.

ROAD ACCIDENTS

The heavy toll of road accidents in the Colony continues to engage the earnest attention of the police. In spite of a good deal of concentrated effort to improve the regulation of traffic by the provision of automatic lighting control and other such devices, fatal accidents continue to increase, and the cause is placed by officials at the door of the recklessness and the speeding tendencies of private motorists.

Police statistics show that private motorists have been involved in the majority of fatal accidents, which in the first nine months of 1940 showed an increase of nearly 50 per cent. over 1939. They show also that while private drivers, who use the roads far less than lorries and motor-buses, are the main offenders, it is the pedestrian who suffers most.

Accidents will continue to grow as long as drivers of vehicles will not take the trouble to use reasonable care. Police observation indicates that, apart from excessive speed, there is too much cutting in, pulling out at the wrong places to overtake, failing to give signals sufficiently early and error of judgment.

The most significant feature, however, is that while figures of accidents have been kept down to normal levels in congested centres like Wanchai and Queen's Road West and Yau-mai, there has been an upward tendency on the main arteries out of the urban areas, like the Castle Peak Road, Shatin Road and Repulse Bay Road. Suggestion is that the open highway becomes an encouragement or incentive to reckless speeding, and that the P.W.D.'s "raccack cambering" perhaps lends inducement.

Remedy offers special difficulty on these particular highways as patrols cannot be at all places at all times, but the situation at least calls for sharper vigilance and salutary penalties when offenders are caught. We cannot adopt the fatalistic attitude that accidents will happen on the best regulated roads.

FOR BETTER HEALTH

Indications that, provided Government accepts the financial side of the scheme, a departmental system for the collection of nightsoil from private premises will come into operation under the Urban Council next April, will receive a warm welcome.

Methods of handling this serious problem have been under discussion since August of 1939 and a variety of proposals, including the handing over of responsibility for the service to a public utility company, have been analysed, dissected, and finally rejected on opposition from one source or another. Until suspicion began to be entertained that the issue was passing discreetly into a side-track where it could be quietly forgotten.

One thing that has now been agreed, however, is that an entirely new method from that existing must be adopted, and those responsible have finally returned, in effect, to proposals put forward six or seven years ago. Government is to substitute its own service for the "freelance" system.

Net cost of the scheme is estimated at half a million dollars initial outlay, and roughly the same amount annually in maintenance charges, and it is proposed to meet the outlay by an increase of 1 per cent. in the rates on all property. This would seem to be a perfectly fair basis. The man who is privileged to have a flush system at his disposal cannot well complain at a contribution for the benefit of the less conveniently served.

The health authorities, who have pressed so long for proper control as much concerned for his health as for that of those more directly affected. Serious controversy is likely to develop only if there is protracted, unnecessary delay in terminating the existing evil, medieval system.

For practical purposes we are, in many respects, at war with the Men of Vichy now.

It may not have been generally realised at the time, but the present war, against the Axis, is on a different character as soon as Marshal Petain and the camarilla of French politicians surrounding him agreed to surrender to Germany and Italy on scandalous and dishonourable terms.

From that moment it became a world civil war.

On the one hand are those who stand for peace, democracy, freedom and justice, social and economic as well as political; on the other, the Fascists and Nazis and their allies in all countries. Petain and his confederates



LAVAL
Friend of Hitler

make no secret of their preference for Nazism instead of Socialism. They fear the working out of modern democracy, with its threat to their privileges, more than any other thing in the world.

This is well understood in the United States of America which, for practical purposes, is now already at war with Nazi Germany.

But suppose the Vichy Government, under German pressure, makes a formal declaration of war?

We need not be downcast about it. That Government has placed its ports and territory at Hitler's disposal for the purpose of invading this country.

It has surrendered the Nazi pilots shot down by the Royal Air Force and has handed over munitions and, above all, aeroplanes, to our mortal enemy.

French planes have raided Gibraltar and British of military age are detained in France. Yet we repatriate all Frenchmen who desire it.

Our blockade will be regularised and made more effective. At present, the Vichy Government complains loudly at our stopping supplies of petroleum and other vital needs of the Nazis from passing through French ports into German-occupied territory.

We need have no hesitation, if "Vichy" throws down the gauntlet, in employing our whole system of navy, air, and army, and seizure of French goods abroad in neutral bottoms, about all which at present we have some doubt.

These opportunists have waded through oceans of blood and human suffering to usurp merciless power. They claim to rule under the faith of varied forms of God, of Father and Communism, "Faith"—faith in the incarnation of demagogues like Mussolini—the Roman and his unscrupulous ambitions. Stalin, and his dreaded purges. Hitler—Hitler and his brutal use of force. Are not all these "isms" but suggestions to hide the bitter pill of ruthless totalitarian rule?

It is the law of psychology that popular belief in a movement is proportional to its achieved success.

In the dawn of time when men lived in caves and when the forces of nature were terrible and uncertain, he was governed by one unwritten law of the wild—the law of the survival of the fittest. To-day, after centuries of human evolution that ancient law still stands. And to it there is a co-existent law—the law of the flight of Men. It is the fusion of these two that produces the essential requirements of a true civilisation. While preventing man from sinking into lethargy and being a parasite, yet, regardless of his creed, religion or caste, it allows him basic liberty and individual rights.

It was through man's conviction of the righteousness of these two laws that a form of government was evolved. A government as Lincoln said, of, by and for the people—a government based on the sovereignty of the masses and expressed by the will of the majority. A government dedicated to the proposition, that man, created free, should not suffer in chains. That upright form of government, Ladies and Gentlemen, is what we know as democracy.

However, there are other forces at work in the world to-day—forces which are trying to change the two collateral laws into the sole brutal one of the survival of the most ruthless, cunning and deceitful despots.

In various parts of the world

sent we have some diffidence.

If the Petain Government declares war on Great Britain, moreover, it will destroy whatever slight moral basis there was for the surrender. Marshal Petain's case is that France was incapable

of the shoulder of Africa which is the nearest point to Brazil. Here again we preferred to let Frenchmen fight it out, or better still, agree. Our hands were tied at Dakar by this state of half-war.

If Vichy had officially declared war, does anyone suppose we would have allowed three French cruisers and three large destroyers to leave Toulon with German connivance for this important African strategic position?

Yet the French official propaganda about these episodes has been vicious and unscrupulous.

The truth is that the state of semi-war, so far as official rela-

tions are concerned with the Vichy Government, has had many disadvantages.

The Turks, for example, have let it be known that if it is decided to hand over Syria to either Germany or Italy they intend to be there first, and they can do it. But the Turks, like ourselves, must also wait.

Spain, again, through its pro-Axis Government, is looking for pickings in French Morocco. But if the Vichy Government joins the Axis Powers the more clear-sighted Spaniards may well ask what they have to gain by throwing in their lot with Germany against us? France will then be their ally-in-arm.

No doubt some Frenchmen temporarily in official positions, feeling thoroughly ashamed of themselves for their surrender to Germany, hate us for continuing to fight on; not without success, and thus cutting the ground from under their feet.

It would be better to let disillusionment combined with Nazi clumsiness and Fascist arrogance and greed work upon still more sections of French opinion. Yet if the Men of Vichy mean to play the sorry farce of their capitulation through to the end, it would be not by any means an unmixing evil from our point of view as belligerents.

We could have taken Dakar if "Vichy" had officially declared war.

At the same time, do not let us be lulled by the fact that the violent hatred of this country which poisons the minds of many Frenchmen in important official positions. We had to put the French warships at Oran out of action, for we are, after all, fighting for our lives.

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From Dakar all our trade from the Cape and from South America is threatened.

Also the American naval and military experts and politicians are fully alive to the danger of the establishment of a hostile naval and aerial base at this corner-

stone of the world.

By Chu Da-chien

THE BEST FORM OF GOVERNMENT

Battle Of Ideas:

TO-DAY, the fate of humanity hinges upon the outcome of a struggle between two different forms of government. Democracy and totalitarianism. The former is the faith of the majority, the latter is the faith of the minority.

Reckoned in mortal years, man's existence in the world is short—"Dust we are and unto dust shall we return." But during this span of life on earth there are certain codes governing himself and his relations with his fellow men.

In the dawn of time when men lived in caves and when the forces of nature were terrible and uncertain, he was governed by one unwritten law of the wild—the law of the survival of the fittest. To-day, after centuries of human evolution that ancient law still stands. And to it there is a co-existent law—the law of the flight of Men. It is the fusion of these two that produces the essential requirements of a true civilisation. While preventing man from sinking into lethargy and being a parasite, yet, regardless of his creed, religion or caste, it allows him basic liberty and individual rights.

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However, there are other forces at work in the world to-day—forces which are trying to change the two collateral laws into the sole brutal one of the survival of the most ruthless, cunning and deceitful despots.

In various parts of the world

The prize-winning speech at this week's competition of the University Arts Association.

And because of recent years totalitarianism has gained ruthless success, its propagandists have been able to create a false mirage in the minds of many. And to-day, masses of people are beginning to wonder whether it is not an ideal form of government.

However, by contrasting Lincoln's theory of government with what Hitler proclaims to-day—"It is MY ideal, that is to-day become YOUR ideal.... these are MY storm battalions, MY flag." We acquire an analogy of the cold ideological differences existing to-day between democracy and totalitarianism—between reason and force—between good and evil.

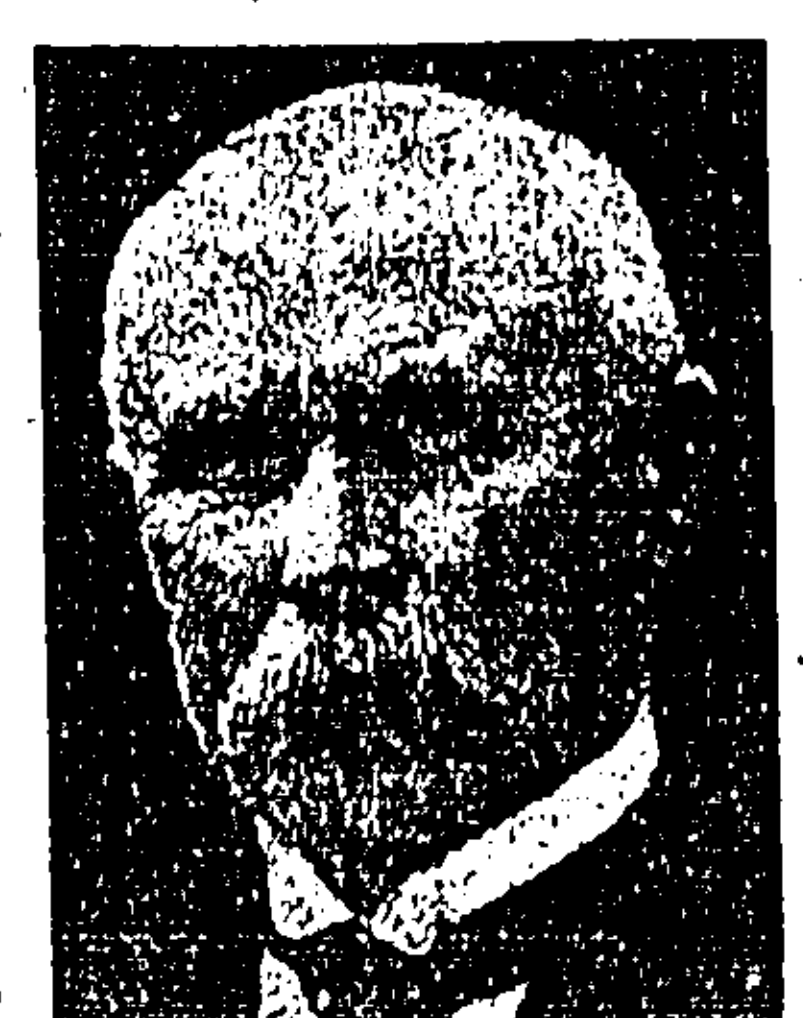
Democracy represents something higher than the ideal of concentration camps. It allows man to feel his own worth—gives

him scope for the use of his talents in the family, the church, the political party and the professional group. The very fact that we are able to speak here is an appreciation of the freedom which democracy represents.

Totalitarian propaganda often gleefully emphasises the dark spots in the history of democracy. It is not denied that the democratic imperialism of the 18th and 19th centuries were not without their shameful episodes, but it can be proudly said that while democracy has continually progressed to the higher ideals of civilisation and while the democratic empires of to-day are at least static, the ruthless totalitarian dynamism knows no bounds and keeps the world in a state of perpetual uproar. Totalitarian propaganda also claims that democracy is inefficient, that long discussions and slow decisions are its heritage. It is equally not denied that democracy has its faults, but these are only flaws in its mechanical operation and will be remedied by the oil of its continual progress. It is logical that much red-tape can be disposed of when the liberty and rights of the people are long dead and when the government in the hands of the autocratic few. But the supreme question is whether the working class of a nation would prefer to tolerate the length of time a democratic government may take to consider their trade union petitions or would they rather see the union absolutely banned and collective bargaining forbidden, as is the existing situation behind the labour fronts of totalitarianism to-day. That is the most simple difference between democracy and totalitarianism. And surely the claimed inefficiency of democracy is more than compensated for by its respect for the wishes of the people.

Democracy, Ladies and Gentlemen, above all glorified peace, not war, friendliness, not brutality, progress of culture and religion, not their subjugation.

By Lord Strabolgi



PETAINE
For Peace and Fascism

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However, there are other forces at work in the world to-day—forces which are trying to change the two collateral laws into the sole brutal one of the survival of the most ruthless, cunning and deceitful despots.

In various parts of the world

THIS WEEK

Roles in Egypt have been dramatically reversed. General Wavell's offensive, which began last week-end with suggestive preliminary probing on the Italian flank, developed suddenly into a triumphantly successful large-scale operation which, in three days, shattered General Graziani's preparations of months, turned five Italian divisions into a disorganised rabble and lopped off fifty miles of the spearhead which the Italian commander-in-chief had been permitted to advance along the Egyptian coast. For the Italians, already bitterly shaken by Tarnanto and the calamitous loss of prestige in the Greek campaign, it constitutes a major military disaster. In one audacious stroke, the British Imperial Forces, working in perfect cooperation with the air force and Navy, have smashed Graziani's power of offensive. The menace to the valley of the Nile no longer exists. This is the stuff of which a cheerful Christmas mood needing no artificial stimulants can be made.

ed navy there is little they can do about it.

Il Duce's inability to hold the Greeks provides a measure of his capacity for supporting General Graziani. If the Adriatic is too wide for secure lines of communication, Graziani in Libya is in sorry plight indeed. Inevitably, the pace of the Greek advance has been slowed up. They battle through blizzards against strong points which, give the Black Shirt legions credit, are frequently determined and courageously held. The problem of supply increases with the forward advance, Italian counter-attacks increase in frequency and vigour. Nevertheless, the Greeks retain the initiative and press on relentlessly. Port Palermo and Kilisra have fallen and the Greek vanguards are within eight miles of Tepehli and Eibassan.

Complete domination of the air by the Royal Air Force in the Middle East operations were a vital contributory factor in General Wavell's triumph, but in the war between Britain and Germany, confined, for the present, to the air, the weather has dominated. Both England and Germany have in consequence enjoyed a relatively peaceful seven days, although Birmingham, Sheffield and Bristol have suffered somewhat in finer spells, and the Ruhr and Rhineland have had spirited reminders of the striking power of the R.A.F.

The progressive results of steady bombing by Britain's bombers were tacitly conceded in Hitler's decision to pop-talk Germany's munition workers. The Fuehrer used all his eloquence to convince the German workers that Germany itself was the Promised Land and that the mills and honey would come flowing in from conquered satellite countries when the war was over. Much more impressive to overseas listeners, however, were the first signs of lines of demarcation and the absence of twinges of conscience. He sought to dismiss the collapse of plans for the invasion of Britain with a joke, and, at the same time, admitted that the next task might well be re-landed expeditionary forces leading on the Continent. He showed no fright at the prospect, but it was a soberer Hitler that contemplated it.

Mr. Matsuoka, Japan's foreign minister, also made a speech (to foreign journalists) strangely mixing foreboding with caution and foreboding. Between his endeavour to impress the United States of the honest broker intentions of the Japanese Government, the fundamental innocence of their actions, and the need to convince the Japanese die-hard extremists that he remains a Big-Stick Statesman, Mr. Matsuoka managed manfully to defeat both purposes. For America the phrases which stuck announced the tripartite pact to be the foundation of Japanese foreign policy and cautioned Washington to mind its own business. The Japanese Jingoes were told they were a nuisance to themselves and the Japanese people. Each pair of ears seems to have paid most attention to that part of the discourse not intended for it.

Death Of Lord Lothian

Britain suffered almost irreparable loss in the death of Lord Lothian, Ambassador to the United States, the shock doubled by the sudden onset of his fatal illness. Lord Lothian within a few weeks of his stewardship contributed powerfully to cultivating the conditions which have brought present close liaison between Britain and the United States possible, and he had valuable work still to do. Notable tribute to the wide esteem which he commanded in the United States was to be detected in the speculation on the appointment of a successor. Only a man with a wide popular following in the United States could fit the needs of the hour. Names envisaged include those of the Duke of Windsor and Mr. Anthony Eden.

War Aims Demand Revived

The full in major operations between Britain and Germany has been a revelation of the demand for a more precise formulation of Britain's war aims. Reports that Mr. Churchill would make a speech on Monday or Tuesday giving a new definition of our aims was premature, but it was disclosed that the War Cabinet has had an expression of our war philosophy under consideration. Debate on the great principles involved could hardly be too earnest, but it is possible to waste much time upon detailed programmes when the main events must render swiftly obsolete. Freedom, tolerance and liberty are ideals worthy of the struggle. Mr. Morrison's picture of a cooperative international world order gave our aims concrete form only in broadest form.

Between Two Stools

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Exceeds of Vehemence

The depth of Fascist consciousness of disgrace and danger could be detected in the temper of Mussolini's leading publicists, Farinacci and Gayda, shouting for the scalps of the defeatists, went to the excesses of vehemence which expose the nervousness of the badly rattled. Meantime, authentic reports of disorders in Florence and elsewhere, of bickering in high places, accusation and counter-accusation, disclosed a state of tension and degenerated morale internally which can act only as a spur to the Allied forces in Egypt, Albania and in the Mediterranean Sea.

A Decisive Fortnight

The next fortnight may have a decisive effect on the issue of the whole war. The achievements have been magnificent. General Wavell has demonstrated that blitzkrieg tactics are far from the exclusive of the German High Command, and it has the Italians visibly flinching. Now is the time to go right in. The Italians are not only uncomfortably aware of the fact; with a largely immobilised

By Chu Da-chien

TO-DAY, the fate of humanity hinges upon the outcome of a struggle between two different forms of government. Democracy and totalitarianism. The former is the faith of the majority, the latter is the faith of the minority.

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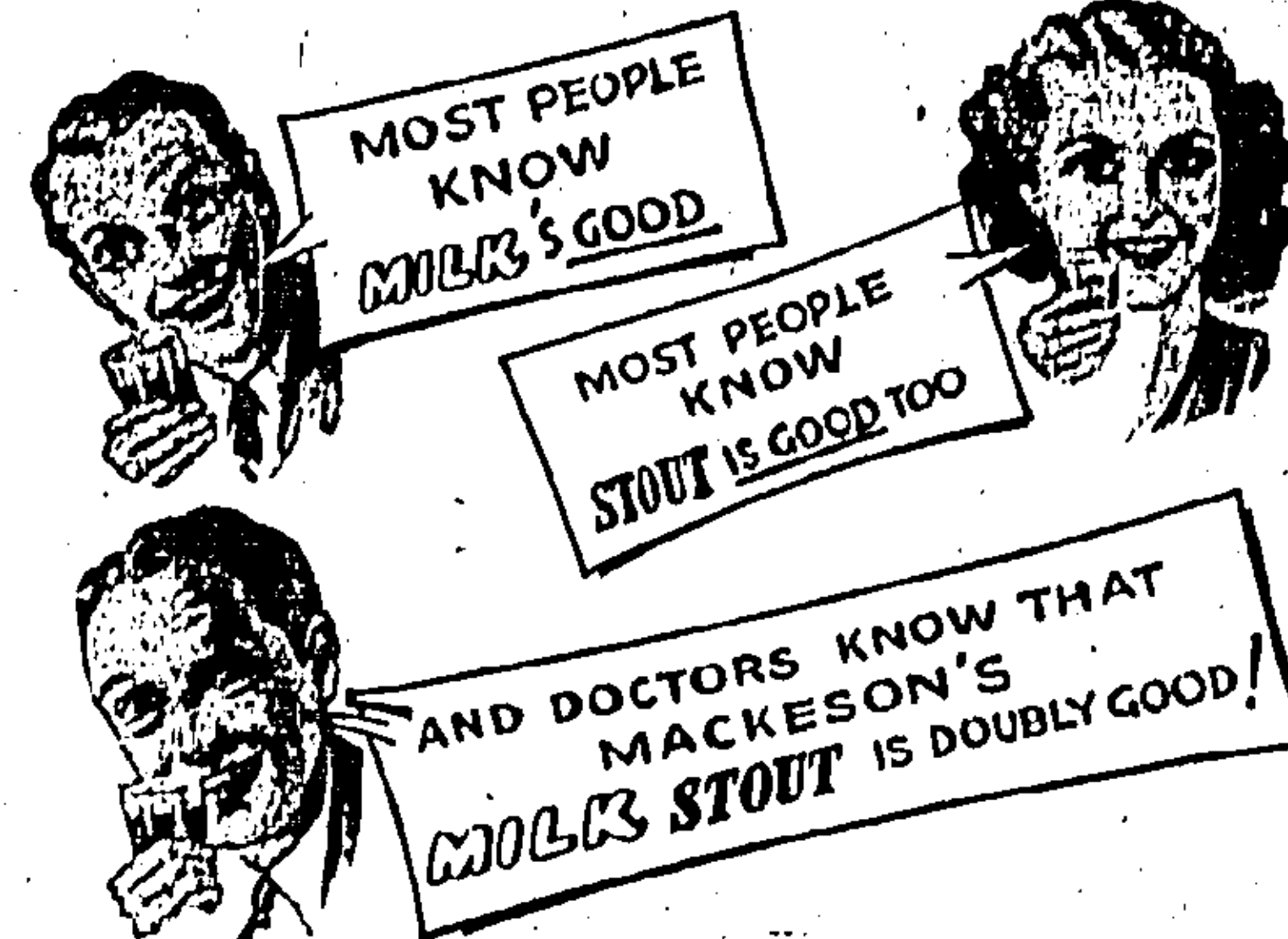
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In various parts of the world



The goodness of milk in Mackeson's gives it a new flavour—and gives you something extra too. Because in addition to malt, hops and yeast—every pint of Mackeson's contains the energising carbohydrates of 10 ounces of pure Dairy Milk. There's health and strength in every glass.

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Ex-China Station Submarine Officer Gains Fresh Laurels

REBEL ACTIVITY IN ABYSSINIA

News received in London military circles confirms reports that rebel activity is increasing in Italian East Africa — which includes Abyssinia. —Reuter.

Nazi Ships Torpedoed

THE ADMIRALTY ANNOUNCED LATE FRIDAY NIGHT THAT H.M. SUBMARINE SUNFISH HAS SUNK A LARGE NAZI SUPPLY SHIP AND SEVERELY DAMAGED AN OIL TANKER NEAR THE NORWEGIAN COAST.

Lieutenant G. R. Colvin, R.N. (who was formerly in the submarine Perseus on the China Station) reports that Sunfish closed in at high speed and fired torpedoes at a 4,000-ton German supply ship.

On the upper decks of the target were visible at the time. Two heavy explosions were heard as the torpedoes struck home, both hitting the ship at almost the same moment. The ship was heavily laden — probably with iron-ore — and must have broken up and sunk immediately.

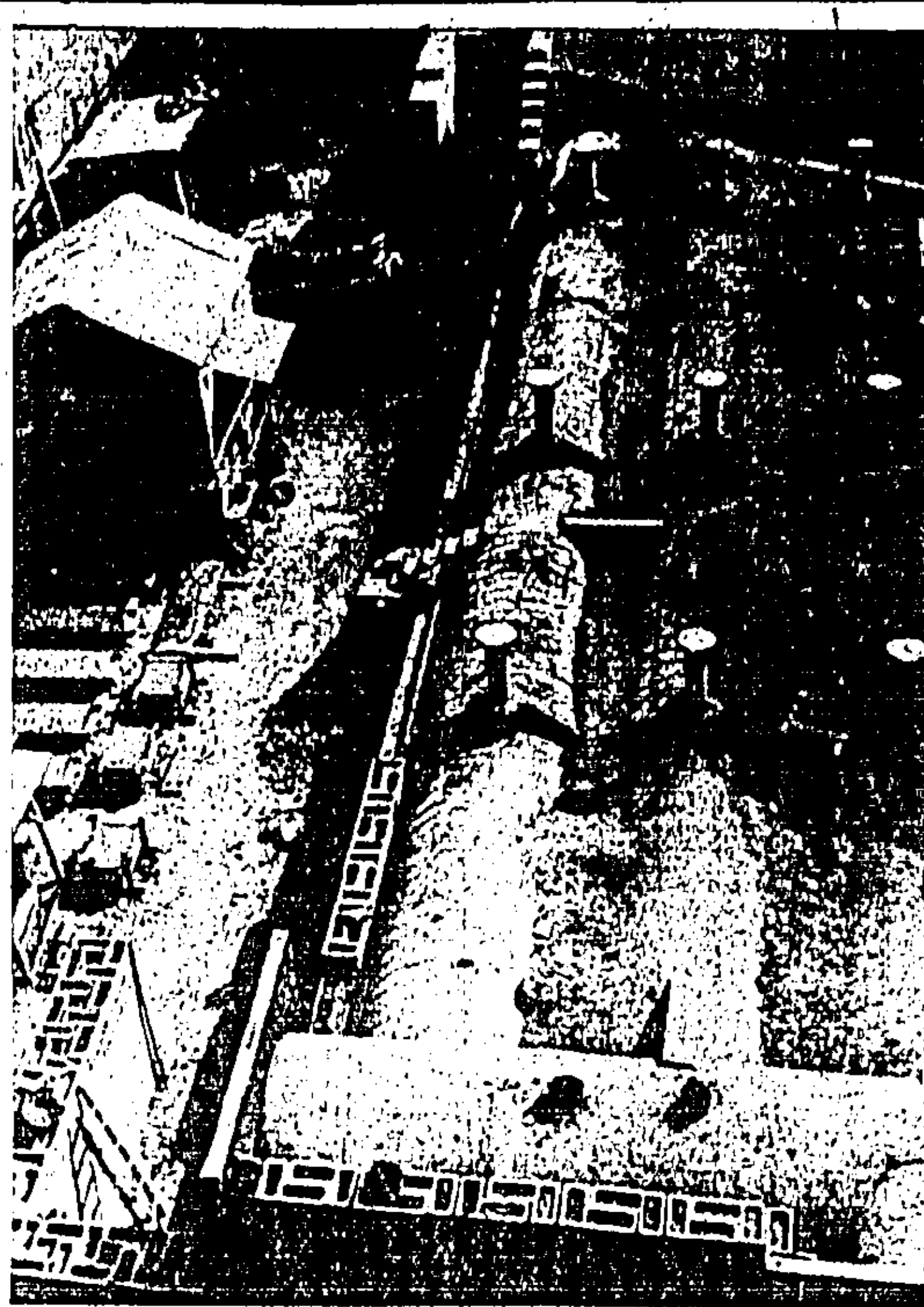
Lieutenant Colvin reports that when the submarine was brought to shallow depth and the periscope raised no trace of the ship could be seen. Sunfish also crippled a tanker, which seemed to be beached. —Reuter.

***Sunfish, one of our new submarines of about 670 tons, has already been in action and sank three German supply ships last April in the same area.

DUTCH BOYS SENT TO GAOL

Some young Dutch boys have been convicted by a German court-martial in Holland and sent to prison for 10 months, announces Batavia Radio.

Their crime? Playing football with German officers' caps. —Reuter.



The special type of air raid shelter constructed at Blake Gardens under the direction of Wing-Commander A. H. S. Steele-Perkins, D.A.R.F.

A.B. SAVES BLAZING TANKER

A THRILLING STORY of how a tanker carrying hundreds of tons of petrol was brought safely to port after being attacked by an enemy plane and set on fire was told yesterday in London.

The tanker was in convoy and the weather was dull and squally.

Suddenly, an enemy plane came over, dived until it was only 70 or 80 feet from the bridge and opened fire with its machine-guns and cannon.

As it passed overhead, it dropped a bomb and a large fire, half the height of the funnel, was started on the starboard side of the boat-deck.

All the men on the ship rushed to put the flames out and succeeded in extinguishing the fire in 45 minutes.

The ammunition caught fire and the master ordered that it be thrown overboard.

An Able-bodied Seaman went into the 47 magazine, flooded it and, single-handed, dumped the ammunition into the sea. Two men were killed in the bomb explosion, but the ship itself was not severely damaged, and eventually reached port safely, its cargo of petrol intact. —Reuter.

PITILESS PURGE DEMAND

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD") The Fascist Party has begun a sweeping purge of dissident "middle class" elements in Italy, apparently comprising slackers, traitors and defeatists.

THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT MEANWHILE DENIES THAT ITALIAN RADIO STATIONS HAVE CLOSED DOWN OR THAT THE ROYAL PALACE IS SURROUNDED BY BLACK SHIRTS.

Following the bitter attack on Marshal Badoglio by Roberto Farinacci, chief spokesman of the Fascist Party, the Italian newspapers are demanding a major clean-up of enemies of the State.

The newspaper "Lavoro Fascista" says: "In this war the Italian middle class has again showed its vile face as an enemy of the fatherland. As an enemy it will be treated and eliminated without hesitation or pity."

Call For Purge

"Popolo di Roma" declares: "The moment has come for the Fascist Party to undertake the task of ruthlessly and pitilessly cleaning up the home front of traitors, defeatists and slackers." —International News Service.

LONDON FIRE BRIGADE INCREASE

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL IS TO CONSIDER NEXT WEEK THE APPOINTMENT OF 1,000 TEMPORARY OFFICERS IN THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.

The appointments will be open to men of the Auxiliary Fire Service and of the regular Fire Brigade.

The A.F.S. is some ten times larger than it is in peace-time, and the appointments are intended to ensure the greatest possible efficiency in the control of the combined forces. —Reuter.

TO REPAIR THE KING'S "HOUSE"

IN THE AIR-RAID DAMAGE REPAIRS TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE GOES £7,10,000. WORTH OF CEMENT PAID FOR BY AN ENGINEER-FOREMAN ON AN ANGLO-INDIAN TANKER.

The engineer, Ali Abed Rubab, walked into the company's offices and handed over 100 rupees, at least half a month's pay, and asked that it should be used to help repair the "King's House."

His Majesty the King has expressed the wish that Ali Abed Rubab should be sincerely thanked on his behalf. —Reuter.

THAI IMPRESSED BY BRITISH FEATS

MUCH COMMENT has been aroused in the World Press over the fact that it was possible for Britain to concentrate sufficient planes, men and materials to launch an offensive in the Western Desert, to continue active operations on Italian fronts in East Africa, to establish a base in Crete and to provide Greece with effective help both in the air and on land — all at a time when the "Battle of Britain" is still in full swing.

The importance of this has not been lost sight of by the Press in the Far East.

For instance, one Thailand newspaper comments that "the British have been making several credit entries lately."

Another Thailand paper, paying a tribute to Mr. Churchill, says: —

BOMBER HITS IN RIGHT PLACE

An enemy bomber has saved the ratepayers of Essex a nice little sum of money.

Enemy bombs have destroyed two old Essex buildings scheduled for demolition before war broke out.

Hundreds of pounds in money and time have been saved — and there was not a single casualty. —Reuter.

Drifter Beats 'Plane

H.M. Drifter Evening Promise, skipper C. B. S. Chaplin, R.N.R., in command, was attacked by an enemy plane in the North Sea on Thursday and gave a very good account of herself, announces the Admiralty.

The enemy plane was seen to be hit and set on fire.

Visibility was poor, however, and the enemy plane was not actually seen to crash — but almost immediately after it disappeared in the mist a crash and a loud explosion were heard from the direction in which it had gone.

In the circumstances, it is considered likely that H.M. Drifter Evening Promise accounted for her attacker, says the Admiralty communiqué.

There were no casualties on board the drifter, nor did she sustain any damage. —Reuter.

LORD WOOLTON GIVES WARNING

"We shall have to live more simply and deliberately in the future," warns Lord Woolton, the Minister of Food.

"I would remind the public that it is against the law to hoard and if I find any hoarders I will deal with them remorselessly, ruthlessly — and with intense pleasure!"

The Ministry of Food announces that in the next few days there is a possibility that in certain parts of the country the meat supplies might be less than usual.

There is a possible shortage owing to transport difficulties in these areas and the need to use imported meat from reserve stocks to make up for the lack of home-killed meat.

All possible steps, including the provision of adequate transport, will be carried out to meet the circumstances. —Reuter.

JAPANESE RAIDS IN YUNNAN

For the third successive day Japanese planes operated over Yunnan when 20 bombers attacked Kaiyuan at 10.30 a.m.

Eight planes are also reported to have flown over Makong, near Kichu, but no bombs were dropped. —Reuter.

LORD LOTHIAN'S DEATH

Sir Archibald Kerr Clark Kerr, British Ambassador to China, is deeply grieved over the death of Lord Lothian, British Ambassador to the United States, who was his cousin.

In an interview yesterday, Sir Archibald revealed that Lord Lothian was the head of the Kerr clan. — Central News.

Give an "Electric Thrill" for Xmas!

Gifts like these make the thrill of Christmas last all year 'round. They will be joyously welcomed by everyone on your list. See our special electrical display in latest equipments . . . on first floor.



Heaters

Toasters

Coffee Makers

Waffle Makers

Irons

Sandwich Toasters

Hair Dryers

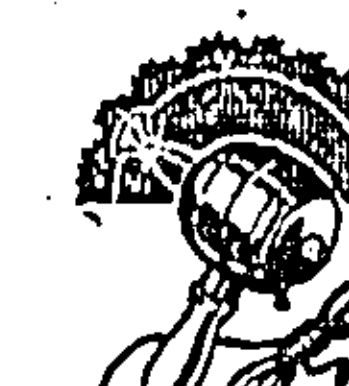
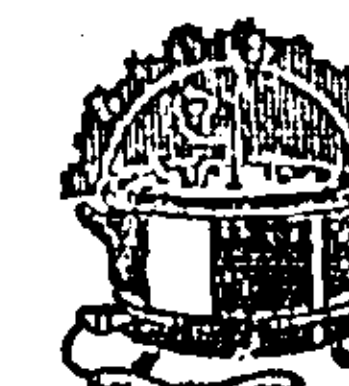
Hot Plates

Heating Pads

Electric Ovens

Fan Heaters

Etc., Etc.

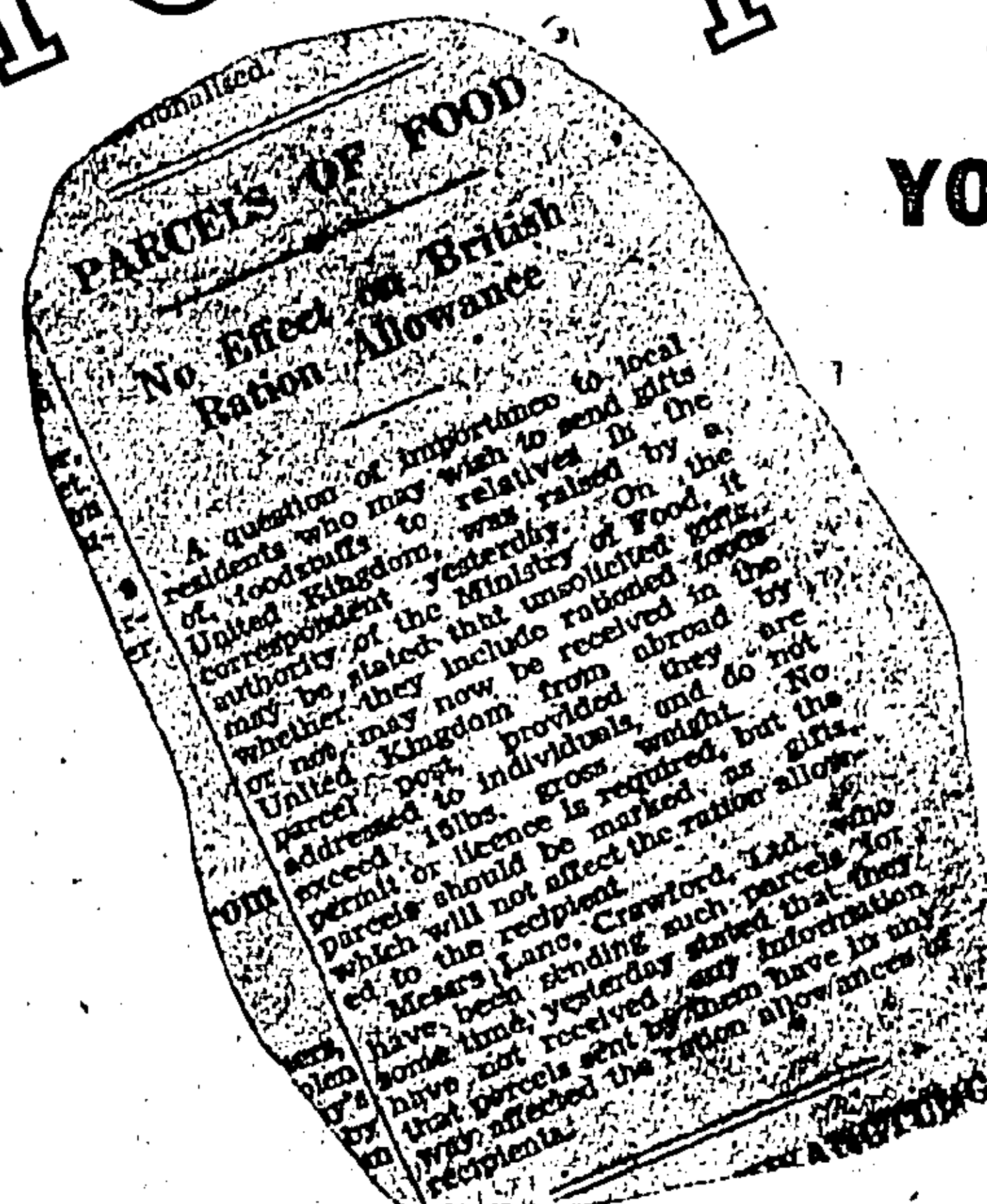


The WING ON Co. Ltd.

DON'T LET RUMOURS PREVENT YOU FROM SENDING THAT INTENDED

FOOD PARCEL

TO YOU FRIENDS AT HOME



FULL DETAILS OBTAINABLE IN OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT

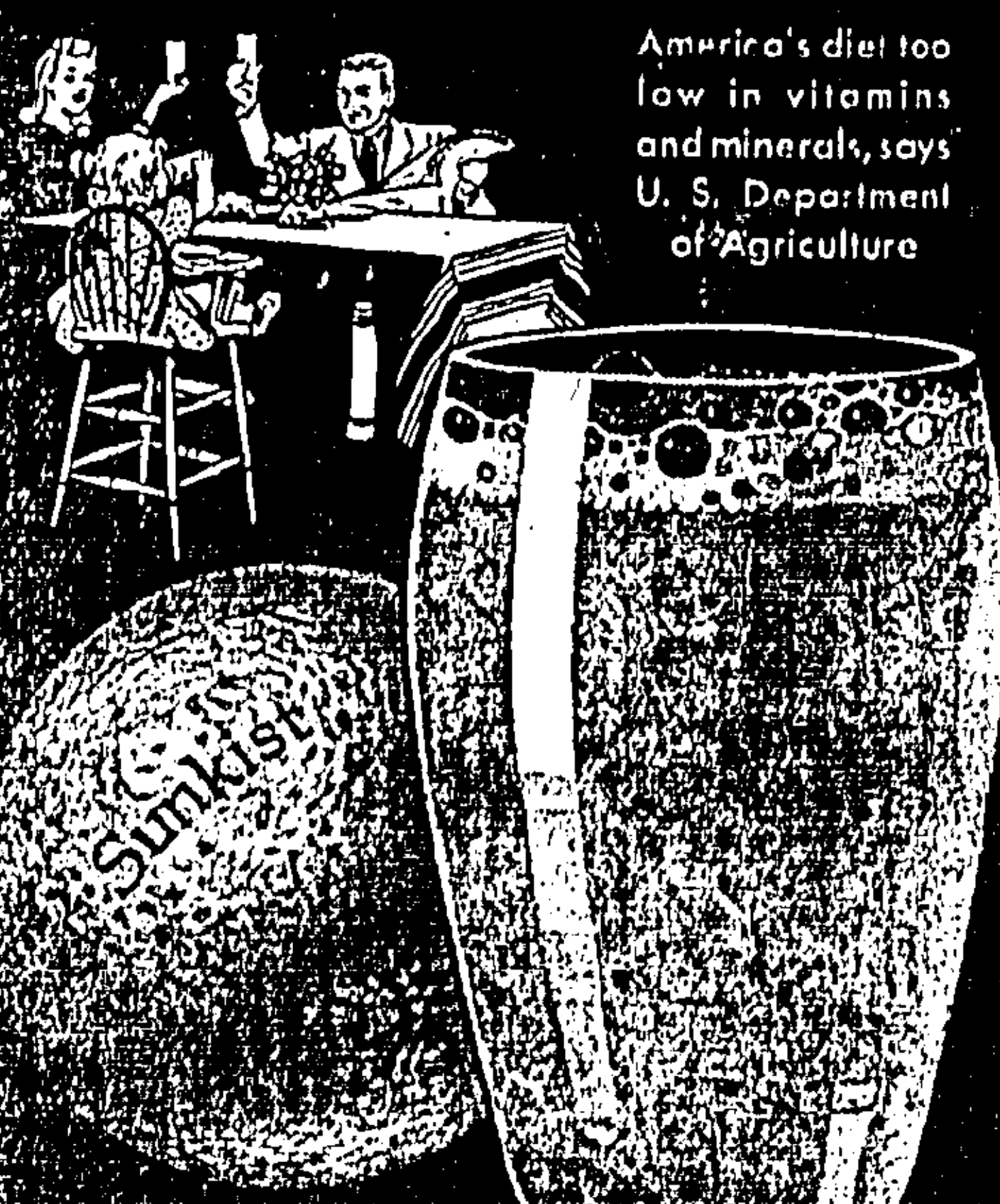
LET LANE CRAWFORD'S SEE IT THROUGH!

PHONE 28151

Here's Luck!

EWO BEER

HEALTH BEGINS AT BREAKFAST!



America's diet too low in vitamins and minerals, says U. S. Department of Agriculture

Daily orange juice helps all the family

Hardly one family in two gets all the vitamins and minerals needed for the best of health. More of the bright, colorful foods should be eaten, experts say.

An 8-ounce glass of fresh Sunkist Orange juice has all the vitamin C you normally need each day. It also supplies vitamins A, B, and G and the minerals calcium, phosphorus and iron. Yes, health begins at breakfast!

Sunkist is bringing you the pick of California's best-ever crop of summer oranges. Wonderfully juicy! Plentiful in all sizes! Buy in quantities for economy.

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CALIFORNIA ORANGES

Best for Juice—and Every use!

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UPACO 4

NOW the World's Greatest Gift will be

Cherished forever ... because it is **GUARANTEED FOR LIFE** by PARKER



For BIRTHDAYS—Happy indeed is the man who receives this finest of all pens to serve him faultlessly all through life.



For ANNIVERSARIES—The perfect way to show your lifelong affection is to give a jewel-like Parker Vacuumatic Pen.



For GRADUATIONS—When you give youth a Parker Vacuumatic you inspire the clear thinking that leads to quick success.

THE joy of becoming an owner of the Supreme *Guaranteed for Life* Parker Vacuumatic is exceeded only by the thrills of actually writing with it. Never has there been a pen so *live* and responsive to every motion of the hand—a point so *silken-smooth* that it helps invite success by inspiring clearer thinking.

In all the world there's no other pen like it. The *fine grained* 14K Gold point, for instance, is tipped with rare *Osmiridium* (twice as costly as ordinary Iridium, for super-smoothness). And this jewel-like Vacuumatic contains no rubber sac or piston pump like other pens. Rather, its unique "One-hand" Diaphragm Filler is sealed in the top—thus providing for nearly twice as much ink as old styles.

Another "joy forever" is Parker's patented *Full Television* ink supply. You see the level of ink at all times. Your pen will never run dry unexpectedly!

Any nearby Parker dealer is anxious to demonstrate a Vacuumatic for you. Ask especially to see his stunning Gift Sets of Vacuumatic Pens with matching Writefine Pencils. And be sure to look for Parker's "Blue Diamond" on the smart Arrow Clip. It marks your gift as "Guaranteed for Life". It shows your true affection.

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VACUMATIC

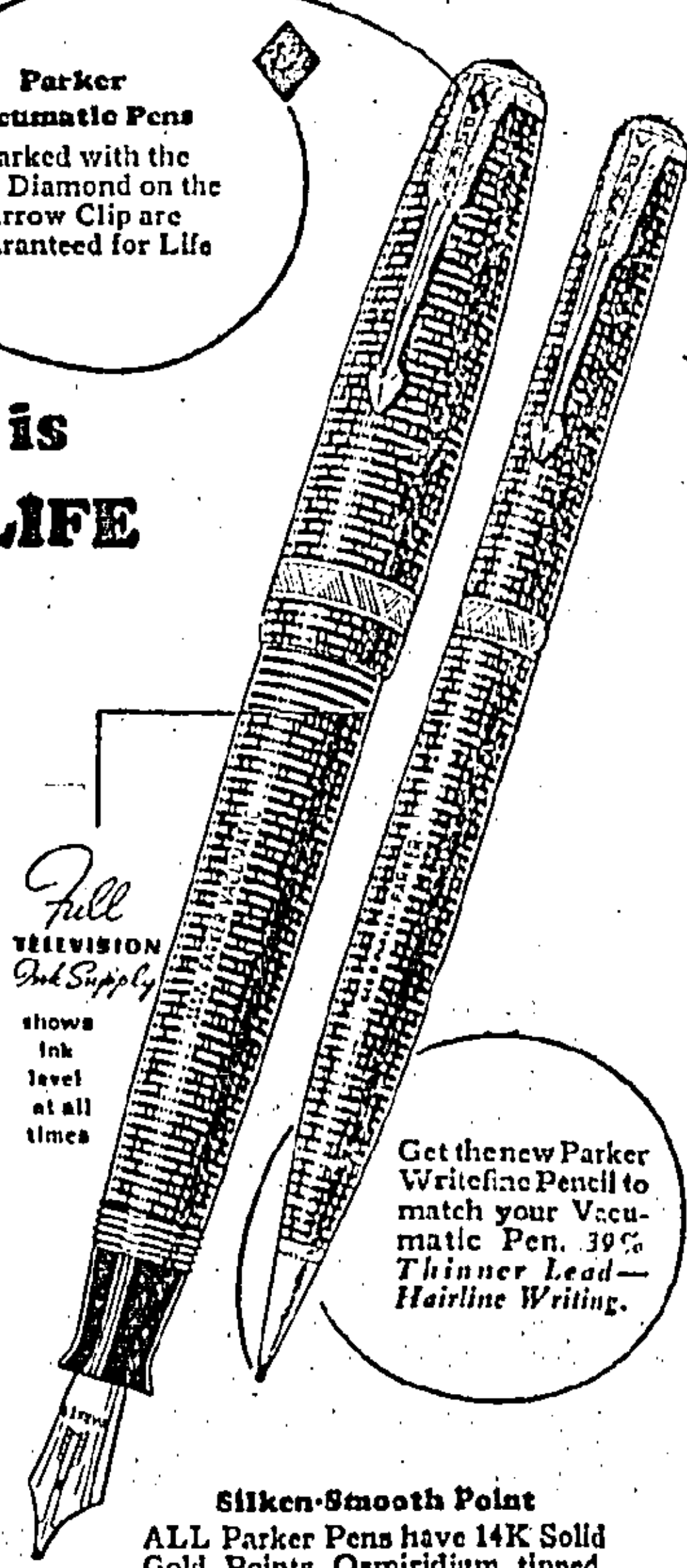
Pens marked with the Blue Diamond are guaranteed for the life of the owner against everything except loss or intentional damage, subject only to a small service charge to cover postage, insurance and handling.

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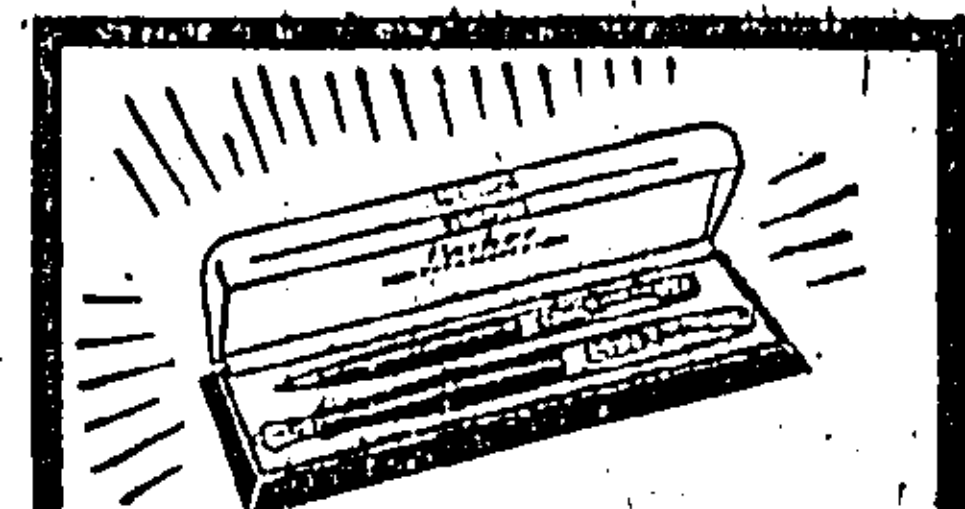
Blue Diamond Pens U\$810.00 and U\$876.75; others from U\$62.75.

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Silken-Smooth Point
ALL Parker Pens have 14K Solid Gold Points Osmiridium tipped.



NEW
Imperial Gift Set

This stunningly handsome, personalized combination is sure to be cherished for life. The new Imperial Vacuumatic Pen and Writefine Pencil are beautifully matched with gold-filled monogrammed caps. Pen is *Guaranteed for Life* by Parker's "Blue Diamond" mark. Pencil has 39% thinner lead for true hairline writing.

1941

NEW LOAN TO CHINA Warmly Approved In London Newspapers

THE LONDON NEWSPAPERS commenting yesterday on the new British loan to China pointed out that its chief significance lies in the fact that it indicates the parallel policies of Britain and America in the Far East.

"The Times," in an editorial, says that the British Government's decision is welcomed by the Dominions and the United States. Obviously, Britain cannot assist China to the same extent as America, but £10,000,000 will undoubtedly help Chungking with credits for purchases abroad and for the stabilization of her currency.

Continuing the paper points out that the Anglo-American loans to China further strengthen the position of the Chinese Government, which has already been improved by the Japanese evacuation of large tracts in South China. The Wang Ching-wei regime in Nanking can hardly be expected to survive if the Japanese evacuate the Yangtze Valley. The British loan undoubtedly will cause heart-burning among the Japanese, but "The Times" points out, the Japanese Government must remember that Britain concluded a highly unpopular agreement with Japan in connection with the closure of the Burma Road, in the hope that a Sino-Japanese understanding could be reached, but Japan's resort was to create the "client state of Nanking." British goodwill was repaid by Japanese persecution of British subjects and the conclusion of the tripartite alliance, plus an insult and calumny campaign in the Japanese press. Now that Mr. Matsuooka has officially announced that Japan is making the Axis pact the guiding principle of her foreign policy, Japan can hardly expect the British Government to oblige her.

China Dollar Stabilisation

The "Financial News" reports that the British loan is regarded by Far East banking circles in London as a fresh indication of Anglo-American cooperation and the defeat of Japan's threats to the British and American interests in the Far East. The paper expresses the opinion that the new stabilisation fund will be utilised to maintain the present level of the dollar instead of advancing it, because an advance will stimulate

imports of non-essential articles into China and simultaneously discourage Chinese exports.

The "Manchester Guardian" is of opinion that the British loan, following promptly on the American loan, is an indication of strength, just as the closure of the Burma Road was an indication of weakness. British and American moves in the Far East frequently fall out of step, but now they have achieved a parallel policy, which is extremely important both for Anglo-American relations and also for China. The tripartite alliance, flourishingly trumpeted by Berlin last September, has achieved the contrary effect to that expected. The threats in the past have merely confirmed American and British loyalty to the Nine-Power Treaty. The Japanese have consistently interpreted any conciliatory move as an indication of weakness, but now realise that the policy of surrender has been ended and China's patience rewarded.

Tokyo Caution

The "Daily Telegraph's" Tokyo correspondent says the Japanese press takes an attitude of injured innocence toward the loan. It is doubtful whether the British move will bring any reprisal. Japan is now moving with extreme caution in the Pacific and doing everything possible to ally the Democratic Powers' suspicion and to gain time. Meanwhile, the fate of the Japanese Cabinet is again hanging in the balance. The increased figures of the tentative 1941 budget will not comfort the Japanese people, because the deficit can be covered only by bonds and the nation's bond digesting capacity is nearing saturation. —Central News.



Milbank School, behind the Tate Gallery, is now a communal feeding centre, where persons can obtain substantial meals at cheap prices. The kitchen arrangements at the school are under the care and supervision of a domestic science expert, who is responsible for the organisation, but all the work, including cooking, serving and washing-up, is done voluntarily by the teaching staff. Photo shows Civil Defence workers enjoying a meal at the school. — (Copyright, Fox).

QUEEN'S CHEQUE FOR BIRMINGHAM

Her Majesty the Queen has sent a cheque for £200 to the Lord Mayor of Birmingham to assist those exposed to loss through air-raids.

The King visited Birmingham on Thursday to inspect recent air-raid damage. — Reuter.

FA YUEN STREET ROBBERY

Admitting having broken into No. 84, Fa Yuen Street, ground floor, and stealing money, clothing and jewellery, Tang Pui, 22, and Chau Kuei, 20, a life banished, were sentenced to two months' and six months' hard labour by Mr. E. H. H. Smith at Kowloon yesterday.

Chau Kuen was sentenced to a further six months' for returning from banishment.

Det. Sgt. H. J. Baldwin said that the accused climbed over the back wall of the house and broke in by forcing open the iron bars of a window. They left the premises with their loot, but were seen by a Chinese constable, who chased and arrested first accused. The second man was arrested the following day.

LOCAL SHARES

BANKS
Hong Kong Bank \$1305 b., \$1305 sa.
Bank of East Asia \$74 b.
DOCKS, WHARVES, GODOWNS, ETC.
H.K. and K. Wharves \$92 b., \$1305 sa.
H.K. Docks (Old) \$174 b., \$187 sa.
H.K. Docks (New) \$174 b., \$187 sa.
Providents \$5.40 b., \$5.4 sa., \$5.4 sa.
LANDS, HOTELS & BLDGS.
H.K. and K. Hotels \$3.45 b., \$3.4 sa., \$3.4 sa.
H.K. Lands \$33 1/4 b.
Humphreys \$774 b.
H.K. Realities \$3.70 b., \$3.05 sa., \$40 1/4 sa., \$40 1/4 sa.
H.K. Electric (New) \$30 1/2 b., \$30 1/2 sa., \$30 1/2 sa.
Sundank Lights \$11.20 b., \$11.2 sa., \$11.2 sa.
Telephones (Old) \$25 1/2 b., \$25 1/2 sa., \$25 1/2 sa.
Telephones (New) \$10.20 b., \$10.2 sa., \$10.2 sa.
INDUSTRIALS
Cements \$18 b., \$18.10/18 sa., \$18.10 sa., \$18.10 sa.
Dairy Farms \$10.30 b.
Watsons \$10.30 b.
MISCELLANEOUS
Entertainments \$7 b.
Constructions (Old) \$1.00 b., \$1.00 sa., \$1.00 sa.
Vibro Piling \$7.70 sa.
LAST DAY'S SALES
40 H.K. Banks @ \$1305
500 Hotels @ \$34
500 Hotels @ \$34
2,000 Providents @ \$5 1/2
1,500 Lights (Old) @ \$7.30
500 Lights (New) @ \$7.05
200 Cements @ \$18.10
500 Cements @ \$18.10
100 Electric (Old) @ \$40 1/4

TRIBUNAL MEETING

It is announced that a public session of the Compulsory Service Tribunal will be held on Friday, December 20, 1940, at 4 p.m. in the Council Chamber, Colonial Secretariat.

COMFORT FOR CIVIL DEFENCE

Knitted comforts will now be supplied to the men and women of the civil defence services, announced Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Home Secretary and Minister of Security.

Funds, however, are necessary and he is inviting the cooperation of all local authorities in England and Wales.

Local areas may buy the wool to be made into pullovers, scarves, gloves and so on, and the women's voluntary services and other bodies will help. — Reuter.

YOUTH ON SHOOTING CHARGE

A shooting incident, between police and an armed gangster, in Kilong Street on Friday night had a sequel before Mr. Q. A. A. Macfadyen yesterday when Chung Wan, 21, was charged with attempted murder, shooting with intent at P.C.D.288, and with possession of a revolver and ammunition without a licence.

Accused was remanded for further enquiries at the request of Det. Sgt. McPherson.

HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

Authorized Capital \$50,000,000
Issued and Fully Paid-up \$20,000,000
Reserve Funds:—
Sinking \$2,500,000
Hong Kong Currency Reserve \$10,000,000
Reserve Liability of Proprietors \$20,000,000

HEAD OFFICE: HONG KONG.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
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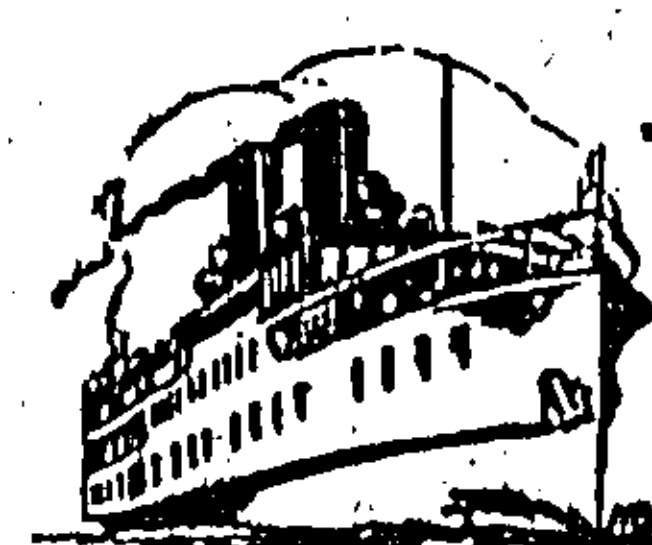
CURRENT ACCOUNTS opened in

Local Currency and FIXED DEPOSITS received for One Year or shorter periods in Local and Other Currencies which will be quoted on application. SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES of various sizes To Let. TRUSTEE and EXECUTOR business undertaken. Hong Kong 13th December, 1940.

OVERSEA-CHINESE BANKING CORPORATION, LTD.

(Incorporated in the Straits Settlements)
SUCCESSORS TO
The Hong Kong Bank, Ltd.
The Chinese Commercial Bank, Ltd.
and
The Oversea-Chinese Bank, Ltd.
HEAD OFFICE: SINGAPORE
Hong Kong Branch: 13, Queen's Road, Central.
Authorized Capital: Straits \$40,000,000.00
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Branches and Agencies in the principal cities of the world. Every description of Banking and Exchange business transacted. HOOI YIP BENO, Manager.

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CANTON LINE MACAO LINE

Weekly Sailing Daily Sailing

Notes:—All vessels equipped with Wireless.

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Almost -NOW BALD



NEW HEAD OF HAIR

When hair starts to fall out, it's a sure sign that it is being starved. But even when baldness seems rapidly approaching, there's no need to despair. For if the root is alive, Silvikrin will make it grow. Because Silvikrin is an exact reproduction of the food that Nature herself should be supplying the hair through the bloodstream.

Problem of hair-growth solved. Owing to a brilliant piece of research, the problem of hair-growth has now been solved. It was found that no less than fourteen different organic elements are needed by the hair. These fourteen he succeeded in putting up in Nature's exact proportions, in Silvikrin. Doctors to whom it was submitted for testing were enthusiastic. They proved that Silvikrin clears up dandruff, prevents hair falling out, and if the root is still alive, actually makes hair grow. Professor Pollard, the dermatologist, was especially sweeping in his praise. (Read it in the booklet with every Silvikrin bottle.)

Look up your hair trouble in the table on the right—see what you need—get your Silvikrin to-day.



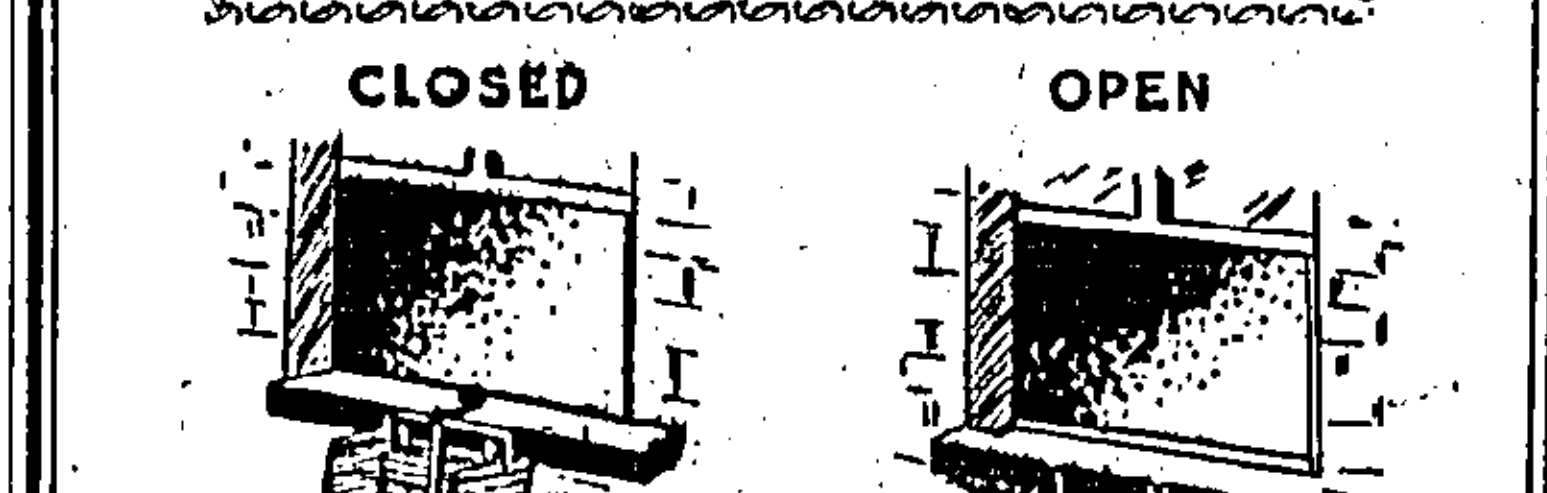
Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

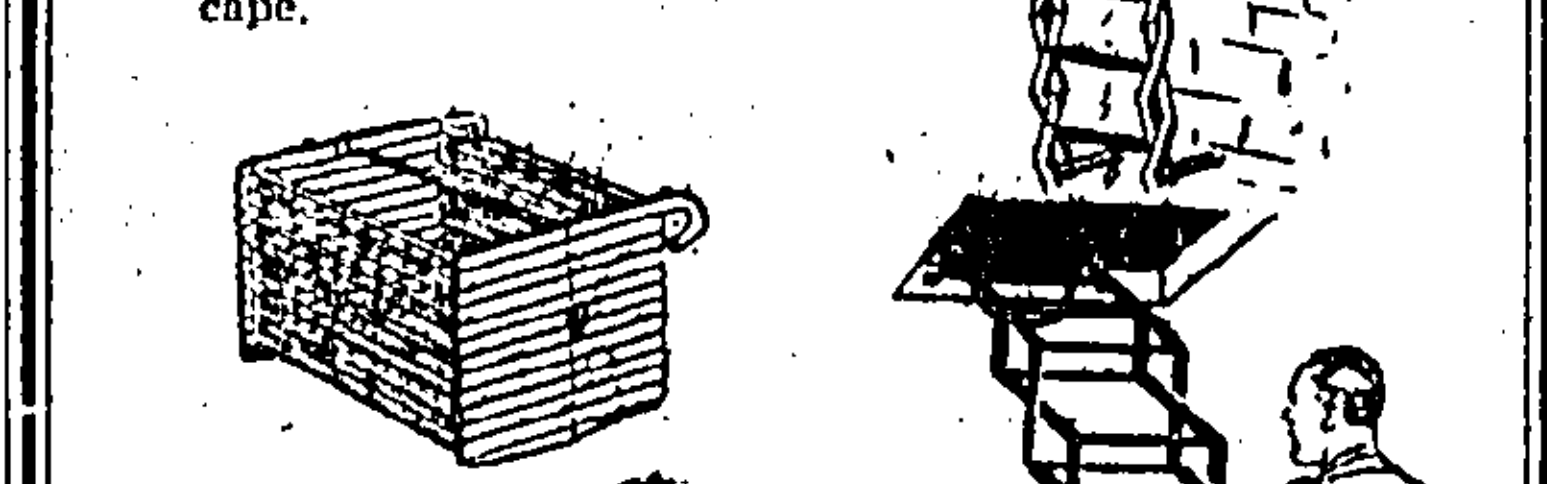
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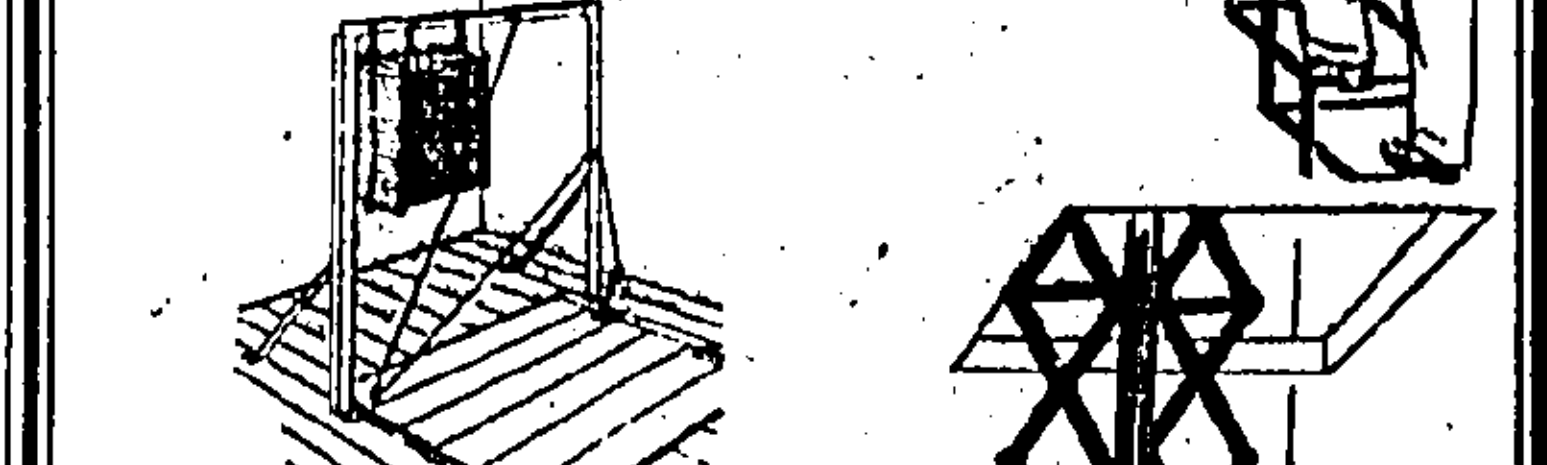
THE IDEAL PORTABLE LADDERS FOR EVERYDAY USE AND EMERGENCY



The "Instant" Fire Escape is neat and inconspicuous when not in use. Immediate release, when needed, and forms a rigid indestructible means of escape.



The "Puckaway" Ladders for reliability and general handiness, and as for compactness, every inch closed is a foot when opened and forms a neat, strong, safe and perfectly rigid ladder.



The Loft Ladders are perfect for manhandling awkward and heavy objects and they are quick and easy to operate.

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JUST WHAT THE PATIENT ORDERED!



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The Doctor Takes a Wife
You'll love Loretta Young as the gayest, loveliest patient who ever made a heart expert's ticker shipbeat!

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EDMUND GWINN • GEORGES METAXA
Screen play by George Swann and Raymond Gardner
Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK
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A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
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MYRNA LOY TYRONE POWER GEORGE BRENT

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ORIENTAL THEATRE
TAKE ANY TRAM OR HAPPY VALLEY BUS
FLUING ROAD WANCHAI TEL. 58471

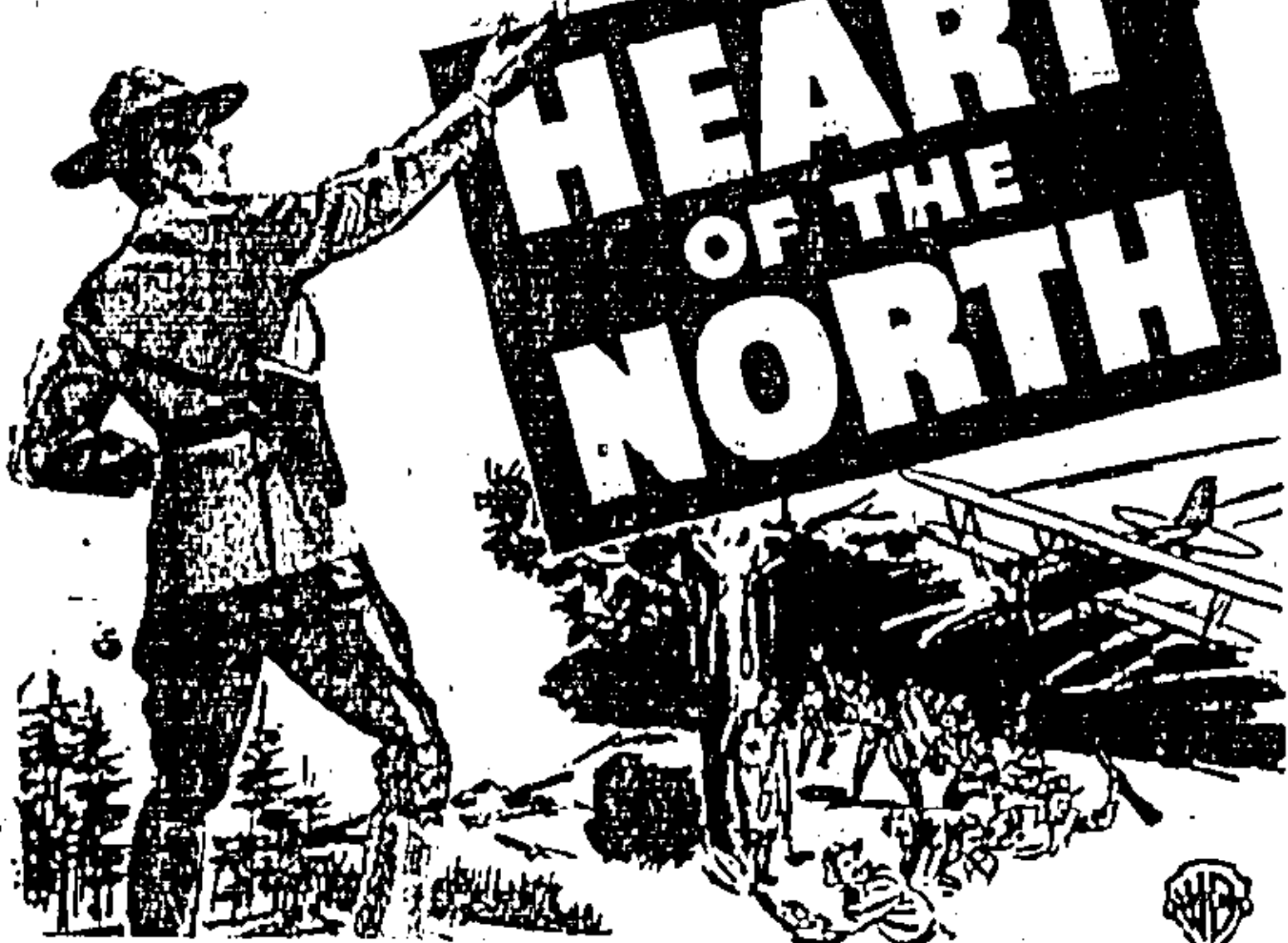
TO-DAY — TO-MORROW — TUESDAY

Heroic Mounties Who Always Get Their Man!

They dispense law at the end of a rifle and hang crime at the end of a rope, neither hardship nor suffering nor fear of death stay their hand.

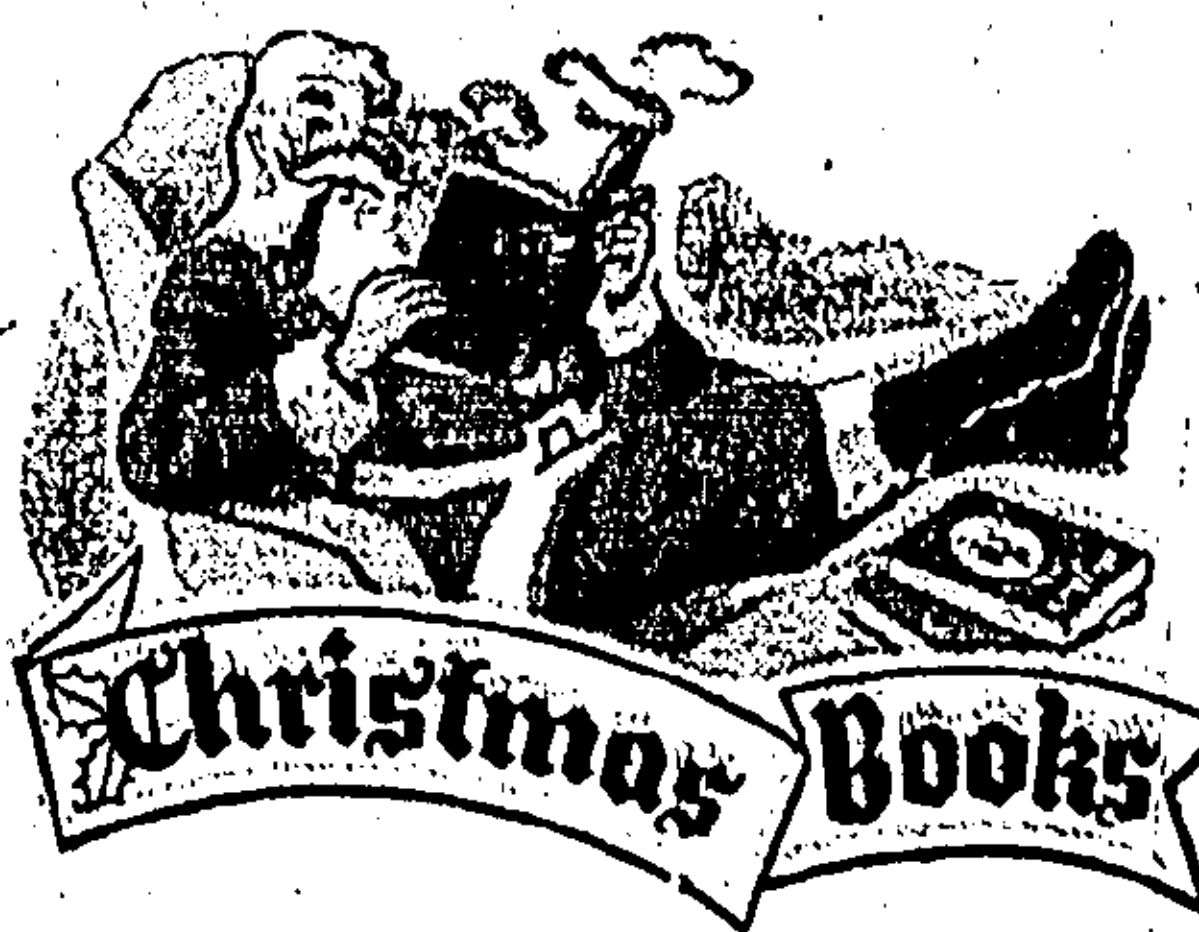
SAVAGE WILDERNESS, PRIMITIVE MEN TAMED BY THE FAMOUS ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE!

A mighty epic sweeps from the north, told to the bear of brave, rash hearts... capturing the wild beauty of the northland in TECHNICOLOR



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Biggest Chance for X'mas Gifts!

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KING'S BOOK STORE

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RADIO

11.00 a.m.—Relay of Morning Service from St. Andrew's Church.
12.14 p.m.—Schubert—Quartet No. 14 in D Minor ("Death and the Maiden").

1st Mov: Allegro; 2nd Mov: Andante con moto; 3rd Mov: Scherzo (Allegro molto); 4th Mov: Presto—Prestissimo....
12.52 p.m.—Hubert Spona.

Flower ways: The Fishermans; The Secret... Elena Gerhardt (Mezzo-Soprano) with Piano accomp.

1.00 p.m.—Local Time Signal and Weather Report.

1.03 p.m.—Mark Weber and His Orchestra. Fantasy—From Offenbach's Sample Box (Urbach).

1.12 p.m.—Studio—Singing Canaries. A feature programme with live canaries.

1.22 p.m.—Two Songs by Gladys Swarthout (Mezzo-Soprano). Paradise in Waltz Time; Could I Be In Love? (both from film "Champagne Waltz").

1.30 p.m.—Reuter & Rugby Press, Weather Forecast and Announcements.

1.45 p.m.—Compositions of Dvorak. Carnival—Overture (Dvorak).

London Symphony Orch. Symphony No. 2 in D Minor, Op. 70—1st Mov: Allegro maestoso; 2nd Mov: Poco Adagio; 3rd Mov: Scherzo (Vivace); 4th Mov: Finale (Allegro).... Czech Philharmonic Orchestra.

2.30 p.m.—Close down.

7.00 p.m.—London Relay—The News.

7.15 p.m.—London Relay—"Questions of the Hour".

7.30 p.m.—Selections from Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance".

Tis Mabel! Poor Wand'ring One... Elsie Griffin & Chorus of Girls.

What Ought We To Do, Gentle Sisters, Say?... Nellie Briercliffe and Nellie Walker.

How Beautifully Blue the Sky... Elsie Griffin, Derek Oldham and Chorus of Girls.

Ah, Leave Me Not To Pine!... Elsie Griffin and Derek Oldham.

No, I Am Bravel... Elsie Griffin, Leo Sheffield and Male Chorus.

When A Fellow's Not Engaged... Leo Sheffield and Male Chorus.

A Rollicking Band of Pirates We... Leo Sheffield and Male Chorus.

With Cat-Like Tread... Stuart Robertson and Male Chorus.

Hush, Hush!... D. Oldham, C. Baker and Chorus.

Softly Sighing... George Baker and Male Chorus.

Now What Is This, and What Is That?... George Baker, Derek Oldham, Elsie Griffin and Full Chorus.

To Gain A Brief Advantage... Leo Sheffield, Peter Dawson, George Baker, Elsie Griffin, Dorothy Gill and Full Chorus.

8.00 p.m.—Local Time Signal, Weather Report and Announcements.

8.03 p.m.—Light Orchestral Programme with Jeanette MacDonald (Soprano) and Nelson Eddy (Baritone).

Italian Street Song: Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life (both from "Naughty Marietta")... Jeanette MacDonald (Soprano) with Orchestra.

Immortal Strauss—A Medley of Strauss Waltzes... Viennese Waltz Orchestra.

I'm Falling In Love With Someone (from "Naughty Marietta")... Tramp, Tramp, Tramp Along the Highway (from "Naughty Marietta")... Nelson Eddy (Baritone) with Chorus and Orchestra.

Russian Gipsy Sketch (Ferraris).... Alfredo and His Orchestra.

March of the Grenadiers (from "The Love Parade")... Jeanette MacDonald (Soprano) with Orchestra.

Tell Me Again (Grosz)... Alfredo and His Orchestra.

Sylvia (Speaks): Thy Beaming Eyes, Op. 40, No. 3 (Gardner-MacDowell)... Nelson Eddy (Baritone) with Orchestra.

10.35 p.m.—Close down.

"SUNDAY HERALD" CARTOON.

By STAN HILL.



"FRIGHTFUL CRUSH DEAR."
YES, - DUE TO THE EVACUATION YOU KNOW!

Softly Sighing... George Baker and Male Chorus.

Now What Is This, and What Is That?... George Baker, Derek Oldham, Elsie Griffin and Full Chorus.

To Gain A Brief Advantage... Leo Sheffield, Peter Dawson, George Baker, Elsie Griffin, Dorothy Gill and Full Chorus.

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Bachelors beware! Five charming sisters are on a man-hunt! Lovely "Mrs. Chips" and the dashing star of "Roberta"... match hearts and wits in the merriest of the year's screen hits!

A great novel! A great play! And now the year's most hilarious romantic triumph!

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GREER starring LAURENCE GARSON • OLIVIER

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Screen Play by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murlin • Directed by Robert Z. Leonard • Produced by Hnat Stromberg

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Spencer TRACY • Hedy LAMARR

I TAKE THIS WOMAN

TO-MORROW M-G-M Picture "YELLOW JACK" Robert Montgomery—Virginia Bruce

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DAILY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.
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THE HAPPIEST SHOW YOU'LL SEE THIS YEAR!

The Amazing Romance of a beautiful model who travels the hard way from Tenth to Fifth Avenue!

Anna NEAGLE • RAY MILLAND

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with ROLAND YOUNG • ALAN MARSHAL
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ARTHUR TREACHER • MARSHA HUNT
ISABEL JEWELL • DORIS NOLAN
EKO RADIO PICTURE

Produced and directed by HERBERT WILCOX

Screen Play by Alice Dyer Miller. From the Musical Comedy, "IRENE" Book by "Frost" H. Montgomery, Music and Lyrics by Harry Tierney and Joseph McCarty

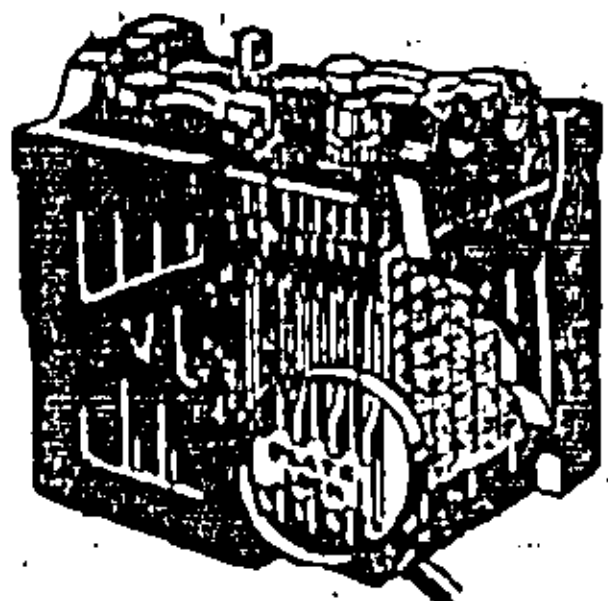
WED. "FAST AND FURIOUS" Franchot Tone Ann Bothern

FRI. "MEXICAN SPITFIRE" Lupe Velez Leon Errol

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Invest in a Vesta, and buy freedom from worry, longer life, greater power.

Sturdiness is built into every part — into all those details that your eye cannot see, but the expert knows: Stock for all types of cars carried.

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EVENINGS: 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

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THE YEAR'S WILDEST, WITTIEST WHIRLWIND OF A LOVE AND LAFF SHOW!!!

Columbia... Studio of the Greatest Romantic Comedies... "IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT"... "MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN"... "THE AWFUL TRUTH"... "YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU"

Now Presents...

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ROSALIND RUSSELL

in HOWARD HAWKS'

His Girl Friday

with RALPH BELLAMY
GENE LOCKHART • Helen Mack
Based on a play by BEN HECHT and CHARLES MACARTHUR • Screen play by CHARLES LEDGER • Directed by HOWARD HAWKS
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PUBLIC AUCTION

PARTICULARS AND CONDITIONS OF THE Sale by Public Auction to be held on MONDAY, the 16th day of December, 1940, at 3 p.m., at the Office of the Public Works Department, by Order of His Excellency the Governor of one Lot of Crown Land at Cheung Sha Wan, in the Colony of Hong Kong for a term of 75 years, commencing from 1st July, 1939, with the option of renewal at a Crown Rent to be fixed by the Surveyor of His Majesty the King, for one further term of 24 years less the last three days thereof.

Intending bidders are advised that immediately after the disposal of the lot the Purchaser (if not the applicant) will be required to deposit with an authorized officer who will be present at the sale, the sum of two hundred dollars (\$200) in cash. This sum will be refunded on payment of the Purchase price.

PARTICULARS OF THE LOT.

No. of Sale	Registry No.	Locality	Boundary Measurements	Area in sq. ft.	Annual Rent	Upset Price
1	40	At the junction of Cheung Sha Wan, and the New Kowloon Inland Lot No. 40.	As per sale plan	About 4,000	\$55	\$2,400

ATTENTION ALL BUSY-MEN

FORGETFUL? — "MAJESTIC" Desk-diary 1941 keeps your daily appointments, telephone messages, notes, etc. With many useful reference tables—1941-42 Calendars, Holidays, Standard Times, Moon's Phases & Eclipses, Storm signals, Postal rates, Distances, Weights, Measures, Exchanges, Traffic, Races, Radio Stations, Telephone Nos., Addresses, etc. \$2.00 (with stand). Reprints \$1.00. Order now, Majestic Press, 4th fl., Asia Life Bldg., Phone 32928.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY. THERAPION No. 1 THERAPION No. 2 THERAPION No. 3
No. 1 Cures Discharges, No. 2 Cures Gonorrhea, No. 3 Cures Syphilis. Each bottle contains 10 pills. Price 1/6. Order now, Dr. L. O. Lefebvre, 11, Leadenhall St., London, E.C. 3. GRINDERS—weekly grinders & blenders.

PUBLIC AUCTION

PARTICULARS AND CONDITIONS OF THE Sale by Public Auction to be held on MONDAY, the 16th day of December, 1940, at 3 p.m., at the Office of the Public Works Department, by Order of His Excellency the Governor of one Lot of Crown Land at Pokfulam Road, in the Colony of Hong Kong for a term of 75 years, with the option of renewal at a Crown Rent to be fixed by the Surveyor of His Majesty the King, for one further term of 24 years less the last three days thereof.

Intending bidders are advised that immediately after the disposal of the lot the Purchaser (if not the applicant) will be required to deposit with an authorized officer who will be present at the sale, the sum of two hundred dollars (\$200) in cash. This sum will be refunded on payment of the Purchase price.

PARTICULARS OF THE LOT.

No. of Sale	Registry No.	Locality	Boundary Measurements	Area in sq. ft.	Annual Rent	Upset Price
2	40	Opposite the Blind Home, Pokfulam Road & South West of Rural Building Lot No. 24.	As per sale plan	About 15,000	\$172	\$3,000

PUBLIC AUCTION

PARTICULARS AND CONDITIONS OF THE Sale by Public Auction to be held on MONDAY, the 16th day of December, 1940, at 3 p.m., at the Office of the Public Works Department, by Order of His Excellency the Governor of one Lot of Crown Land at Kau Pui Shek, in the Colony of Hong Kong for a term of 75 years, with the option of renewal at a Crown Rent to be fixed by the Surveyor of His Majesty the King, for one further term of 24 years less the last three days thereof.

Intending bidders are advised that immediately after the disposal of the lot the Purchaser (if not the applicant) will be required to deposit with an authorized officer who will be present at the sale, the sum of two hundred dollars (\$200) in cash. This sum will be refunded on payment of the Purchase price.

PARTICULARS OF THE LOT.

No. of Sale	Registry No.	Locality	Boundary Measurements	Area in sq. ft.	Annual Rent	Upset Price
3	40	Junction of Kowloon City Road & Chung Lung Street, Kau Pui Shek.	As per sale plan	About 1,179	\$14	\$84

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No one is authorized to visit offices and collect money on behalf of this publication.

THE PUBLISHERS, The Newspaper Enterprise, Ltd., Windsor House.

SPECIAL WEEK-END EXCURSIONS!!!

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GILMAN'S

HIRE CAR DEPT. 132, Nathan Rd., Kowloon.

POLICE CONFIDENT OF EXTENDING EASTERN

Fielding Same Team Of League Giant-Killers



RAMBLING RECS. ARE FAVOURED TO WIN AFTER LONG LAY-OFF

By "Grandstand"

A PROGRAMME of 12 Softball League games has been arranged for to-day, the chief attraction being the Recreo Aces-Cyclones tilt in the Senior League. After a long lay-off of over a month, the Rambling Recs will be seen in action again with their Gerry Gosano-Charlie Figureido battery.

In view of his superb performance against the Saints, Gosano is now the first-string hurler, and whether his victory was a flash in the pan or not will be proved in this encounter. The other members of the infield will be their usual line-up of first-sacker Nick Beltrac, key-stoner Zinho Gosano, and third-sacker Lino Gosano, with Tony "Pee-wee" Alves plugging up the windy alley. Ball-hawks will be Bertie Gosato, Johnnie Feneau and Eddie "Duke" Gosano. Forenoon, although rather weak with the tick, has given some sparkling displays in the garden, and has earned his position in the team.

Realising their pitching weakness, "Pinky" Pineda depending more on luck than anything else, "Sunbeam" Omar, has acquired the services of "Kelly" Silva-Netto from the juniors.

Although the Recs are tipped to win the fray, Cyclones will give them a good run for their money in view of the light defensive play of infielders Markar Junior, "Rkey" Haroon, Sherry Bux and A. A. Rumjahn.

The Saints, who now head the League, should not let the Filipinos hard to beat, and will start Charlie Manson on the rubber, with Albert Leonard behind the batter, although the regular full infield of Dave Leonard, George Souza, Ozo Ozo and Stan Leonard will be fielded. The Filipinos, who have drafted a few players from the inter-league league recently, have improved slightly but in spite of this hurler Tatong Amper will find it difficult to silence the Collegian guns.

In the Indian Softballers-Canadian Chinese tussle, George Lee will be seen on the hillcock again for the cellar champs, with former hurler Herbie at the receiving end. Even with their improvement it is doubtful whether they can put one over on the Indians, who are easily the favourites. Kessa Nazarin will be tossing them over for the Indians, with Turzan Ismail catching.

Finishing their hopes on hurler "Big Chief" Wahoon, Thersie Noronha, the Green Shirts Owls are full of confidence towards their clash with Wildcats. Despite the fact that Thersie has been laying-off since her departure from these shores, mid-week practices showed that she still has the "stunt" for return to the team, besides strengthening the batting weakness of the squad, will also result in Jeannette "Blondie" Yelle being placed in the out-field, where she has been missed. The infield remains the same, rookie Ida "Sweet-as-apple-elder" Castro proving herself capable of holding the hot-corner. Wildcat Thelmit Collico, who hurled a no-hitter last week against the Chung Hwa squad, will be on the mound

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—Another Close Affair
The Cardinals-Recreo tussle should be another close affair, with the Redlegs having a slight edge. They have Eregina Babida, who is fast developing into the loop's No. 1 hurler, but unfortunately the team is still short of an all-important catcher. Jerry Jorge will pitch for the Ramblers, with Lilly Rodrigues in reserve.

The long-awaited Little Flower-Chung Hwa's wooden spoon fight will be anybody's game, the former being very weak in fielding, whilst there is plenty of room for improvement in the latter's batting. Eric Chung will be on the slab for Chung Hwa, whilst Lilly Silva will be tossing for the Florinbas.

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FOOTBALL PROBLEMS

By "The Judge"

What's that for Referee? This cry is heard week after week, and it is nearly always followed by "Can we score direct?" These questions will always be answered by the referee if he is asked in a civil manner. One of the causes of doubt is the offence for which an indirect free-kick is awarded. These free-kicks are awarded for the following breaches of Laws:

(a) Player playing the ball a second time before it has been played by another player, after throwing in or taking a free-kick, penalty kick, etc.

(b) Offside (Law 11)

(c) Carrying by the goalkeeper inside the penalty area.

(d) Charging the goalkeeper at the wrong time, the charging otherwise being fair.

(e) Ball not kicked forward from a penalty-kick.

(f) Ungentlemanly conduct.

(g) Dangerous play.

This week's problems are:

Q.1. In taking a goal-kick, the goalkeeper accidentally slices the ball 8 or 10 yards, and the opposing centre-forward immediately runs in and scores. Is this a goal?

Q.2. Are players permitted to call to their teammates for the ball when playing or to shout "Right" when they are in a better position to receive the ball?

Q.3. What is the penalty for playing the ball before it has touched the ground after a drop by the referee? (Answers on Page 14)

FOOTBALL SNIPPETS

Williamson, Kowloon's pivot, who was injured some time ago, will be out of football for the rest of the season.

Farrow, Club's centre-half, was operated on for appendicitis 10 days ago, and it will be some time before he will be able to play again.

Maher, St. Joseph's right-half, who was injured in the game against South China, has now completely recovered and will be playing this afternoon against Sing Tao.

Suen Kam-suen, who played for Eastern early last season, is at present in Shanghai but is not playing much football. He will, however, be turning out for China in the international competition there.

Curley and Baker, two Army referees, were promoted recently to Class 2 by the Army Referees' Board.

Among the referees who qualified at the last meeting of the Army Referees' Association were:

Sherriff (scr.) beat W. Groves and W. Houston (plus 5).

Finalist—Lyke beat H. Dickinson.

KOWLOON FOOTBALL CLUB Handicap Singles

Second Round—R. O. Hughes (plus 1) beat G. Frost (plus 3) and P. Young (plus 2) beat W. Meager (plus 1).

Third Round—Z. Youngusband (—) beat T. Coleman (—).

Club Championship

First Round—R. O. Hughes beat W. Meager, J. Gibson beat W. Simpson and C. Downman beat T. Coleman.

Sing Tao Should Easily Account For St Joseph's

By "Referee"

In view of their victory over Sing Tao recently and their display against Middlesex the week following, Police are looking forward with confidence to their First Division League Football game against Eastern at Caroline Hill this afternoon at 4 p.m.

Police are fielding the same team which has done such good service in their last two games, and they are hoping to be able to keep this side together for the remainder of the season, when they will again make a bold bid for the Senior Shield.

Manning will be in goal, while Blackburn, a potential interpreter, will be at right-back, partnered by Chan Kong-yui.

Eastern will be fielding the same team as last Sunday, Lo Wai-kuen, who has been ill, will not be playing, and his place will again be taken by Ng Kee-cheong, while Yeung Shui will be at left-back.

In their first game Police were leading by 3 goals to 2 until the last 15 minutes, only to lose 5-3.

Sing Tao should have little difficulty in accounting for Saints, in their first meeting. Saints were beaten by two clear goals. Fernandes will be returning to the side, at centre-half, while Maher, who has been out of football for the last month owing to injuries, will be seen at right-half in place of Rumjahn.

Teams
POLICE—Manning; Blackburn, Chan Kwong-yui; Pope, Gough, North; Wong Man-wei, Ferrier, Moss, Howlett and Lau Pak-hung.

EASTERN—Lau Hin-hon; Kong Seng-king and Yeung Shui; Lau Tse-chen, Hui King-choi and Ng Kee-cheong; Chung Yung-tum, Chan Kam-hoi, V. Y. Hui, C. T. To and Hui Ching-to.

SING TAO—Cheung Wing-ching; Leo Ting-sang and Hui Yung-sang; Leung Wing-chiu and Soong Ling-nam; and Chui Ah-hai; Tang Kwong-tum, Fung King-cheong, Kwok Yim-kee, Lai Shiu-wing and Lau Tse-han.

ST. JOSEPH'S—S. Tsang; A. J. Husain and D. J. Leonard; W. Maher, G. Fernandes and Lau Wing-kong; R. M. Cruz, C. Santos, C. MacDonald, J. Gomes and A. J. Leonard.

Reserves—T. Ali, J. Bowen and A. Runjahn.

TO-DAY'S FOOTBALL

Following is to-day's football programme:—

FIRST DIVISION
Eastern v. Police
(Caroline Hill, 4.00 p.m.)
Sing Tao v. St. Joseph's
(Club, 4.00 p.m.)

SECOND DIVISION
R. Navy v. Kwong Wah
(Causeway Bay, 2.30 p.m.)
Sing Tao v. J. 30th R.A.
(Club, 2.30 p.m.)

Teams

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS \$1.30 (PREPAID) FOR 3

IN THE LIMELIGHT, NO. 48

JIMMY THOMSON BEST SCRUM-HALF CLUB HAVE HAD IN MANY YEARS

Jimmy Thomson was very much in the limelight last Saturday, though an injury forced him to be only a spectator at the Quadrangular Rugby Tournament game between Club and Navy. Without the most brilliant scrum-half they have had in years, Club started the game at a big disadvantage, and their failure to secure better than a 5-5 draw may well cost them the championship, and that does not in the least exaggerate the value of Thomson to Club's fifteen.

THOMSON was born in Hong Kong and educated at Central British School, from where he went to the famous Scottish school, Dollar Academy. While at home he secured his first fifteen "cap," playing more often at fly-half than at scrum-half, represented the Academy in the Public Schools' competition at Bletchley in the Spring of last year, as a member of the cricket eleven, as a bowler, and a prominent pole vaulter. He returned to Hong Kong in October of last year, just in time for the opening of the Hagger season, but despite excellent promise in his first "A" game, he had to wait several weeks before the selectors decided that he was too good to be wasted and moved J. Henderson to full-back to bring Thomson in at scrum-half.

The period during which Henderson held the scrum-half position while Thomson was available was the biggest compliment that player ever received.



Club's 5ft. 4ins. 140 lb. brilliant scrum-half.

RIGHT ON TOP

HAVING secured his place in the first fifteen, Thomson went from strength to strength and established a perfect understanding with C. Cressford, and later with J. C. Charter, that was to riddle every defence except that of Navy in the Triangular Tournament. He

FOUR HOCKEY ENCOUNTERS

Four friendly hockey matches were played at King's Park yesterday afternoon. After a goalless half, Central British Association Ladies beat St. Andrew's Ladies by 3 goals to 1. Miss E. Woolley (2) and Mrs. Crawford were the goal-scorers for C.B.A. and Mrs. Zimmerman scored the only goal for the Saints. In a very hard and evenly fought game, Y.M.C.A. seniors drew with Punjabis, sharing four goals after each side had netted once in the first period. Y.M.C.A. scored their goals through Hitchcock and Gemmell, and Punjabis through Akram and A. Khan. R.A.M.C. defeated Y.M.C.A. juniors by 3 goals to 1 after leading by the odd goal in three at the interval. Grant (2) and Bhag scored for the soldiers and Spare for Y.M.C.A.

A goal scored by Kemp in the first half enabled St. Andrew's to beat Central British Association by the only goal.

TO-DAY'S HOCKEY

Following is to-day's Tournament Hockey programme and some of the teams: Police "A" v. University (Boundary St., 10.20 a.m.). T. A. T. v. W. W. (Watson). Police "B" v. Khalsa (Boundary St., 11.45 a.m.). (T. A. T. v. A. W. (Watson). A. N. O. XI v. 5th A.A. "B" (Navy Ground, 10.30 a.m.). (L. G. v. E. V. (Vasco). 2nd M.T.B. v. 5th A.A. "A" (Navy Ground, 10.30 a.m.). (J. T. K. v. G. G. (Gorman). TEAMS: Police "A"—Narayan Singh, Blackburn and Man Singh; Leslie, Gough and

C.R.C. "AT HOME"

The annual Chinese Recreation Club "At Home" will be held on Sunday, December 29, when an American Tennis Tournament for members will be staged, following which the prizes and League trophies will be distributed by the Hon. Mr. M. K. Lo.

Parker, Wall, Howlett, Jasbir Singh, Hayward and Brown. Police "B"—Dilwant Singh, Mehar Singh and Booda Singh; Iqbal Singh, Jindar Singh and Darsana Singh; Gurabachan Singh, Hattan Singh, Narwant Singh, Channan Singh and Ajab Singh. Khalsa—U. D. Souza, A. E. P. Gueel and K. Singh; Bhag Singh, M. H. Hussain and Gurdial Singh; Karminder Singh, Awtar Singh, Pyara Singh, Jagreet Singh and Jangeer Singh.

R.A.F. To Receive League Shield

Royal Air Force will meet Combined Small Units in a hockey match to-day on the U.S.R.C. ground, commencing at 3 p.m., following which R.A.F. will be presented with the shield they won in the Small Units Departmental Corps Hockey League.

SLAZENGERS LIMITED

The **SLAZENGER** Lawn Tennis Ball

THE BEST TENNIS BALL IN THE WORLD

WIMBLEDON'S CHOICE FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS

U.S.E. SLAZENGER "THREE ACE" GUT FOR RESTRINGING

ONE SHOT IN IT

At the Valley, Craigiepower Cricket Club beat Prison Officers Recreation Club by 1 shot in a friendly lawn bowls match yesterday.

Jillott scored at 15 ends and had a four and three threes in his total, finishing up with 2 2 4 3 3 1 1. Omer had two fives to help him against Bagley, while Penny, led 8-4 at the 9th, scored 5 1 3 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 3 to win 24-10. C.C.C. P.O.C.

L. M. Roza	A. W. Hircocik
G. Tanner	A. Terry
D. Battar	J. McCutcheon
L. C. B. Souza	A. Jillott
(Skip)	(Skip)
P. K. Lau	W. Webber
F. Lee	S. Hodge
G. S. Ladd	F. N. Hill
A. M. Omer	W. J. Bagley
(Skip)	(Skip)
W. J. Curd	V. H. Freeman
H. L. Forman	J. W. Grant
J. W. Leonard	C. McGrath
W. J. Penny	J. W. Hudson
(Skip)	(Skip)
Total	56
	55

CLUB'S GOOD WIN

In an exciting game on the Chatter Road ground yesterday, Hong Kong Cricket Club beat Royal Engineers by one wicket, the winning run, a single, coming just one minute from time.

When the Club went in they lost Capt. J. F. Lawrence, who made 100 for the University last week, with the total at 1. Curiously enough the Club score also stood at 40 for 5 when a change took place. Capt. Dewar (51) and C. W. E. Bishop (40) bringing the total to 110 before the former was out.

Dewar had indulged in some big hitting and hit a six off Major Parsons, the ball landing on the Secony petrol pump house in Chatter Road. D. S. Robb joined Bishop and this partnership yielded another 25 runs.

With two wickets in hand Club needed 30 runs to win. J. L. Haley made 17 and Pudney scored two not out, his second single being the enger took 5 for 55 for the

Sappers' fielding was poor and Carey was unimpressive behind the stumps. Detailed scores were not available.

PAY CORPS BEAT D.B.S. IN CLOSE GAME

Notwithstanding some good bowling by Hulse and Ebrahim, Diocesan Boys' School were beaten by 24 runs by Royal Army Pay Corps in a friendly cricket match at Central British School yesterday.

Going in at the fall of the first wicket, Stonor batted for 80 minutes, being the ninth man out and hitting only one four in his 25. Dixon scored all of his 24 runs from boundaries.

R.A.P.C. Luckhurst, b Hulse 0 Ingleby, b Hulse 0 Stonor, b.w. b Hulse 25 Smart, c Randall, b Ebrahim 5 Hemming, b Whitfield 5 Happe, run out 9 Pendergast, b Ebrahim 0 Adams, b Hulse 4 Pinkney, b.w. b Ebrahim 0 Dixon, b Ebrahim 24 Stone, not out 0 Extras (B7, LB4, WB3) 14

Total 84 Bowling Analysis O. M. R. W. Hulse 10 7 0 50 4 Ebrahim 3 0 50 4 Whitfield 3 0 50 4

D.B.S. C. Whitfield, c Pendergast, b Dixon 1 L. Lyson, b Dixon 15 A. J. Hulse, b Ingleby 12 J. L. Youngs, b Ingleby 4 W. Macaulay, b Dixon 12 C. Kitchell, b Ingleby 0 E. Randall, b Adams 1 A. Ebrahim, b.w. b Dixon 4 E. Reed, c Pendergast, b Dixon 0 Dunn, not out 7 Extras (B8, LB1) 7

Total 80 Bowling Analysis O. M. R. W. Ingleby 11 2 33 4 Dixon 11 3 20 5 Adams 0 3 0 1

CHARITY MATCH POSTPONED

The charity football match in aid of Christmas comfort for the patients of Queen Mary Hospital, which was to have been played to-day on the Club ground, has been postponed and will now be played next Sunday on the same ground at 10.30 am.



J. C. S. Fender, one of the St. Andrew's Society skips last Saturday, about to deliver a wood. He beat A. J. Hall by one shot. (Thomp.)

MR. BLACK CHAMPION JOCKEY

Following are the complete 1940 records of the leading jockeys, including the Valley, Macao and Fanning:

	1st	2nd	3rd	Unpl.
D. Black	37	13	20	84
L. B. Chao	31	24	19	65
P. Y. Wei	23	16	10	77
H. C. Ping	22	16	8	63
H. J. A. Hearn	15	22	11	54
V. V. Needa	13	17	8	59
S. W. Pan	8	8	4	55
B. L. Tao	8	6	7	59
S. C. Liang	7	9	12	40
W. H. B. Davis	7	7	6	44
R. B. Muller	7	1	1	0
H. B. Chang	5	10	9	26
A. Proulx	5	7	14	40
Ip Kiu-ying	5	4	7	29
G. Treverton	5	4	2	50
W. G. Poy	4	8	8	69
C. Encarnacao	3	8	2	39
G. P. Gray	3	4	1	19
C. L. Gregory	3	4	0	19

Novice Jockeys

Following are the present standings of the Novice jockeys, the number of wins to date being indicated in brackets:—G. W. Cooper (9); R. M. Wood (8); H. P. Pak-ming and Yeung Wing-kei (6 each); H. A. de B. Botelho and Ho Hong-ping (5 each); Chiu Ki-fai (4); F. A. Sequeira (3); K. Kwok and Yeung Wing-sing (2 each); and J. Barrow, T. W. Chattey, H. K. C. Chiu, A. D. Coppin, G. W. Hook, S. W. Lee and W. N. Yeh (one each).

YACHTING RESULTS

Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club's 3rd Corinthian Series Championship Race over 9.5 miles yesterday, resulted as follows:—

	Finished Postn. Pts.
Gull	17.05.17 1 41
(Capt. A. O. G. Mills)	
Artemis	17.08.19 2 42
(Mr. G. G. Wood)	
Joss	17.10.25 3 38
(Major G. E. Neve)	
La Linda	17.10.59 4 30
(Mr. C. C. Baker)	
Petre	17.12.39 5 28
Tyrone Chai	17.15.09 6 14
(Mr. E. Huttemeier)	
Maureen	17.16.00 7 32
True Blue	17.24.41 8 18
Koala	17.24.53 9 15
Painted Lady	17.25.20 10 14
Kitwarr	17.38.12 11 12
Jean	17.41.10 12 6
Isabel	D.N.F. 12 6
Mixed Class	
Ailsa	17.24.55 1 31
Dinna	17.29.40 2 9
Eryl	17.33.23 3 18
Widgeon	17.34.05 4 17
Owl	17.34.05 5 17
Wendy	D.N.F. 16

Miniature Football

A friendly miniature football match between A.R.P. Group 5 District "A", Central Division and Ching Ching Club will be played at 3 p.m. to-day on the P.W.D. playground, Causeway Bay. Following are the teams:—

A.R.P.—Miss Wan Yin Hing, Li Fook Cheong, Tang Shui Po, Tong Shui Lun, Kwok Chi Wing, Lau Hon Yin, Lau Hon Fai, Ip Ching Chuen and Lo Chi Ming. Ching Ching—Miss Wong Oi Lan, Wong Chung Lok, Wong Chung Lal, Wong Yuen Chor, Fung Kai Heu, Chow Hon Kit, Wong Wai Hing, Wong Wai Chuen and Wong Chi Lam.

WEEK'S BADMINTON

Following are the Badminton League fixtures for this week:—

"A" Division Chinese "Y" v. University "A" Wednesday "B" Division J. R. C. v. King's College V. R. C. v. Chung Wah St. John's v. Police K. C. C. v. Kowloon Tong

HEAD ROBS MR. BLACK OF FIVE WINNERS

Burford Just Beaten By Confusion Bay

Record Broken In The Autumn Champions

"MR. BLACK'S DAY" IS PERHAPS THE BEST DESCRIPTION OF THE 13TH EXTRA RACE MEETING, HELD AT THE VALLEY YESTERDAY, AND WHICH BROUGHT TO A CLOSE THE RACING SEASON FOR 1940, FOR THIS POPULAR JOCKEY NOT ONLY MADE SURE OF THE JOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIP BY RIDING FOUR WINNERS, A SECOND AND A THIRD IN SEVEN STARTS, BUT HE ALSO HAD THE DISTINCTION OF BRINGING HOME THE WINNER IN BOTH LEGS OF THE "DAILY DOUBLE," AN UNCOMMON FEAT.

T. K. L.'s Confusion Bay, ridden by Mr. Sung, won the Hong Kong Autumn Champions in the record time of 2 mins. 19 4/5 secs. The previous best was 2 mins. 20 1/5 secs., set by Burford earlier in the year. Burford, which had been unfit for some time, started in this race and punters were not slow to make it second favourite. It was beaten, however, over the last 10 yards, by a head.

Confusion Bay, incidentally, paid the biggest dividend of the day, returning \$47.20 for a \$5 bet, while Jack O'Lantern, ridden by Mr. Black, confounded the critics by winning the last race of the day to pay a dividend of \$40.00.

T.K.L. headed the owners' list with a win, a second and a third, while there were 671 tickets on the Watrego River-Quick Despatch combination for the "Daily Double" and these netted \$22.80 each.

The most popular win of the day was scored by Mr. R. H. Charles, the veteran jockey, who rode Rob Roy to victory in the Lost Chance Handicap. As the pony was led into the weighing-in enclosure punters rose and cheered the jockey.

Second Win In Row

Eve of Harvest (Mr. Davis) was made second favourite to Burford in the Hong Kong Autumn Champions and, as if to justify that confidence, it set the pace soon as the gate went up. O-Lan (Mr. Needa), was left, but by the time the field came past the Stands for the first time it had made up some of the lost distance.

The order of running at this stage was Rob Roy, Confusion Bay, Burford (Mr. Sung), Burford, Craigavad (Mr. Botelho) and O-Lan, and this was maintained until the Black Rock, when Burford moved up to second place.

At the Village Bend the Eve candidate showed signs of tiring, and by the time the field came into the home stretch it had faded out of the picture. Meanwhile Confusion Bay and Burford engaged in a neck-and-neck race, and up to 10 yards from the post it was either's race. The first-named pony, however, was not to be denied, and gave that extra bit of response required for the decision, although it was by only a head.

While these two were fighting it out, O-Lan finished with a great burst of speed to secure third place. It is of interest to note that Confusion Bay, then racing under Mr. Lambert Dunbar's colours, won the Autumn Champions in 1939 in 2 mins. 20 4/5 secs., against the record time of 2.19.4/5 secs. returned yesterday. Mr. Black was the successful jockey last year.

Only Three Starters

The Queensland Autumn Champions proved a disappointment in that only three ponies faced the starter, Sapper (Mr. Davis) being made the firm favourite. Bruno (Treverton) was expected to be more exciting than was at first thought likely as this pony had to exert itself to slave off defeat at the hands of Baffin Bay (Mr. Needa), which was only a length behind at the finish. The only other pony in the race, Viceroy (Mr. Black), gave Baffin Bay a good run for its money and was beaten out of second place by a mere short head.

Sapper led all the way, followed by Viceroy, and up till about 200 yards from the post it looked as if they were going to finish in that order. Mr. Needa's mount, however, had that little extra in reserve and managed to pass Sapper just in time. Baffin Bay (Mr. Botelho) also took second place in the Queensland Autumn Champions in 1939, when a Grand Time (Mr. Black) won in 2 mins. 13 secs. against Sapper's 2 mins. 16 4/5 secs. yesterday's record for this event is 2.10.3/5 secs. held by Strathroy.

Detailed results are as follows:—

1—TARDY HANDICAP.—One Mile. Marber's Lillib, 153 lb. ... (L. B. Chao) 1 Lan's Humdrum, Eve 147 lb. ... (P. P. Botelho) 2 Fung's Kentucky, 153 lb. ... (Chiu Ki-lan) 3 5 starters. Won by a three-quarters, a neck. Time: 20.3; 57; 1.20.2; 1.56.1.

HAVE YOU WON?

Race 1	No. 2056	Race 2	No. 3301.60
No. 2568	\$3015.60	" 5551	\$57.60
" 5619	\$61.00	" 4196	\$42.80
" 4100	\$30.80	Unplaced runners (\$50 each), Nos.: 3493, 446, 4090, 3198, 050, 1264, 3059, 6102, 6133, 5907.	
Unplaced runners (\$50 each), Nos.: 2203, 4658.			
Race 3	No. 3725	Race 4	No. 4900
No. 3813	\$3583.00	" 57	\$3547.60
" 1968	\$98.00	" 1678	\$103.00
Unplaced runners (\$50 each), Nos.: 4027, 4858, 1519.		Unplaced runners (\$50 each), Nos.: 2888, 2042.	
Race 5	No. 6722	Race 6	No. 1740
No. 3235	\$3584.00	" 1248	\$7,128.80
" 2370	\$102.00	Unplaced runners (\$50 each), Nos.: 1293, 1503, 6072, 3927.	
Unplaced runners (\$50 each), Nos.: 1293, 1503, 6072, 3927.		" 5238	\$2,036.80
Race 7	No. 7244	Race 8	No. 331
No. 3177	\$3,763.20	" 3309	\$7,238.00
" 2495	\$1,075.20	" 4651	\$2,068.00
Unplaced runners (\$50 each), Nos.: 428, 37, 4027, 6981, 6300, 1533, 6442, 632.		Unplaced runners (\$100 each), Nos.: 2904, 6326, 4378.	

Tornado Star was fourth. BETTING FIGURES: Win Place 1005 1029 Devanlin (Treverton) 1805 1648 Crittel (Black) 1700 1648 Parado Star (Craven) 868 719 Viceroy (Davis) 808 1007 Australian Prince (Pan) 323 218 Double Finesse (Botelho) 130 151

4—HONG KONG AUTUMN CHAMPIONS.—One and a Quarter Miles. T. K. L.'s Confusion Bay, 151 lb. ... (S. L. Sung) 1 Quartermaster's Burford, 161 lb. ... (D. Black) 2 T. K. L.'s O-Lan, 158 lb. ... (V. V. Needa) 3 5 starters. Won by a head; 15 length. Time: 27.4; 55.1; 1.22.2; 1.51; 2.10.4 (record).

Parl-mutuel, winner \$47.20; places, 1st \$19.40; 2nd \$12.00; Eve of Harvest was fourth. BETTING FIGURES: Win Place Eve of Harvest (Davis) 2031 1249 Burford (Black) 2453 601 O-Lan (Needa) 869 565 Confusion Bay (Sung) 677 219 Craigavad (Botelho) 310 201

5—LAGGARDS' HANDICAP.—One Mile. Gredmaka's Watrego River, 157 lb. ... (D. Black) 1 G. Tinson's Bredon, 147 lb. ... (T. W. Chattey) 2 Needa's Cockler, 158 lb. ... (Ip Kiu-ying) 3 7 starters. Won by a length-and-a-half; a length. Time: 25.3; 52.3; 1.20.4; 1.48.3.

Parl-mutuel, winner \$9.10; places, 1st \$5.70; 2nd \$10.10; 3rd \$7.20. Bruno was fourth. BETTING FIGURES: Win Place Watrego River (Black) 2031 1249 Cockler (Ip) 1512 624 Winnie (Chao) 687 686 Bredon (Chattey) 460 519 Bruno (Treverton) 435 519 A Green Time (Wei) 364 573 Annabella (Hoo) 231 329

6—QUEENSLAND AUTUMN CHAMPIONS.—One and a Quarter Miles. Mrs. A. E. Grisset's Sapper, 155 lb. ... (W. H. S. Davis) 1 T.K.L.'s Baffin Bay, 153 lb. ... (V. V. Needa) 2 2 starters. Won by a length; the same. Time: 31; 1.02.1; 1.34.1; 2.06.

Parl-mutuel, winner \$46.00; places, 1st \$11.90; 2nd \$10.50; 3rd \$11.50. The Leopard was fourth. BETTING FIGURES: Win Place Sunlight View (Wei) 2020 2040 Royal Highness (Ip) 2021 1120 Salvage Master (Zao) 1477 825 Jack O'Lantern (Black) 625 693 Piet Hein (Botelho) 720 710 The Leopard (Chao) 543 294

8—FINALE HANDICAP.—One Mile. Constant Billy's Jack O'Lantern, 142 lb. ... (D. Black) 1 Wong Sui Ngau's Salvage Master, 156 lb. ... (B. L. Tao) 2 Hollandia's Piet Hein, 150 lb. ... (P. P. Botelho) 3 6 starters. Won by a length; the same. Time: 31; 1.02.1; 1.34.1; 2.06.

Parl-mutuel, winner \$46.00; places, 1st \$11.90; 2nd \$10.50; 3rd \$11.50. The Leopard was fourth. BETTING FIGURES: Win Place Sunlight View (Wei) 2020 2040 Royal Highness (Ip) 2021 1120 Salvage Master (Zao) 1477 825 Jack O'Lantern (Black) 625 693 Piet Hein (Botelho) 720 710 The Leopard (Chao) 543 294



"BLACK & WHITE" SCOTCH WHISKY

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"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

A.T. LEE SAVES K.C.C. FROM COLLAPSE AND LLOYD TAKES 6 FOR 5!

AN EXTREMELY useful innings by A. T. Lee, former Craigengower and University all-rounder who has not played a great deal during the last two seasons, and some remarkable bowling by N. D. Lloyd were the features of a low-scoring friendly cricket match played at Cox's Road yesterday between "A" teams from Kowloon Cricket Club and Craigengower Cricket Club, many of whose regular players are at Camp. K.C.C. won by 88 runs.

Lee, brought into the K.C.C. side at the last moment to make up the eleven, had the unenviable task of going in to bat—without any previous practice—after the home team had lost 4 for 20. So well did he acquit himself, however, that when the last man in his side had been dismissed, he was still undefeated with 59 runs to his credit, scored out of 113. His best scoring strokes were eight fours. No other member of the team reached double-figures! Souza took his first two wickets without conceding a run and finished with 3 for 16, while Billimoria, after being 3 for 46, finished up with 5 for 71. Craigengower's first wicket batsmen, Souza and E. A. Lee, put on 25 runs, but thereafter nine wickets fell for only 17 runs! Lloyd, going on first change, took his first four wickets for no runs, and returned a final analysis of 6 for 5, while Ernie Fincher con-

ceded two runs in his first over without success and then with seven deliveries in his second over took 3 for 0.

KOWLOON C.C. "A"

B. D. Lay, b Billimoria	0
A. Zimmern, b Souza	4
E. F. Fincher, b Souza	0
S. A. Gray, b Souza	0
R. Baldwin, c Esmail, b Billimoria	0
A. T. Lee, not out	59
G. W. Giffen, c Esmail, b Souza	3
E. Curtis, c Souza, b Billimoria	7
N. D. Lloyd, b Esmail	0
H. Brokenshire, c Souza, b Esmail	0
J. R. Luke, b Billimoria	0
Extras (B11, LB2)	12
Total	130

Bowling Analysis

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Billimoria	14	2	71	5
Souza	8	0	18	3
U. H. Esmail	5	0	20	6

TO-DAY'S CRICKET

Craigengower Cricket Club will entertain Royal Engineers in a friendly cricket match at Happy Valley to-day, commencing at 11 a.m. Following are the teams:—
Engineers—Major W. W. Parsons, 2nd Lt. D. Holday, 83rd. Newton, 83rd. Keane, Sgt. Denyer, St. Shon, 1/Cpl. Shaw, 1/Cpl. Petham, Sgt. Bailey, Spr. Ratcliffe and Spr. Topp.
C.C.C.—A. T. Lee, E. A. Lee, Billimoria, A. H. Esmail, U. H. Esmail, T. Edgar, H. L. Forman, A. J. Hulst, C. W. Lam, E. Mitchell, J. L. Youngs and S. Ramechand.

WEST SCORES 36

Two Naval teams met in a friendly cricket match at King's Park yesterday, the following being the best performances:—
Batting:—Beadle 21, O'Connor 17, Harwood 23, West 36 and Gordon 24.
Bowling:—West 3 for 30, Allison 3 for 20, O'Connor 3 for 11 and Ball 4 for 22.

RICHARDSON AND ATTWELL ADD 105

Interporter's 13 Boundaries In 67

Ahmed's Hat Trick

THANKS TO THE FINE BOWLING OF POPE AND SOUND INNINGS BY THEIR EARLIER BATSMEN, POLICE REGISTERED THEIR FIRST WIN FOR SOME TIME WHEN THEY BEAT UNIVERSITY BY SIX WICKETS AT POKFULUM.

Aziz Ahmed was responsible for the most spectacular feat of the match when he performed the hat-trick late in the Police innings. University batsmen were no match for Pope at his best and Amplanavar, Tan and Mazza alone offered any resistance. In Pope's last six overs he gave away only eight runs while taking four wickets to finish with 6 for 22. Police lost Carey with 21 on the board, but Tyler and Pilling added 39 for the second wicket, and with Hayward, Pope and Shepherd making useful twentees, the University total was passed for the loss of only six wickets. Aziz Ahmed took the wickets of Shepherd, Aitken and Baldwin with the second, third and fourth deliveries in his first over after being hit for a four off his first ball.

UNIVERSITY

Narayan Singh, c and b Pope	4
D. Chelliah, played on, b Carey	7
K. S. Ool, b Pope	1
A. Ahmed, c Shepherd, b Pope	1
N. S. Chin, c Tyler, b Carey	1
Amplanavar, b Pope	13
C. W. Hood, c Hayward, b Pope	0
L. H. Tan, b Pope	29
A. M. Farooq, b Shepherd	8
O. V. Cheung, c Tyler, b Shepherd	6
E. Mazza, not out	12
Extras (B14, W5)	19
Total	106

Bowling Analysis

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Pope	9.2	2	22	6
Carey	7	4	16	2
Shepherd	7	0	12	0
Matches	2	0	12	0

P.R.C.

A. E. Carey, b Amplanavar	8
A. R. Pilling, b Amplanavar	31
H. Tyler, b Mazza	15
J. Hayward, c Mazza, b N. Singh	27

INDIANS SCORE 99 IN 90 MINS. & GAME DRAWN

J. E. RICHARDSON, the Colony Interporter, came off with another big score against the Indians at Sookunpoo yesterday, where the home team forced a somewhat inglorious draw in their friendly cricket match against Civil Service C.C., who ran up the formidable score of 185 for 7 declared.

The match was featured by a three-figure first-wicket partnership by Richardson (97) and Attwell (42), who put on 105 runs before Attwell was caught off Mino.

In the course of his innings of 67 out of 117 Richardson hit 13 boundaries, while Attwell found the rally six times.

Going in No. 6, Hollidge indulged in some free cricket and hit six boundaries in his 33, scored out of 40.

Given 90 minutes to score the runs, the Indians made no effort to go for them and, with the exception of Rumjahn, who had seven boundaries in his 32, scored out of 61 the batting was patchy.

CIVIL SERVICE

J. E. Richardson, c Rahman, b Mino	67
K. J. Attwell, c Esmail, b Mino	42
A. E. Perry, b Madan	15
R. H. Griffiths, b Kitchell	10
D. J. Hollidge, b M. el Arculli	33
D. McLehlan, c Rumjahn, b Mino	1
Pinder, not out	2
Extras (B6, LB1, NB3)	1
Total (for 7 wks. dec.)	185

INDIANS R.C.

A. H. Rumjahn, b Baker	32
A. R. Kitchell, c Hawkins, b Perry	0
K. Nazarin, c Richardson, b M. el Arculli	16
A. H. Madan, c McLehlan, b Perry	11
A. R. H. Esmail, c Richardson, b Perry	16
M. el Arculli, b Richardson	8
S. A. Ismail, not out	4
A. B. Mino, c Hawkins, b Richardson	5
Extras (B5)	1
Total (for 7 wks.)	99

Bowling Analysis

	O.	M.	R.	W.
A. el Arculli, c Rahman	1	0	35	1
P. Madan, did not bat	0	0	0	0

Bowling Analysis

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Perry	0	1	20	1
Baker	0	1	20	1
McLehlan	0	0	28	1
Hawkins	1	0	8	0
Richardson	1	0	3	2

VOLUNTEERS BEATEN BY THE CLOCK

In a friendly match at King's Park yesterday, Recreio Volun- teers drew with the Rest of the Club.

The Non-Volunteers lost their first three wickets for 10 runs, but E. L. Gosano and Barros then added 38 runs for the fourth wicket and a useful score by Lopes enabled the total to reach 111.

The Volunteers started well, steady scoring by L. G. Gosano, M. A. Remedios and G. N. Gosano taking the total to 77 for 3, but in an effort to score quick runs wickets were then sacrificed, and when stumps were drawn the Volunteers' score was 11 runs short of their opponents' with three wickets in hand.

RECREIO "VOLUNTEERS"

E. M. L. Soares, c M. A. Remedios, b A. V. Gosano	15
N. A. Belmont, c Gosano, b L. G. Gosano	0
E. L. Gosano, c G. N. Gosano, b L. G. Gosano	31
A. M. Frey, c B. Gosano, b A. V. Gosano	0
H. A. Barros, c M. A. Remedios, b P. M. N. da Silva	21
W. A. Reed, l.b.w., b M. A. Remedios	0
H. L. Ozorio, b M. A. Remedios	7
A. A. Lopes, c L. G. Gosano, b J. M. Gosano	20
L. G. Gosano, c B. Gosano, b M. A. Remedios	0
E. A. R. Alves, b J. M. Gosano	3
V. Yanovich, not out	12
Extras (WB1, NB1)	2
Total	111

RECREIO NON-VOLUNTEERS

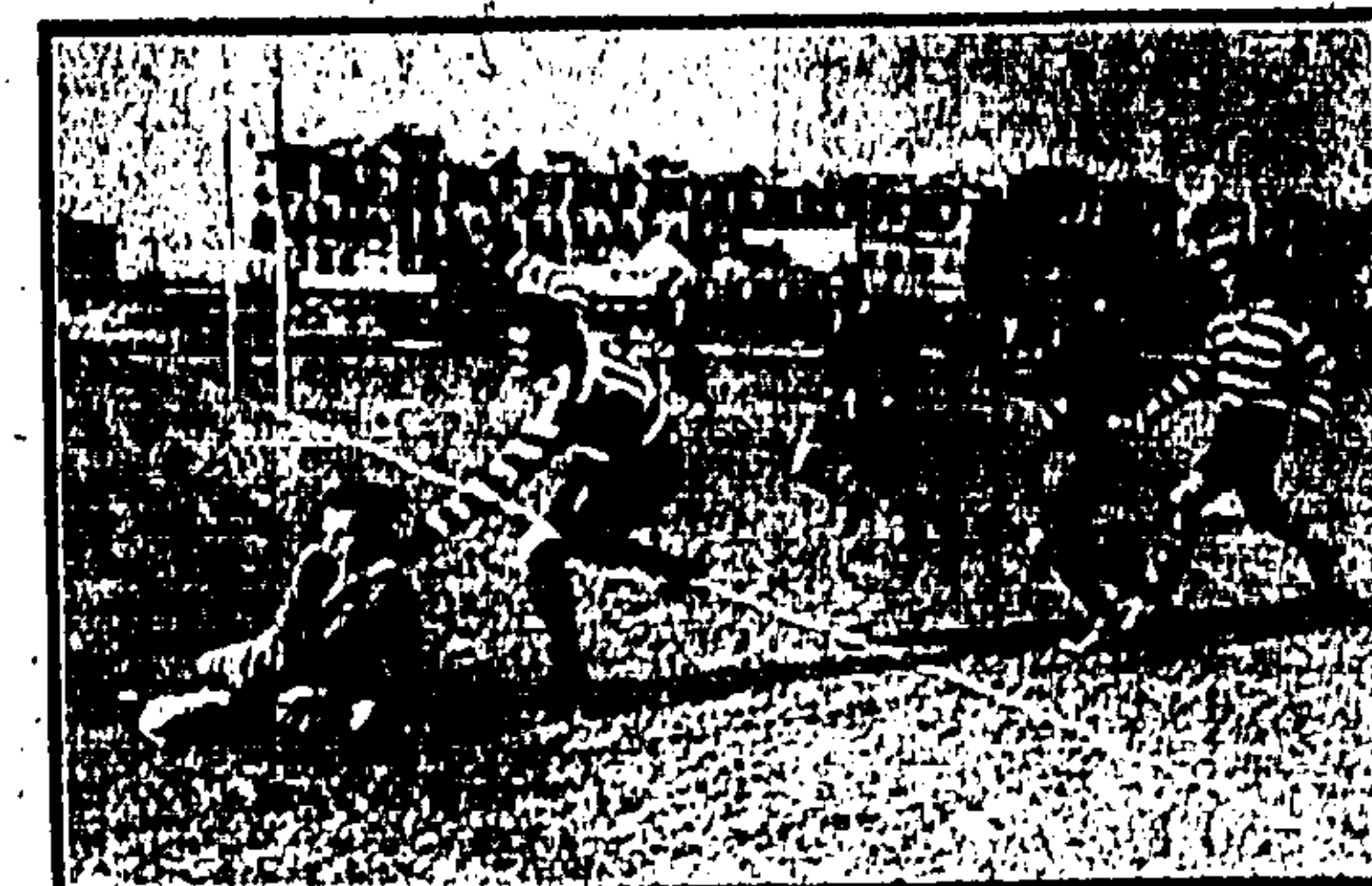
L. G. Gosano, b Ozorio	24
J. M. Gosano, c Ozorio, b E. L. Gosano	12
M. A. Remedios, l.b.w., b Ozorio	23
G. N. Gosano, b A. M. Prata	22
P. M. N. da Silva, b E. L. Gosano	1
E. J. Remedios, c Reed, b A. V. Gosano	5
A. E. Noronha, not out	4
A. P. Pereira, b Prata	2
B. T. Gosano, not out	1
Extras (LB4)	4
Total (for 7 wks.)	100

Bowling Analysis

	O.	M.	R.	W.
E. L. Gosano	0	2	27	2
Ozorio	10	0	38	2
Prata	2	0	10	3
Alves	1	0	3	0

ANSWERS

(Questions on Page 12)
A.1. No. The ball must pass outside the penalty area before it can be considered in play. The goal-kick should be taken again.
A.2. No. This can be construed as "unintentionally" conduct.
A.3. None. The ball must be dropped again, but persistent infringement can be dealt with under "unintentionally" conduct" and the offender cautioned.



McGill saves a score against Navy by securing the touch down before Taylor, the Club captain. Others in the picture are Honeywell, Rutherford and Heasman. Club and Navy drew 5-5. (70mg).

NAVY'S GRAND WIN OVER ARMY IN RUGBY TOURNEY

By "Scrum-Half"
NAVY BROUGHT OFF THE UNEXPECTED YESTERDAY AT CAUSEWAY BAY WHEN THEY BEAT ARMY, POTENTIAL CHAMPIONS BY A GOAL AND TWO TRIES (11PTS.) TO A TRY (3PTS.), AFTER AN INTERVAL LEAD OF 8-0, TO CONCLUDE THE FIRST ROUND OF THE QUADRANGULAR RUGBY TOURNAMENT AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE, ONE POINT AHEAD OF CLUB, WHO MASSACRED POLICE YESTERDAY.

It was a game in which no quarter was expected or given, and deadly tackling and a certain amount of bad handling reduced open play to the bare minimum and so left the result in the hands of the forwards, and it was in this department that Navy held the upper hand throughout. Unlike the Club game last Saturday, the Navy pack played the game as fit their opponents, despite a terrible hammering in the last quarter of an hour, during which Army's rough and ready tactics produced their only score.

Navy made two changes, Kennedy coming in for Mc Gill, and Winter replacing Palmer, who took a line. Army were unchanged.

Navy's win was more than deserved and all praise must go to their pack, who put in a brilliant showing and who were supported by backs who tackled grimly in the face of fierce onslaughts and yet found time to find openings in the Army defence.

Watson, the better of Ford, despite the fact Navy had the lighter pack, and when he was beaten for the ball a quick wheel invariably smothered Wedderburn. In the loose King, Taylor and Manfield set a grand example to

the remaining Navy forwards, and they were not slow to give them every support.

Mc Gill was at his best behind the scrum, while he came through a gruelling afternoon at the hands of the Army wing-forwards with great credit.

O'Riordan gave an improved display and all the three-quarters were on their toes throughout. Morahan had one or two lapses, but on the whole did well.

Pickton Does Well

Pickton played splendidly at full-back for Army and is assured of this position for the remainder of the season, but the three-quarters were disappointing and lacked that polish that they showed earlier in the season. Combes was not a success at fly-half and might have changed places with Hook at half time. Douglass made several good openings and was the best attacking three-quarter on view. Wedderburn was never given a chance to try anything on his own and it took him all his time to play an orthodox game.

Of the Army forwards, who played a really tough game, Pinkerton, Gilliam and Stedman were prominent, not relying entirely on brute force.

After Navy's line had been seriously threatened by both Wedderburn and Sutherland, and Hook had attempted a drop goal, Paul took the ball at his feet and kicked ahead past Pickton. Honeywell was following up fast and he reached the ball as it bounced conveniently for him just on the line, but he knocked on. The ball went forward and Paul secured the touch down, right between the posts and easily converted his own effort to give Navy a 5-0 lead. The referee was unsighted at the time, and Army were most unlucky. Navy, heartened by this early success, made thrust after thrust and, following a good run by Honeywell, Paul scrambled over far out. Paul failed to convert and Navy led 8-0. No further scoring took place before the interval, which terminated a period of scrappy play.

Richards (twice), Douglass, Monfield, Honeywell (twice) and Rutherford were all casualties during the game.

Mc Gill, Morahan, Kennedy, Honeywell, Paul and Bowden, O'Riordan and Taylor, Winter, Watson, Manfield, King, Taylor, Longmuir, Beattie and Poole.

ARMY—Pickton, Richards, Douglass, Hook and McDonald; Combes and Wedderburn; Sutherland, Ford, Bonpas; Millar, Heath; Pinkerton, Duke and Gilliam.

Club proved much too strong for Police in the Quadrangular Rugby tournament game at Boundary Street yesterday, winning by six goals and two tries (30 points) to a goal and a penalty try (8 points) after leading at the interval by 18 clear points.

Thomson was very prominent throughout the game. He was always where most wanted and opened up the play whenever possible.

Wall was the outstanding Police player. He saved his side on numerous occasions either by sound touch-kicking under pressure or timely falls on the ball in the face of forward rushes. In the second half he moved up into the attack and this enabled Police to offer a bolder front.

G. Davidson, not so prominent as he was the previous Saturday, was injured late in the game.

Club opened the scoring in the first few minutes, Carruthers scoring a fine try which Aitkenhead converted. Day increased the lead before the game was 10 minutes old with another good try which Aitkenhead converted. Day followed good interpassing, scored a third try for Club, and Taylor converted. Thomson then scored a neat try between the posts, but it was not improved on.

Club—Thompson; Bosanquet, Carruthers, Day and Stewart; Aitkenhead and Thomson; Lee, Burford, Heasman, Needham, Hackett, Kennedy, Taylor and Redman.

POLICE—Wall; Reynolds, Docherty, Innes and Dingwall; Jackson and Haddell; Jennings, Lewis, Hogarth, Cullinan, Beattie, Wright-Noel, Dempsey and Gough.

Royals Rally Too Late

By "SCRUM-HALF"

Club "A" were unable to raise a full team yesterday for their Rugby match against Royal Scots, due to Camp, and as a result a Rest of the Colony team took the field and, after a scrappy game featured only by the excellent leadership of the Rest forwards by Walkden, Club skipper last season, they won by two goals and a try (13 pts.) to a dropped goal and a try (7 pts.).

Other players to impress were Morgan, Rest fly-half, Wilson (Navy), Rest full-back in the first half, Dudgeon and Taylor (Army), Rest forwards, and Stephenson, Royals' centre-three-quarter and of whom more is likely to be heard in the future.

Gracie gave Royals a 4-0 interval lead as a result of a nice dropped goal, but Rest were, however, ahead early in the second half when Taylor dribbled over close in for Stuart to add the goal points, and Steus increased their lead when he hurried himself over during a loose movement near the Royals' line. Wilson (Club) failed to convert. Morgan then scored a good try for Rest, selling the dummy three times before touching down between the posts for Stuart to add the goal points. A mistake on the part of O'Way resulted in Coomb going over near the posts for Royals, but Gracie's effort at goal failed.

Royals attacked on goal in the last few minutes, but despite one glorious chance, when a forward took the ball at his feet over the Rest line and then knocked on as the ball came up into his hands, they failed to score again.

At an informal dinner held last night at Peninsula Hotel by Hong Kong Baseball League the trophies won during the past season were presented by Mr. B. C. Lawrence, President of the League.

Li-Comdr. McClynn and Lt. Camp, both of U.S.S. Mindanao, followed as were the winners of the various competitions.

League champions.—U.S.S. Mindanao.
International Champions.—Portugal.
League Charity Cup.—U.S. Navy.

Army Shock Attack
Army started off with a rush in the second half, but their forwards made little headway and Navy soon settled down and Taylor made valuable ground before being grassed. Combes then broke through and passed to Gilliam, who had McDonald unmarked on his outside, but the pass was knocked on by Gilliam and Navy breathed again. Following a scrum 10 yards from the Army line Rutherford came on the blind side and sold the dummy to three players before going over far out for Paul to fail with the kick. 11-0.

Combes then had an attempt at a dropped goal, but his left-footed kick was wide of the mark and broke through, but with no one up to take a pass, he was heavily grassed by Paul, whose defence was perfect throughout. Hook was prominent again when he sent Richards away on the wing, but the latter was bundled into touch by Morahan five yards from the line. From the line-out Army battered away at the Navy line and after several efforts had been frustrated Gilliam scrambled over close only for Miller to fail with the kick.

Paul attempted a dropped goal from 40 yards out, but it lacked height, and the game came to a close without any further scoring.

Richards (twice), Douglass, Monfield, Honeywell (twice) and Rutherford were all casualties during the game.

Mc Gill, Morahan, Kennedy, Honeywell, Paul and Bowden, O'Riordan and Taylor, Winter, Watson, Manfield, King, Taylor, Longmuir, Beattie and Poole.

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CLUB SWAMP POLICE

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STUDIO
MINIATURE GARDENS
and many more

TOO TIRED
TO ENJOY
A REST?



How do you feel towards the end of the day—eager to get the washing-up done, and tuck the kids into bed? Looking forward to a cheerful evening with the radio? Or do you flop into a chair too worn out to enjoy your rest? And find yourself dozing to the music? This isn't right! Do you know what is wrong?

It is probably constipation. You may be "regular." Still, it's probably constipation. Elimination must be complete as well as regular. If it isn't, poisons get into the blood, cause vague lack of well-being.

For this there is a simple, honest prescription—Kruschen Salts. It isn't a drug, or a patent medicine, or a fad, or a fashion; it's a British institution.

Doctors have prescribed it these fifty years past, for the analysis on the bottle tells them they could prescribe nothing better. It agrees with their medical knowledge. And Kruschen Salts will agree with you.

You'll feel all the better for a pinch.

KRUSCHEN
You can take it in tea or hot water.
All Chemists and Stores sell Kruschen.
AFB

Fireside FORTUNE TELLING

By MARIANNE MARSH

Ten-Cups Reveal The Future

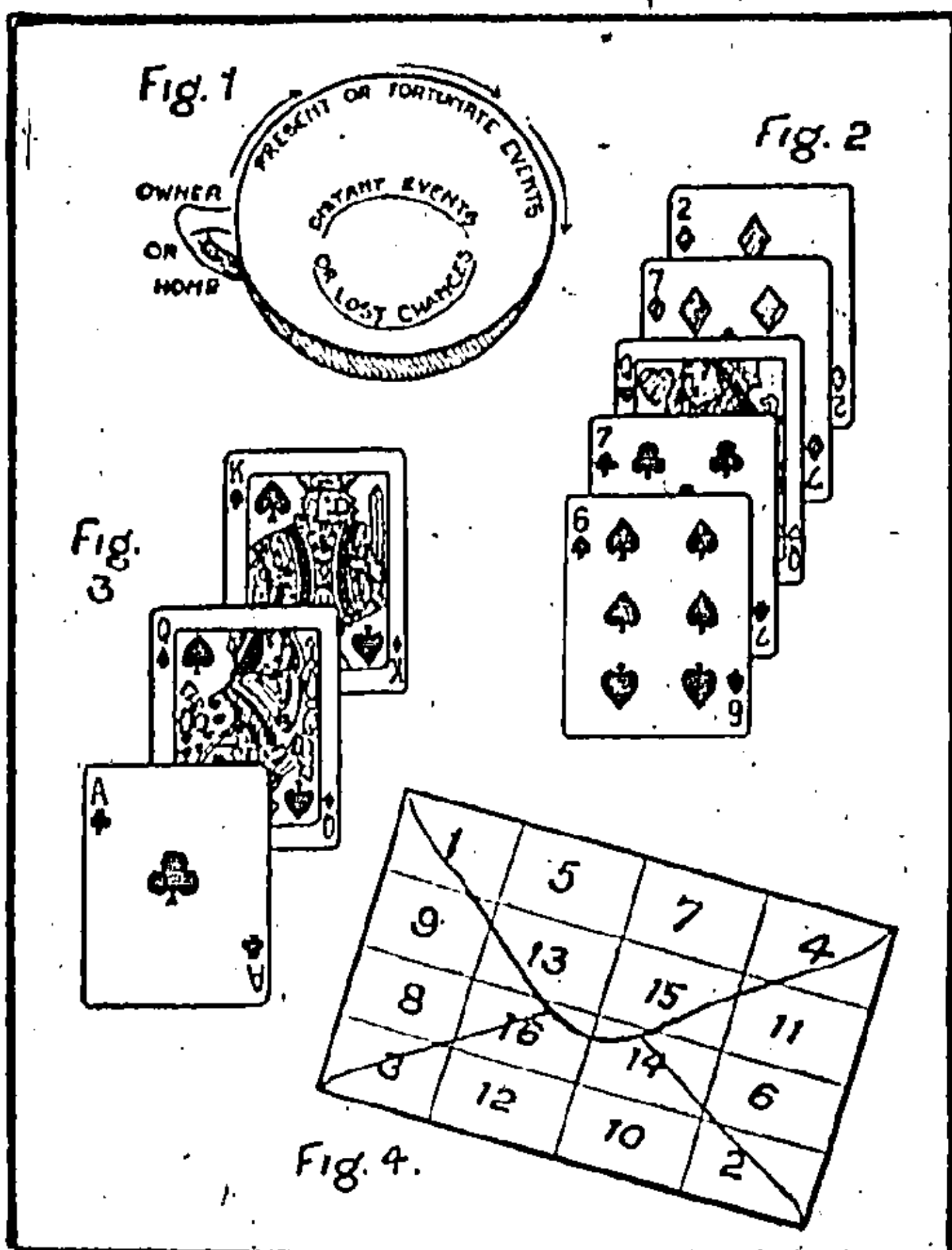
This is a very old form of telling the future, and was used by the Chinese philosophers long before tea was introduced into this country. China tea is still the best for producing tea-leaf pictures, but our more usual Indian blends will fall into interesting shapes if treated in the right way.

Always use a wide, shallow cup, preferably plain and white inside. Coloured patterns or fluted outlines should be avoided. The owner of the cup (temporary, of course) must first drink the tea, leaving just a drain of liquid.

Then she must take the cup by the handle, saving it gently three times to the left, and then invert it in her saucer, leaving it there for a few minutes. While waiting, she should concentrate on any wish or ambition for the coming year.

Fig. 1 shows the "map" of the ten-cup. The handle represents the owner or her home, or the house in which she is at present. The upper part of the cup indicates things soon to happen, or very, fortunate omens. The bottom of the cup shows events further in the future, or wasted opportunities.

Always begin reading from the left side of the handle, and continue round the cup, as shown by the arrows. The very first shape on which you set your eyes concerns the owner's wish. The position or shape of most of the omens will explain themselves. For instance, a heart or a ring suggests a love affair. At the



top of the cup and near the handle, it refers to the owner and some other person either in the present company or close at hand. A square means news or a letter, a circle means a present or a rise in salary, a straight line means a smooth journey, while a wavy or broken one means difficulties ahead.

Here are some other signs often seen in the cup. Dots mean money, crosses trouble and hindrance, stars triumph and success. Human heads or figures mean visitors, and if their arms are outstretched they will bring a present. Several women's heads together suggest scandal. A dog means a good friend, a cat promises a peaceful home-life. Flowers mean news of a wedding, fruit means a year of prosperity.

What The Cards Foretell

Playing cards are always popular for telling fortunes, and the two methods suggested here are quick to learn and easy to carry out.

For the first one, take out from the pack the card representing the Inquiries, as follows: King of hearts, a young fair man; king of diamonds, an older fair man; or one "between colours"; king of clubs, a young dark man; king of spades, an older dark man; the queens apply in exactly the same way. Grey or white hair is taken to be fair.

Take all the other pictures from the pack, shuffle the remainder, and let the Inquirer take four cards, which should be added to his or her own picture card, shuffled, and dealt face upwards, as shown in Fig. 2.

These are the meanings of the other cards: Tens refer to business, nines to home life, eights to friends, seven to marriage partners or lovers, sixes to removals or changes, fives to accidents, fours to news, three to news or letters, twos to presents, aces to difficulties.

Cards below the representative picture show past events, those above show the future. The cards in Fig. 2, with the picture in the middle, are very fortunate. Here the reading would be—a recent change of home or job, will prove decidedly to the good. There is a gift in the near future, and from the two sevens close to the Inquirer, this may well be a ring.

A second method is shown in Fig. 3. For this, take out the Inquirer's own card, as before. Take all pictures and aces from the pack, shuffle these, let the Inquirer choose two, which should be added to his or her own card, and the three dealt face upwards as shown in Fig. 3.

These show your friends and prospects for the coming year. The kings and queens have the same meaning as already explained, while the knaves show people of appropriate age and colouring, of either sex, who are likely to cause you trouble in the near future. The aces mean new beginnings or fresh opportunities. The red aces refer to friendship, love and home life; the black aces to business or activities outside the home.

In Fig. 3, the top one is the Inquirer's card, and the others indicate that his life will be closely bound up with a woman of similar age or colouring to his own. They will either be concerned together in a business venture, or he will meet her while engaged in his usual daily work.

Will My Wish Come True?

Everyone wants to answer this question, and you can give your guests some interesting information in the following way. Take an envelope which has contained a "happy letter."

Christmas-card envelopes come under this heading and are especially suitable, for you can stick the flap down again. Mark out the reverse side into divisions, numbering them as shown in Fig. 4.

Each person, in turn, should take the envelope in the right hand, a pin in the left. Close the eyes and concentrate on the wish, meanwhile turning the envelope round three times, and then prick with the pin. The replies below will help to solve your queries.

1. Make sure of your own mind first. 2. Expect success soon. 3. You are too impatient. 4. Not for some time. 5. Try again. 6. Beware of hasty action. 7. It rests with yourself. 8. Yes, if you listen to good advice. 9. You think too much of this matter. 10. Go ahead immediately. 11. It will cost more than it is worth. 12. No one else can help you. 13. You will get what you deserve. 14. After some months. 15. Perhaps. 16. Only time will tell.

TO WISH YOU

GOOD CHEER

and

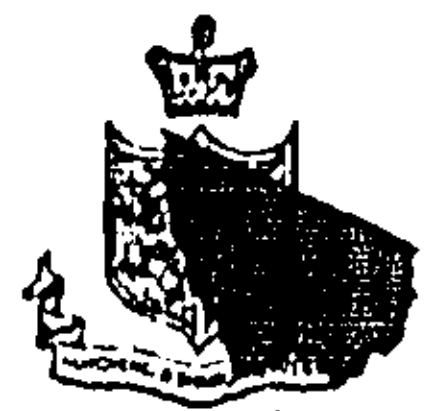
A

MERRY CHRISTMAS

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NICK KORIN and HIS SWING BAND

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Xmas Comedy

CHILDREN can be very comical Christmas time. I remember one particular party when I was helping to get the young son of a friend of mine ready for a Christmas party. His mother was most concerned about the way he might behave. I told her to forget it and let him enjoy himself, but she just had drummed in to him the right answer when some one asked him to have a second piece of cake. Tested by his mother before he went automatically he replied "Thank you, but I'd rather not."

He came back from that party in a temper. The next morning he confided in me. When they asked him to have a second piece of cake he dutifully replied, "No thank you. I'd rather not." But then they asked him three more times to have a second piece of cake. And finally he had told them to "take the stuffing away!"

Equally amusing was the remark of a very old friend of mine in Lancashire. I have known him from childhood days and when he asked me to dinner one Boxing Day, I went. His wife had an odd habit of making guests in relation to something on the table. As her husband started carving the turkey she said, "I suppose there were only two turkeys in the world once upon a time?"

Now my friend, the husband, seemed to find the bird a bit tough, and turning to me he mildly remarked, "I wonder where the other one went?"

Ghosts and Christmas go together. I'm no believer in them, but one very dramatic experience came my way in Shropshire some years ago. We were all laughing and talking round the table on Christmas Eve when a young girl suddenly gave a little scream and pointed out of the window. Rush-

ing to the window we all peered through. The pitch black length of the garden stretched before us, the tree branches dripping with rain. But a narrow path running underneath the window disappeared half-way down the garden in a small group of bushes. Beyond this was open country. But staring out of those bushes were two greenish-eyes, enormous in the darkness.

Everyone fell silent. Then, magically, one of those eyes vanished. We stared in amazement. Next moment the other had gone too. A little burst of excited chatter followed. But no one volunteered to investigate. Moreover their forced laughter made it quite clear that they all felt a little uneasy. For myself the thought of those two eyes out there in the wet darkness certainly sent a little shiver down my spine, but I wanted to find out more about them. Summing up my courage I announced that I was going out to investigate. Complete with macintosh and knee boots, I made my way down the garden, with the young son of the house. As we drew level with the bushes, I suddenly gave a little gasp and shrank back. Those huge green eyes were glowering at me through the bushes. Above them too was a terrifying apparition. A pair of blunt horns... I had an odd prickly feeling of the scalp, and was just about to withdraw when my companion burst out laughing.

"It's a goat," he said. "A goat tethered to a tree."

And, sure enough, it was. Half a minute later I was stroking the animal and turning its head to try the full effect of lamp-light on its eyes. They looked positively balloony!

By Gracie Fields

THAT'S WHAT
I NEED TO
STOP
MY COLD

MENTHOLATUM
QUICKLY RELIEVES
COLDS
Just Apply to
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COOL & DRY SMOKE

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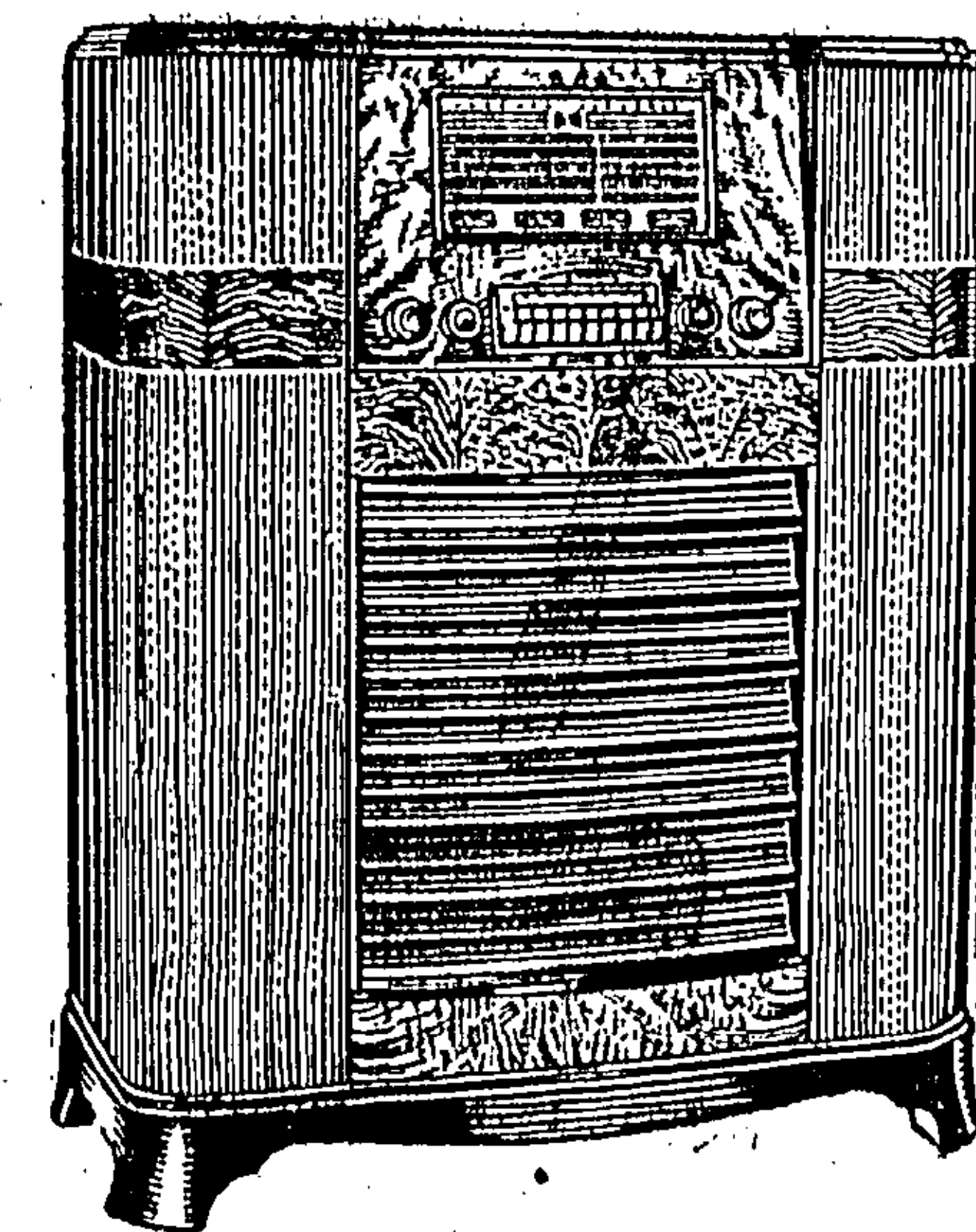


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AROUND THE YULE LOG

THE log fire is burning brightly and Christmas is in the air so let's amuse ourselves. Some games, a trick or two, and puzzles for a quiet interval, these make a fine variety for children of all ages between seven and seventy! Here is an easy puzzle to start the ball rolling.

Name The Cars

Six words which begin with the syllable "car" are hidden in the sentences below. For instance, "The vegetable car" would be CARROT.

See if you can find what these represent:

1. The red car.
 2. The car that is a ridiculous likeness.
 3. The car that is a musket.
 4. The car that is the music of bells.
 5. The affectionate car.
 6. The seed car.
- People who like party games will enjoy this one called

Passing The Match Box

Two teams of players are chosen and made to stand some distance apart. Each leader has a matchbox cover placed on his nose. At the word "Go" the leader turns to the next player who places his nose inside the other end of the matchbox thus transferring it to himself. He then turns to the next person in the row who does the same. The matchbox is in this way carried down the line from nose to nose. No one may touch it with his hands and, should



it fall, the team must start again. The side which finishes first wins the game. The following trick is sure to keep your friends guessing.

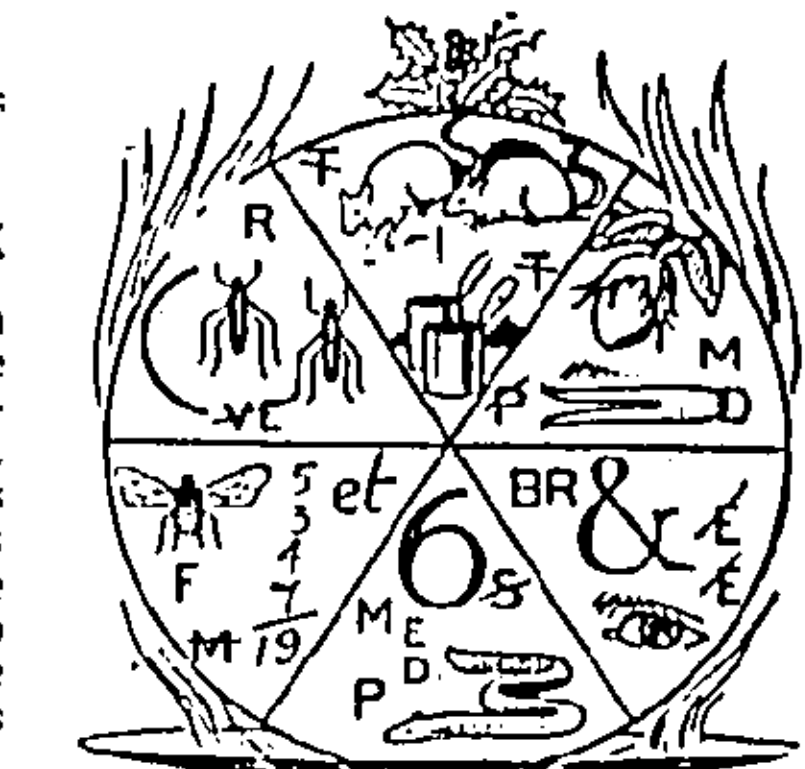
Through The Circle

Thick paper, a pair of scissors and a penny are all you need. Cut a circle in the paper about the size of a shilling, then ask your friends if they can pass the penny through the hole without touching the coin or tearing the paper.

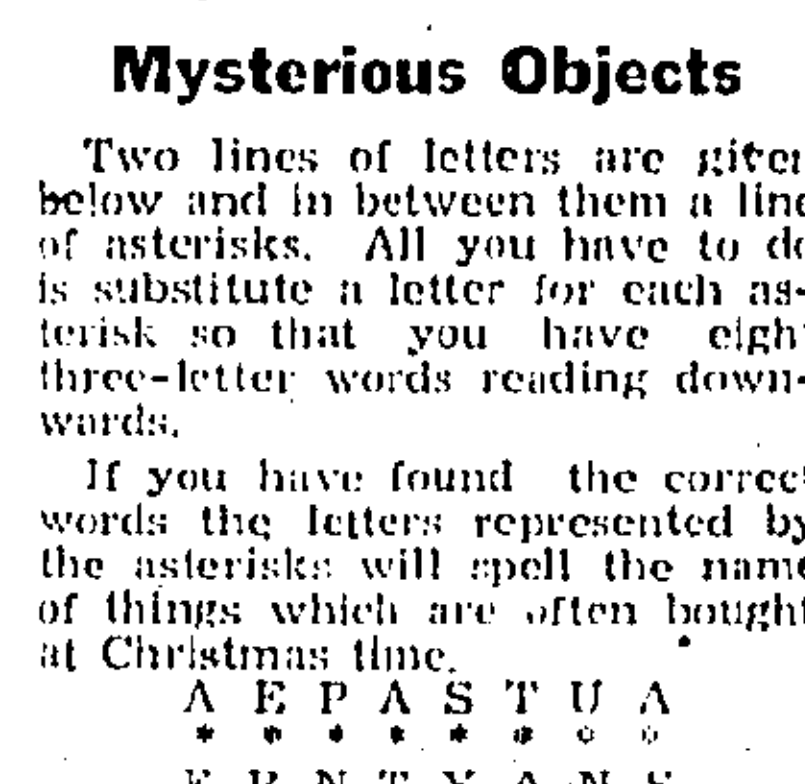
After a few attempts they will doubtless give it up, but the trick is quite easily done. Fold the paper exactly across the centre of the hole and ease the penny off the table on to the edge of the paper. Shake the coin into position above the hole and gently bend the sides of the paper upwards. The penny will then slide through quite easily.

The Christmas Pudding

How many of you can solve the puzzle below in three minutes.



Six ingredients which are used in making the Christmas pudding are hidden in the pictures. What are they?



Two lines of letters are given below and in between them a line of asterisks. All you have to do is substitute a letter for each asterisk so that you have eight three-letter words reading downwards.

The Twins' Adventure

THREE days until Christmas! Snow lay thick on the ground and the air was clear and spark-

ling as Malsie and Jack White pulled their sledge out of the store shed.

"We'll slide down Barrock Hill, Malsie," said Jack with a cheery ring in his voice. "It's a fine steep hill and we shall have a good run."

"Yes," answered Malsie doubtfully, "that seems all right, but you've forgotten Mr. Timms. His house is just at the bottom of the hill and he is almost certain to stop us."

"Oh, hang old Timms!" growled Jack. "He is crusty," continued Malsie, "but sometimes I feel sorry for him. It must be terribly and to live alone like that with no one to send him presents or wish him a merry Christmas."

"Well, serve him right," muttered Jack, "he shouldn't be so mean." "Perhaps he hasn't any money," said Malsie.

But Mr. Timms was soon forgotten when the twins reached the top of Barrock Hill and saw the long stretch of snow before them. White excited shouts Jack and Malsie perched themselves on the sledge and slowly at first, it started the downhill run.

Gradually it became faster until the sledge was travelling at break-neck speed. The twins, faces crimson with excitement, were enjoying themselves mightily, when suddenly they became aware that the sledge was moving in a slanting direction.

"Look out!" yelled Malsie to Jack, who was in front, "we'll bump into the gate post!" "Timms's gatepost," echoed Jack, and almost as he spoke the collision occurred.



With a terrific bang the sledge dashed into the gate-post, and there was a sharp rending sound. The post had broken.

The twins, who had been thrown out, scrambled to their feet, little the worse for their tumble.

"This would happen to us," said Jack, dismally.

"Isn't it funny? A strong post like that, and it has broken in two," commented Malsie, who had been eyeing the post ruefully. Suddenly she started and took a step forward.

"Jack—it's hollow, and there's a packet in it. Look!"

The twins, however, had no time to investigate, for just then, along came Mr. Timms.

"I see you've had an accident," he said, and, to the twins' surprise, his voice seemed not at all unpleasant. "I hope you haven't hurt yourselves."

Relieved to see that he was not so ill-natured as people said, the twins quickly assured him that they were all right, and apologized for the damage done to the post.

"We'll soon mend that—don't worry!" was his comment, and he was about to turn away when the twins pointed to the hollow space and showed him the package.

"It can't be true," he muttered, almost to himself, as he took the small bag and felt inside it. A dazed look came into his eyes, then seeing how the twins were staring in bewilderment, he continued:

"You two children have been the means of bringing me untold riches."

At this, the twins were about to dart away, thinking that he must be a little mad, but he stopped them with a gesture.

"Oh, no—I'm quite all right. Do you know what is in this bag? Jewels which have been hidden for hundreds of years."

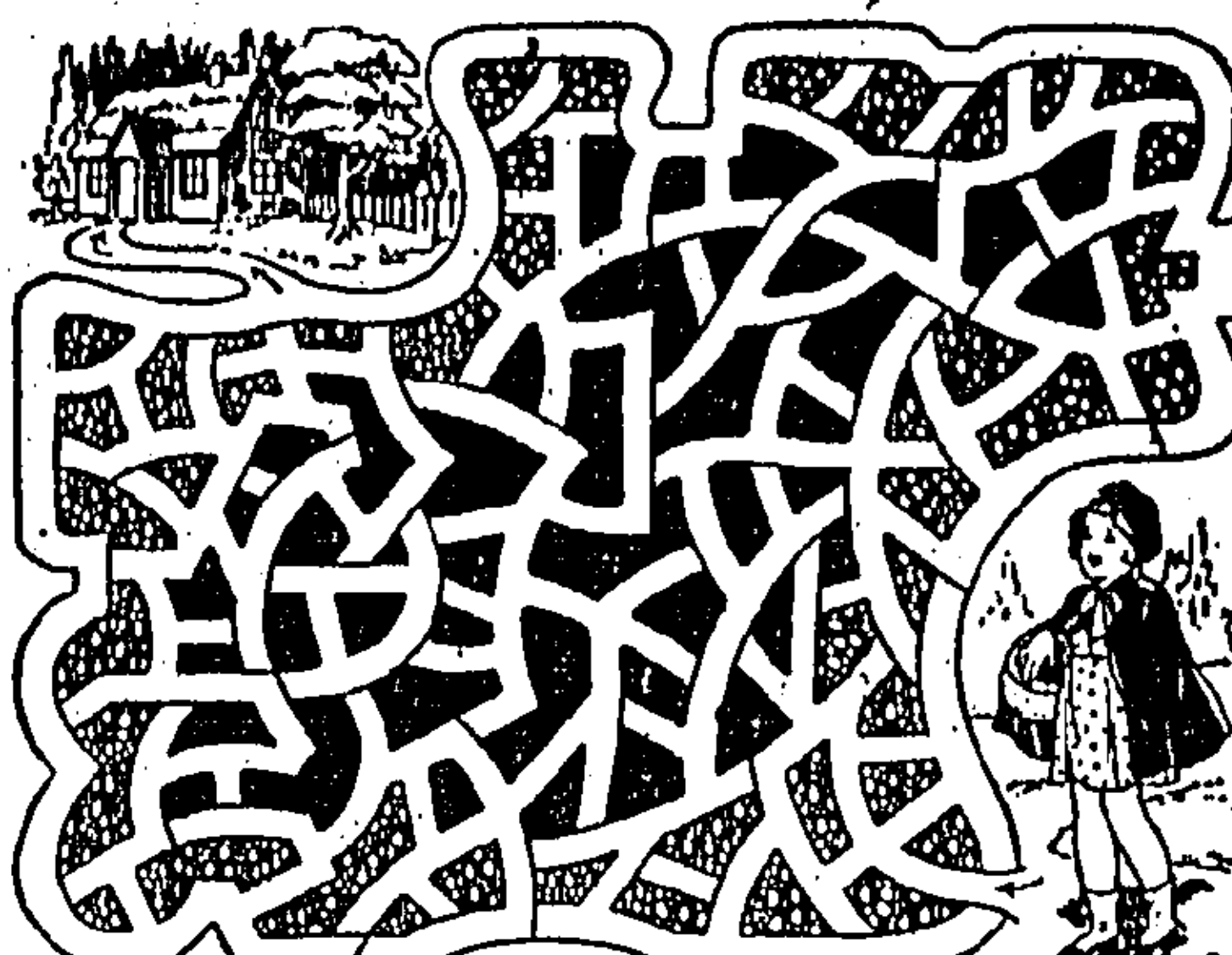
"The house I live in," he went on, "in, as you know, very old. Long ago, an ancestor of mine had a fine collection of jewels, but, thinking that they would be taken from him by the king, he hid them, and no one was able to discover them. Look!"

He plunged his hand into the bag, and, at the sight of those wonderful jewels, Malsie and Jack gave a startled gasp.

"Oh, I'm so glad," cried they, when they had gathered their wits together.

Mr. Timms had been feeling about in the bag.

"These are for you," he said, "one each, and they seem too small a reward for what you have done," and he handed them two beautiful pearls.

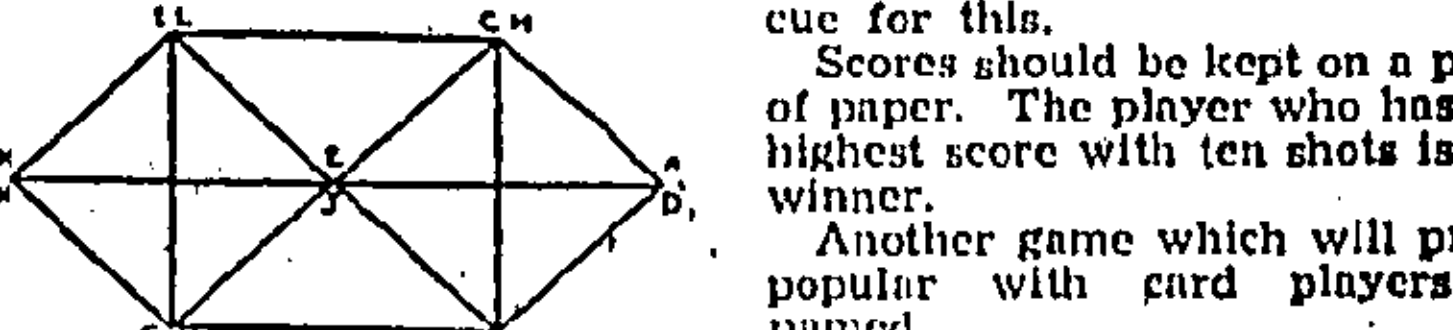


Mark the path Red Riding Hood takes to reach the cottage without crossing any lines.

Later Mr. Timms called at the twins' home, and after they had heartily congratulated him, he invited them all to a huge Christmas party, which he gave to celebrate the finding of his jewels.

A Puzzling Design

Can you draw a diagram similar to the one below without going over any line twice or raising your pencil from the paper?



If it puzzles you take a closer look at the sketch to see how it is done. The lines are drawn from A to B, then on to C and D and so on.

A game which can easily be prepared beforehand makes good entertainment for young guests. This one is called

Bagatelle Billiards

Empty matchboxes, cardboard, and gum are the three things re-



quired to make the "props" for fascinating game. Gum evenly together nine of the outer covers of matchboxes and leave until dry. Meanwhile

your

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Elizabeth Arden

"ELIZABETH ARDEN" preparations comprising: Beauty Boxes, Harmony Sets, Douling Powder, Bath Essence and Soap in "Blue Grass" and "Jame Geranium" Perfumes.

SCARVES

"Jaeger" Woollen Scarves in attractive designs and colours. Scarves made of Woollen Lace. Silk Triangles, Stocks, Squares, etc., featuring many new ideas of patterns and colourings.



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We have the most distinctive and fascinating selection of evening bags comprising: Gold and silver mesh velvet, beaded bags in white and gold, and gold and silver kid has been used with subtle art to delight the eye.

VANITY BAGS

Which contain every essential for an evening's use in an amazingly small space are to be had in an extensive range.

GLOVES

There is no problem pertaining to Gloves that cannot be solved by our Glove Department which carries an extensive range—Evening Gloves, White Kid, or Coloured Silk Lace will add chic to any Evening Gown, whilst our day Gloves of Chamola, Kid, Suède, or Fabric in all the popular shades including Reds, and Greens are irresistible.

NOVELTIES

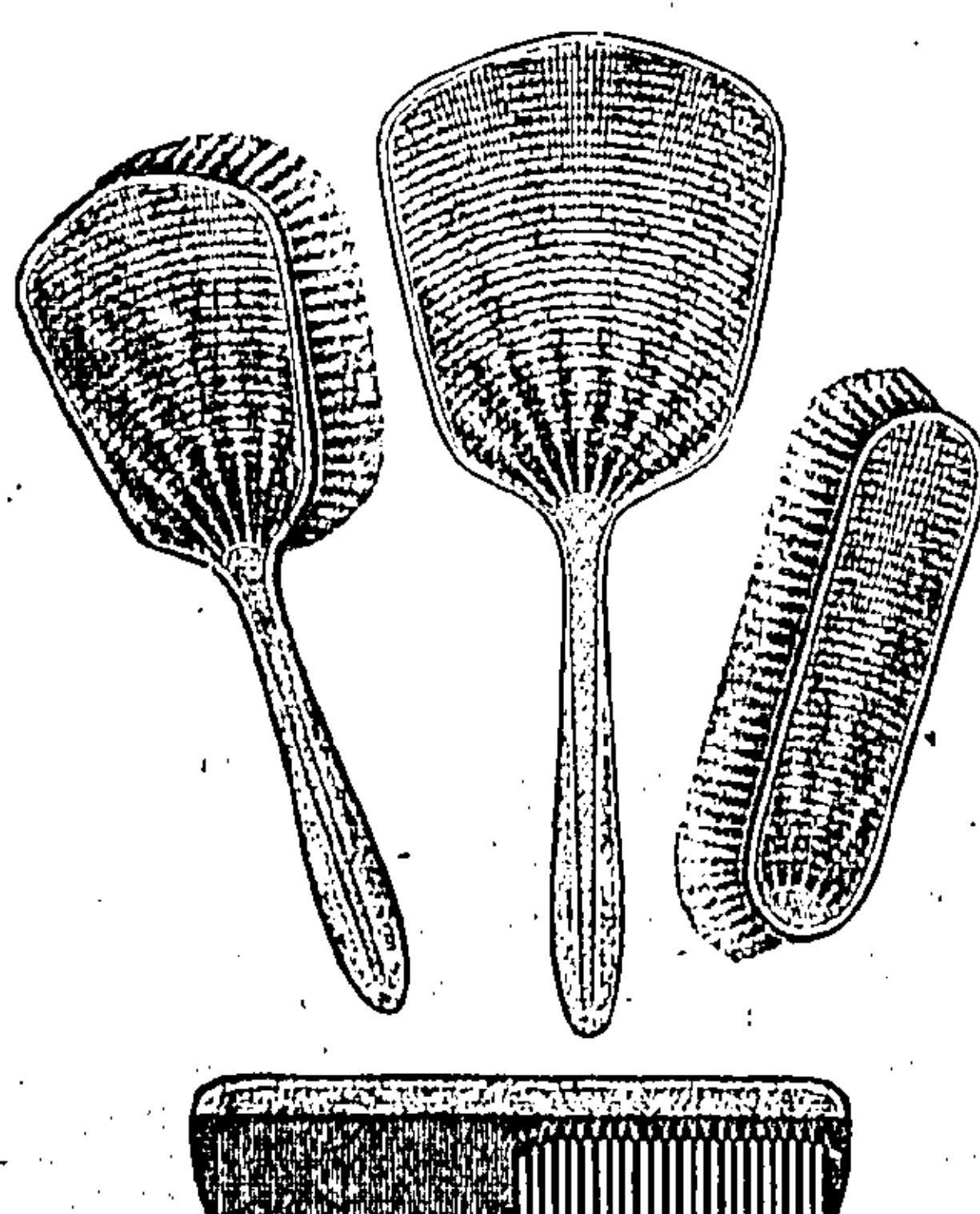
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ELEGANT BRUSH SETS, UP-TO-DATE DESIGNS AND COLOURS, IN REAL ENAMEL ON H.M. ENGINE-TURNED SILVER, BLUE, GREEN, MAUVE, AND PINK.

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REAL CRYSTAL BRUSH SETS, HAND CUT, IN BLACK AND WHITE DESIGN REAL HAND CUT CRYSTAL CIGARETTE BOX, POWDER BOWLS, SCENT BOTTLES, MIOGET SCENT SPRAYS, AMBER CRYSTAL POWDER BOWLS, AMBER CRYSTAL SCENT BOTTLES.

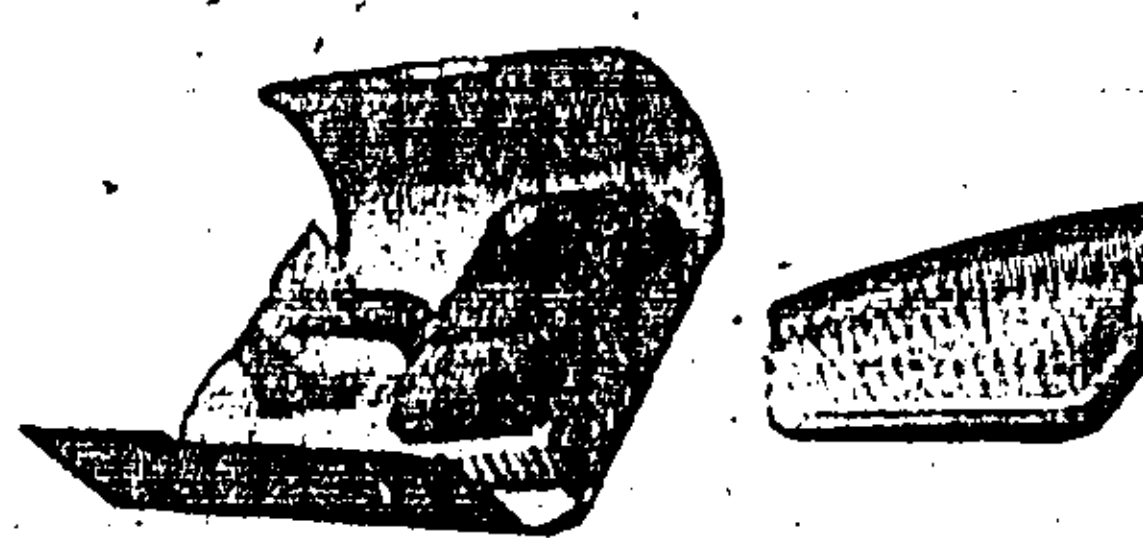
LADIES' FITTED DRESSING CASES

SILVER OR ENAMEL.

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FOR MEN



"KENT" MILITARY HAIR BRUSHES.

As illustration in a Leather Holding Case, with Black Composition Backs, and Comb. "Kent" Military Brushes without Case with Ebony or Satin Wood Backs.

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"JAEGER" SLIPPERS AS ILLUSTRATION IN DARK TAN LEATHER WITH ALL WOOL LINING, ALL SIZES ... \$16.50. "JAEGER" SLIPPERS, VERY SOFT SUEDE WITH SHEEPSKIN LINING IN NIGER BROWN, OR NATURAL SHADE. ALL SIZES \$17.50.

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ROSE ROOM
5 P.M. TILL 7 P.M.

ART CARNEIRO
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THE HONG KONG & SHANGHAI HOTELS, LTD.

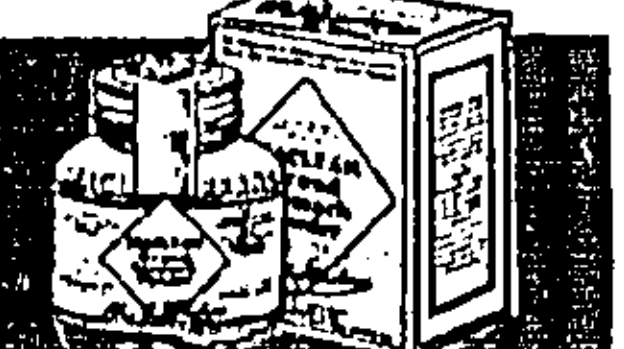
They told him he FACED OPERATION for Stomach Ulcer



When Mr. J. H. J. developed stomach pains he rushed to hospital for an X-ray examination and was told to rest and live on milk. But business was bad, and Mr. J. could not rest. "I was told to try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder," he writes. "I have not had that pain for over three weeks. I am still working and feel first-class. I have three good meals a day and a light supper at night. Your wonderful powder has saved my life."

Look for the Signature
Alex. C. Maclean

MACLEAN
BRAND
Stomach Powder



2APB9



NEW ENRICHED BLEND

NOW HERE'S A COFFEE I CAN REALLY ENJOY... IT'S FULL-FLAVOURED... IT'S MELLOW

THAT'S BECAUSE OF THE NEW RICHER BLEND OF MAXWELL HOUSE

NEW RADIANT ROAST

WHAT'S THIS RADIANT ROAST ALL ABOUT, JIM?

IT'S ABOUT PERFECT COFFEE, BOB. MAXWELL HOUSE IS ROASTED UNIFORMLY THROUGHOUT... NEVER PARCHED OR UNDER-ROASTED

IN THE VITA-FRESH TIN

ISN'T IT MARVELLOUS—HAVING COFFEE AS FRESH AS THE DAY IT WAS ROASTED?

MAXWELL HOUSE VITA-FRESH TIN DOES THAT... IT'S SUPER-VACUUM PACKED, TO PRESERVE THE FULL FLAVOUR

Yes, there is a difference in the new Maxwell House Coffee. The blend has been further improved. Then there is the new Radiant Roast—a roast that brings out all the true coffee flavour—that insures a richness and fullness of flavour that is truly marvellous. Add to this the roaster's freshness of Maxwell House due to the super-vacuum Vita-Fresh tin, and you see why we say that Maxwell House gives you the finest cup of coffee you have ever tasted. Try Maxwell House for yourself, buy a tin today, Regular or Drip Grind, to suit your coffee-making method.



GOOD TO
THE LAST DROP

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

THE HONG KONG SUNDAY HERALD

WOMEN'S SECTION--CHRISTMAS NUMBER

The Attractive Shopper Gets Quicker Attention

THESE is no denying the fact that the woman who has an attractive appearance receives quicker and better attention from sales people. A hard nut to crack but there it is—and this is especially so during the Christmas rush. And do not write and say, "That's so," for I experimented!

Not practicing what I preach, I hurried out the other day to get a lot of shopping done. I took hardly any time at all to put on my make-up and select my accessories. The result? I had a dreadful day. I was ignored at almost every counter where there were other shoppers. The tired salespeople just took a look at me and thought, "That girl isn't here to shop, she's just whiling away her day!" For a very busy person, it was annoying.

Next day I started out differently. I dressed carefully, wore my newest most becoming hat, a pair of chic walking shoes, and spent at least fifteen minutes making my face look like a well-informed beauty editor's face should look. Did I get attention? Heavens, I thought I was Mrs. Astor, before the day was over! The sales people not only singled me out for attention but they actually suggested gifts for my shopping list.

That's the Way It Is!

Now if you want attention at any time, be just as attractive as you can be. Dress the part, look the part, act the part! A winning manner, a smile, alert eyes and apparent good grooming will take you farther in life than a long list of impressive ancestors! You see, impressions matter a great deal. You draw up to a garage for gasoline. An indolent, untidy person comes out to give you gas as if he were doing you a big favour. Will you patronise his station again? Not if you can help it, for your impression of him was anything but favourable. Now, he may be deserving, he may have had a lot of trouble, he might even be ill, but because you do not know these things and you do not know his attitude and appearance were not favourable you are just not going to be bothered with him! That example may be carried into most situations in life.

When Shopping

These brisk days make noses red and whisk powder off if you do not use a good protective foundation before you make-up. You want your skin to look its best for holiday parties, so protect it daily. Cream rouge stays with you longer, it seems to me, and as shopping can quickly use up your energy be sure you wear a bright lipstick and a bit of eye make-up. After an hour or two, if you still must keep going, take a few minutes and repair your beauty.

You should carry in your handbag, a few sheets of face tissue, a tiny tube of cleansing cream and your compact with lipstick. Foreign beauties tuck a tiny vial of pine essence or other invigorating cologne to use when energy fails. It's a good stunt and worth trying.

Christmas is the nicest season of the year. It is dedicated to joy of giving and we should bear that in mind. If shopping for the things we give makes us old grouches, we are definitely losing the Christmas flavour. Look nicely while you shop, have joy from shopping, and rest well when you get home!



Lana Turner with her Christmas Tree Hat is the very essence of the holiday spirit -- to her shopping is fun!

YOUR CHRISTMAS IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

Unfortunately for the world, Christmas has lost much of its true significance. It has become a day of gift exchanging rather than gift giving. Each of us has been guilty of telling others what we would like to receive, and tiny lists have been asked to make lists for Santa Claus. Not lists of what they want to give others—but lists of gifts they would like to receive.

Many adults loudly voice their dislike of the holiday. "It's funny, but I don't like Christmas," "Christmas leaves me cold. If it weren't for the children..." And you've heard many a person sigh, "Christmas is only a big headache! I give away things I would like to have myself and I get presents which I never can use!"

You see? Christmas has become a headache because we forget that as a day it celebrates the beginning of Christianity—a religion which is based on divine generosity. God gave His Son to the earth that there may be peace and good will. That His people might think of others; so eventually the earth will be a place of beauty and love.

Considerateness A Beauty Asset

Christmas should inspire us to be considerate to give of ourselves as well as of our material wealth. The bounty we receive should be from persons whose love we have won through our own considerateness. Each gift we receive should symbolise the growth of our finer characteristics.

You and I know it is easier to be selfish than generous. The law of existence demands that the fittest survive and we are born with an instinct to take care of ourselves, but we were not expected to allow concern for our daily welfare to exclude all concern of our fellow beings.

It's not too late—even if today is Christmas—to scatter a little of your joyful tidings. Pick up your telephone and call a friend or two who would be delighted by your greetings. Drop a note to others who are more remote and say you are thinking about them and wishing happiness to be theirs.

If there are about you persons or families who are less fortunate than you, share with them what you have. Perhaps you could spare one of your gifts to bring joy to a person who has great sorrow. Do this joy spreading with joy in your heart, with beauty in your face, for a gift offered without sincerity and graciousness misses its mark every time.

Christmas depression descends because we feel sorry for ourselves—a bitter truth and hard to face. Forget your disappointments and devote this one day solely to thinking of others—you'll be delighted with the new beauty of your face when the day has ended! For whether or not we want to believe it there is no denying that considerate deeds and happy thoughts elicit greater beauty on our faces and give us a gracious dignity which cannot otherwise be obtained!

So Merry Christmas to you, and may happiness be yours to-day and all the to-morrows that come!



LET SANTA KNOW WHAT YOU WANT

As long as people are going to give you Christmas gifts it isn't a bad idea to have a list of what you want or need. It is nice to be surprised, of course, and open a gift which you hadn't the slightest idea you would receive; but, on the other hand, when money is scarce and needs so numerous, there is no harm in telling relatives or intimate friends what you would prefer.

For instance, husbands usually find themselves at bay when it comes to buying the appropriate gift for the little wife. Why not let him know that you would appreciate a course of salon treatments (if you need them), or a series of exercising hours under a severe instructor? A good permanent wave is desired by many wives and yet it seems hard to spend the money for one. If he wants to give you something more lasting, and if you have the use for one, steer him to the section where they sell those stunning overnight bags—fitted with your favourite cosmetics. These bags have been vastly improved during the last two years and they are so designed that there is plenty of room for the overnight garments and tooth brush besides creams and lotions for skin care.

Perhaps you have always yearned for a truly good day bag or evening bag, with enough compartments to take care of all the nick-nacks a woman wishes to carry around with her. Now, a bag is a personal accessory and I have yet to see the husband or beau who did not need assistance in selecting one which will meet with a woman's meticulous taste. If he wishes it to be a "surprise" on Christmas morning caution him to hold the privilege of exchange if the bag is not suitable. Then you can trot down after Christmas and get just what you want!

Thinking of Husband

If you are a wife, you might be stumped about what hubby really needs for Christmas. His wardrobe may be pretty well stocked and after the holiday has been selected you may not have another idea. How is his hair? Would a course of good salon treatments help his scalp, and is he silently wishing that someone would do something about his scalp? You know most of the better hair treatment salons have special sections for men clients so the shy dears need not feel embarrassed when they go for treatment.

He, too, might need, or appreciate, a membership in a club or gymnasium where he might go and exercise some of the fatigue out of his body and keep his "corporation" under control. He wouldn't spend the money on himself, perhaps, but would be more than delighted if you ferreted out the best place and put it in his membership.

Of course, there is the luxury angle to gift giving. Personally I like to give men and women things they wouldn't buy themselves. If a woman is a hard working mother, running house on a close budget, I want to give her a set of lovely scented bath aids, a bottle of very good perfume, a stunning compact, a very complete manicuring set which she could use for ages, or complete make-up in a shade which exactly suits her skin tone. Both practical and luxurious is an excellent hair brush—surprising how many women need them and cannot buy them!

Speaking about brushes—you know men like them. Even if they have several a new one is always chiselled, particularly if it has good bristles, and is of new, convenient design. So just drop a note to Santa—or exchange notes with him!

GIFTS So Practical

Everything that an expensive gift has . . . but at a price so low you can give them liberally!

Silk and Satin Lingerie.	Pretty Tray Cloths.
Padded Bed Jackets.	Dainty Chiffon Hankies.
Brocade Housecoats.	Organdy and Satin Blouses.
Embroidered Guest Towels.	

Men's Extra Fine Linen Handkerchiefs

THE LINEN CHEST

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Tel. 20073.

Practical GIFTS are Sure Pleasers!

The finest thing you can give any woman is something that will add to her comfort.

Smart and Attractive Footwear.

Soft Bedroom Slippers.

Gloves, Hosiery, Etc.

Gifts that will be a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness towards her.

GORDON'S LTD.

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Be a Smart SHOPPER



Step by our Gift Counter where ideas abound—and everything is done up in attractive boxes ready to take away!

Choose From:

Necklace and bracelet set of sea-shells.

Gold Mesh Handbag.

Deauville Silk Stockings.

Leather Handbags.

Jaeger pure wool plaid scarves.

Woollen jumpers.

Etc.

LANE, CRAWFORD'S
Ladies' Salon Mezzanine Floor.

X'MAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS FROM WATSON'S

FOR GENTLEMEN

YOUR CHOICE OF:

ECLIPSE "Red Ring" Razors.

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THE VICEROY non-electric and

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Shave Mirrors and Shave Sets by "ROLLS" and other well-known makers.

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HAIR BRUSHES & MILITARY BRUSH SETS

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VANITY CASES (in Unique Styles and Designs).

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And a host of other useful and attractive articles that will make delightful and enjoyable presents.

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MATCHED MAKEUP FOR NEW, NATURAL BEAUTY

Does your purse reveal one kind of face powder, a different rouge and lipstick?

Then there's a thrilling discovery for you in this matched makeup in which all your cosmetics blend in flattering color harmony... a harmony keyed to your most important personality color, the color of your eyes.

Try this scientific short-cut to new beauty... be one of the 9 out of 10 women who say, "Marvelous Makeup gives them immediate new loveliness."



Harmonizing
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MARVELOUS
Eye-matched MAKEUP

Sole Agents—

W. R. LOXLEY & CO.
(CHINA) LTD.

Have You Met . . . ?

THERE is no need to feel awkward about introductions. Just remember that you are proud to present your friends to each other. An introduction should be simple; not flowery, stilted, or elaborate. Above all, enunciate the names clearly and distinctly.

As nearly everyone knows, men are always presented to women. Yet, how often a flustered hostess will forget, and reverse the procedure! Only in the case of the President of the United States, royal personages and dignitaries of the church are women presented to the man.

Introduce a younger person to an older or more distinguished one: "Mrs. Graynor, may I present Mr. Costello?" "Mrs. Graynor, may I introduce Mr. Albrecht?" or "Mrs. Graynor, this is Miss Jordan." Or you may say: "Mrs. Graynor, have you met (or do you know) Miss Jordan?" Never say: "Miss Jordan, have you met Mrs. Graynor?"

When you introduce one person to a group, mention the women first. Never rush breathlessly on. Leave a space for a nod, a bow or smile between each name.

And what is the proper acknowledgment? Just four words are enough. Simply, "How do you do?" Never charmed, charmed, delighted, or pleasured to death. When you say, "How do you do," you may graciously add the name. This will help you to remember it. —The Courtesy Book.

SHOW Models



1. Irene made this black crepe dinner dress for Dolores, Del Rio, Draper, at the knee is held by a silver ornament. Long black gloves are important to the chic of this costume.

2. A green wool suit with beaver pockets that flare the hips, a slim gored skirt and a beaver muff. The jersey blouse is trimmed with beaver in high comblie effect.

By Bettina Bedwell

Howard Greer, who used to work with Lucille when she was a great Paris dressmaker, maintaining a kind of Paris atmosphere in his Hollywood establishment. A Greer opening reminds me of early Molyneux fashion shows. He calls his customers the "elegants," and they are just that. The women of wealth in any one corner of his salon on opening day must have represented an aggregate fortune of half a billion dollars.

Rush To Buy

Greer's clothes are personality clothes, with a new fashion note in the way he makes them go up and down and on a slant. They are too, done things with hems. She's showing some discreet hobbles, and some very magnificent draping at the hems of sleek, slim evening dresses. This Montana girl showed a number of the best basic dresses I've ever seen in the U.S.A. And suits to

make your mouth water, with longish, slightly flared jackets and slim skirts.

Howard Greer showed a greige (colour of nutria) Winter afternoon dress, all draped on a slight diagonal, that is a smash hit. Five movie stars bought it the first day.

That's another difference between a Hollywood fashion show and others. The end of the show is like the going for a race. The audience rushes like mad to the dressing rooms to buy and buy and buy. And I'm told that there is a big competition between stars and socialites to see who can get the best dress first.

They buy and buy and buy, these girls of the silver screen and the gold-in-the-bank school. When I took a look around behind the scenes in the dressing rooms after the Irene and Greer shows, every cubicle was filled. Grim saleswomen were holding the doors to keep gale crachers out. In the corridors between, women hugged dress models tightly to their bosoms, determined that no rivals would get hold of the particular dresses they craved until they had first whack at them.

One closed door had "Madeline Carroll—No Admittance" posted on it, but a guard stood there to see that the warning was heeded. There are no signs of depression in fashion circles in Hollywood. Those clothes cost real dough.

Dress Up Your Hands For Holiday Festivities

Right now you probably wish Christmas would never come. You are weary from planning for it, discouraged because your shopping didn't turn out as successfully as you anticipated, and tired in body, mind and spirit. That's just the state you shouldn't be in — for how on earth do you expect to celebrate the holiday? What you need is at least five hours of relaxation.

I don't have to tell you to begin with exercises to follow with relaxing bath and end with making your face and hands pretty! That's the usual routine. But go through with it! And if you can top it all with a little snooze so much the better. Impossible as it may seem to you now, you'll whip things into shape in a jiffy after this indulgence of body and spirit!

About Your Hands

Please don't go to Christmas parties, or visits, or sit at Christmas dinner with hands that need attention! The bright true reds that are so currently the vogue should be inspiration enough to dress up your hands for the holidays!

Anoint them with creams and oils, after a good lather scrubbing with a brush, and if you can afford the time, slip into a pair of gloves and let your hands be well lubricated. Winter robs hands of natural oil and we must be constantly creaming them to keep the skin soft and fair.

It doesn't take more than twenty minutes to give your nails a thorough grooming. Push back the cuticle while it is still saturated with oil, brush beneath the nails with a little bleach to banish a tell-tale rim, and smooth away all hangnails. Cuticle remover is a marvelous aid and if you have that and an accurate pair of nippers you should be able to keep your cuticles nicely under control — a fitting frame for a gay polished nail!

If your nails are slightly discoloured use an opaque polish in a shade flattering to your hand

HOW to WASH NYLON

NYLON, the sensational hosiery made of coal, air and water, should be washed and rinsed in water no hotter than 100 degrees Fahrenheit, or lukewarm. This is the advice of the American Institute of Laundering.

Dunk your nylons in rich suds of neutral soap. Whisk them about for two minutes. Don't scrub. Dirt is washed off and out — without making it easier! Squeeze out the excess suds and water. Do not wring.

At least five complete changes of lukewarm water are recommended for rinsing.

Without removing any of the last rinse water, drop the nylons onto a bath towel and roll up for a minute to absorb excess moisture. If the stockings are exposed to normal room temperature, they will dry completely in 15 minutes.

The Institute also reports favourably on lack of shrinkage in laundering of nylon hose and on colour fastness. —New York World Telegram.

Homemaker's Diary - - -

Watery meringues on lemon pies may result from baking in too hot an oven.

Felt hats will last longer if they are brushed with a brush made of hair and not with a whisk broom.

After celery has been thoroughly cleaned, put a tablespoon of sugar in some water and let the celery stand in the water an hour or so. It will work wonders with even the oldest celery.

The burnt taste can be removed from scorched milk by putting the pan into cold water and adding a pinch of salt to the milk. If you first rinse in cold water the pan in which milk is to be heated, the milk is less likely to scorch.

Recipes often advise slow, moderate or hot oven and let it go at that. Here is what those terms mean:

Slow: 250 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit.

Moderate: 350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit.

Hot (or quick): 400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit.

Very hot: 450 to 550 degrees Fahrenheit.

For bridge or ten cookies, spread a batch of rolled-out rich pastry dough with shredded coconut mixed with a little cinnamon and finely chopped nuts. Press the coconut mixture into the dough so it will stick. Then, with a sharp knife, cut the dough into narrow strips, say three inches long and three-fourths of an inch wide.

Place the strips on a baking sheet and bake in moderate oven until brown.



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Exclusively Imported from England.

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DRESS YOURSELF UP

Be more beautifully dressed this Christmas than last. See our selected group of Evening, Cocktail, Afternoon and Town frocks . . . all with the definite and recognisable quality of America.

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Hollywood's pet glass and rhinestone Jewellery. Sparkling bow pins, lapel ornaments, brooches, necklaces, bracelets.

Orders Taken For Gowns.

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Peninsula Hotel Arcade.

Madame Sophie Costides
Telephone 53081 Designer-Dressmaker.



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SEASONABLE FESTIVITIES

Christmas & New Year 1940-41

HONG KONG HOTEL

— PHONE 30281 —

CHRISTMAS EVE—Tues. Dec. 24th — Gala Dinner Dance Till 3 a.m.

Dinner \$8. After dinner cover charge \$4.

BOXING NIGHT — Thur. Dec. 26th — Dinner Dance Till 2 a.m.

Dinner \$7. After dinner cover charge \$3.

NEW YEAR'S EVE — Tues. Dec. 31st — Gala Dinner Dance Till 3 a.m.

Dinner \$8. After dinner cover charge \$4.

NEW YEAR'S DAY—Wed. Jan. 1st—Special Tea Dance \$1.00 5 to 7 p.m.

With "NICK KORIN & HIS SWING BAND" at all the above functions.

PENINSULA HOTEL

— PHONE 58081 —

CHRISTMAS NIGHT — Wed. Dec. 25th — Gala Dinner Dance Till 2 a.m.

Dinner \$7. After dinner cover charge \$3.

NEW YEAR'S EVE — Tues. Dec. 31st — Gala Dinner Dance Till 3 a.m.

Dinner \$8. After dinner cover charge \$4.

With "ART CARNEIRO & HIS ORCHESTRA" at these functions.

REPULSE BAY HOTEL

— PHONE 27775 —

CHRISTMAS DAY—Wed. Dec. 25th—Special Luncheon \$4.50 1 to 3 p.m.

Dinner \$8. After dinner cover charge \$3.

NEW YEAR'S EVE — Tues. Dec. 31st — Gala Dinner Dance Till 3 a.m.

Dinner \$8. After dinner cover charge \$3.

NEW YEAR'S DAY—Wed. Jan. 1st—Special Luncheon \$4.50 1 to 3 p.m.

With "GEO. PIO-ULSKI & HIS ORCHESTRA" during luncheons.

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love its taste
MOTHERS
know it's safe



CASTORIA
THE LAXATIVE
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A pure vegetable preparation. Thoroughly
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APPRECIATED.

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**THE
CLOVER
FLOWER
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Gloucester Arcade.
Telephone 20638



Shackle yourself with fake tortoise shell. Clap your inhibitions back into your jewel case! No more exquisite little diamond bowknot for you. You're out to create an effect. Violent, hairywire, unforgettable. Do it with indirect accessories! Bright as the tinsel trappings on a circus horse. Big as targets. Never mind if truck drivers turn and whistle; it's part of the fun!

Giant Costume Jewellery

THERE is nothing shy or retiring about costume jewellery this season. Any backwardness that the jewellery designers once might have had about making their wares flamboyant has apparently been tossed to the winds, and now it is not unusual to find lapel pieces five or six inches long and set with abandon in stones (or whatever they use lacking the real thing) of many colours. Earrings are as big as twenty-five-cent pieces and have things dangling from them that make them look even bigger. Necklaces are more like collars and bracelets more like cuffs.

Large, ornate pieces of silver are among the newest things. They come from Argentina and have a primitive air. There are bracelets embossed with savage silver figures, earrings with little hands hanging from them, necklaces with ciched plaques in front, and many intriguing bits of silver attached for further decoration.

Long hairpins with horseshoe-shaped heads set alternately in simulated pearls and coloured stones are for girls who have trouble keeping their coiffures in order. To match, there are circular earrings.

Lapel pieces in the shapes of birds, feathers and butterflies, set with rhinestones and pale iridescent stones in shades of amber, rose, blues and greens.

Finery for the Budgeted

Gowns For Festive
Winter Nights

By
VIRGINIA HOPE

IT'S time to think about that new party frock.

What is it going to be? If you are young and going to lots and lots of parties and you like to look diaphanously lovely, let one of your selections be a billowing net with layer upon layer of the frothy material making the skirt. It might be rainbow-hued with a garland of roses tossed over the shoulder or it might be of that new clear shade called champagne—the very sound of it promises a sparkling evening.

Chiffons with the bright twinkle of rhinestones dusted over them like stars are waiting for an invitation to dance. There are some brocade silks stiff with metal threads, but they are very formal and reserved for the big bow. Much more fun are the taffetas which are in fine form this Fall. They are stepping out with new companions—for example, jersey, which tops off some of the most attractive of the frocks.

A Flash Of Red

Girls are sure to agree that the frock we discovered and had illustrated here is exciting. It's black save for a flash of red at the waist. From shoulder to hips jersey swaths the figure in hugging folds. Below, the taffeta parachutes into keen fullness. We've seen lots of jersey tops on taffeta skirts and we like them.

Another interesting combination is crepe and faille—here again the inevitable mating of red and black. Is seen. (Take a look at the dress on this page.) This frock, like all the others shown here, comes in the budget category. These are distinctly numbers for the young who must make their allowances or salaries work well for them.

Debs will adore frocks with transparent yokes or collars covering their shoulders. Black dresses have tops and sleeves of red.

The jerkin is going to town. It transforms a fluffy frock into a sensible dinner gown. Of course, it contrasts with the dress; it may be of wool and worn over chiffon, or velvet to go with jersey. Sometimes it is in a high shade in contrast to the frock. It's very new to have the entire costume all in one colour, with the jacket sprinkled with gold nail heads. Heaven-blue is one of the prettiest tones we've seen.

Little jackets of all kinds are having their big moment—it's a season for being under cover. They match the dress, looking as if they



Left—This girl will win the plaudits of her beau in her exciting dinner costume with an ink-red faille skirt and an ink-black crepe bodice (both rayon). A bejewelled belt.

Right—Camel's hair is party-bound. The sporty material is making its debut in social circles in floor-length wraps. Gold buttons fasten this double-breasted one. Belted at the back.

were a part of it or they are strikingly different, like the gold cloth jacket is worn, the costume looks on red chiffon. Gayly deceptive is like a dinner frock with an inset the taffeta that covers the golden of glistening lame. Don't miss the bodice of the dress as far as the black crepe—it's a honey.

MEN are the most regular creatures on earth. All they need to know is that they can run if they want to. That satisfies them. Leave them run. If they know they ain't running under a check-rein, the devil himself can't get them to run more'n about so far from their regular rations. You can't change a man, no-ways. By the time his mammy turns him loose and he takes up with some innocent woman and marries her, he's what he is. If it's his nature to get by the hearthfire and scratch himself, you just as good to let him set and scratch. If it's his nature, like Will Dover, my man, to go to the garage in his Sunday clothes and lay down under some

backwoods Cracker's greasy old Ford and tinker with it you just as good to let him lay and tinker. And if it's his nature, like Uncle Benny, to growl; if it's his nature to cut the fool; why, it's interfering in the ways of Providence even to stop to quarrel with him about it. Some women is born knowing that. Sometimes a woman, like the Old Hen (Uncle Benny's wife, poor soul) has to quarrel a lifetime before she learns it. Then when it does come to her, she's like a cow has tried to jump a high fence and has got hung up on it—she's horns waggled. —from *When the Whip* waggled. —by MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS.

Below—A sophisticated gown with a skirt of black taffeta and a bodice in which red and black jersey (rayon) are combined. The red wraps the waist and hips. A young dress many can wear.



Hearts are trumped in this chic black rayon crepe bolero ensemble. Embroidered in gold sequins, one flashes on the bolero, the other on the skirt. Sequins edge the neckline.

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**LISTEN, MOM—A
FELLOW CAN'T
GO PLACES
WITH PIMPLES
LIKE THESE**

Does YOUR boy or girl act self-conscious and blue because of ADOLESCENT PIMPLES?

MOTHERS—why let your boy or girl suffer because of ugly pimples. Learn now two important causes of this common trouble.

FIRST—Between the ages of 13 and 25, the skin is often extremely sensitive. Then sluggish intestines may cause pimples to break out.

SECOND—Your boy or girl may not be getting enough of the important Vitamin A—often needed to help keep the skin free from pimples.

Eating Fleischmann's new High-Vitamin Yeast offers help both these ways. The fresh, active yeast helps stimulate sluggish intestinal action. And 2 cakes a day now give over 6000 units of Vitamin A.

Get your boy or girl with poor skin to eat 2 cakes of Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast daily—one ½ hour before breakfast or lunch, one ½ hour before supper. Many tell of help in 30 days or less.



READ THIS BOY'S
EXPERIENCE

(See picture at left)
He writes: "My face looked awful. It was so broken out. But after I ate Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast I was fine. Now I go places and don't worry about my looks."

Name on request

**New HIGH-
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"Glitter" frocks... shining with rhinestone pockets, belts, olpals Or "gold" necklaces! Exciting new styles with small waists, rhythmic skirts.



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A BRIGHTER SHINE
IN NO TIME

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BOOT POLISHES & CREAMS

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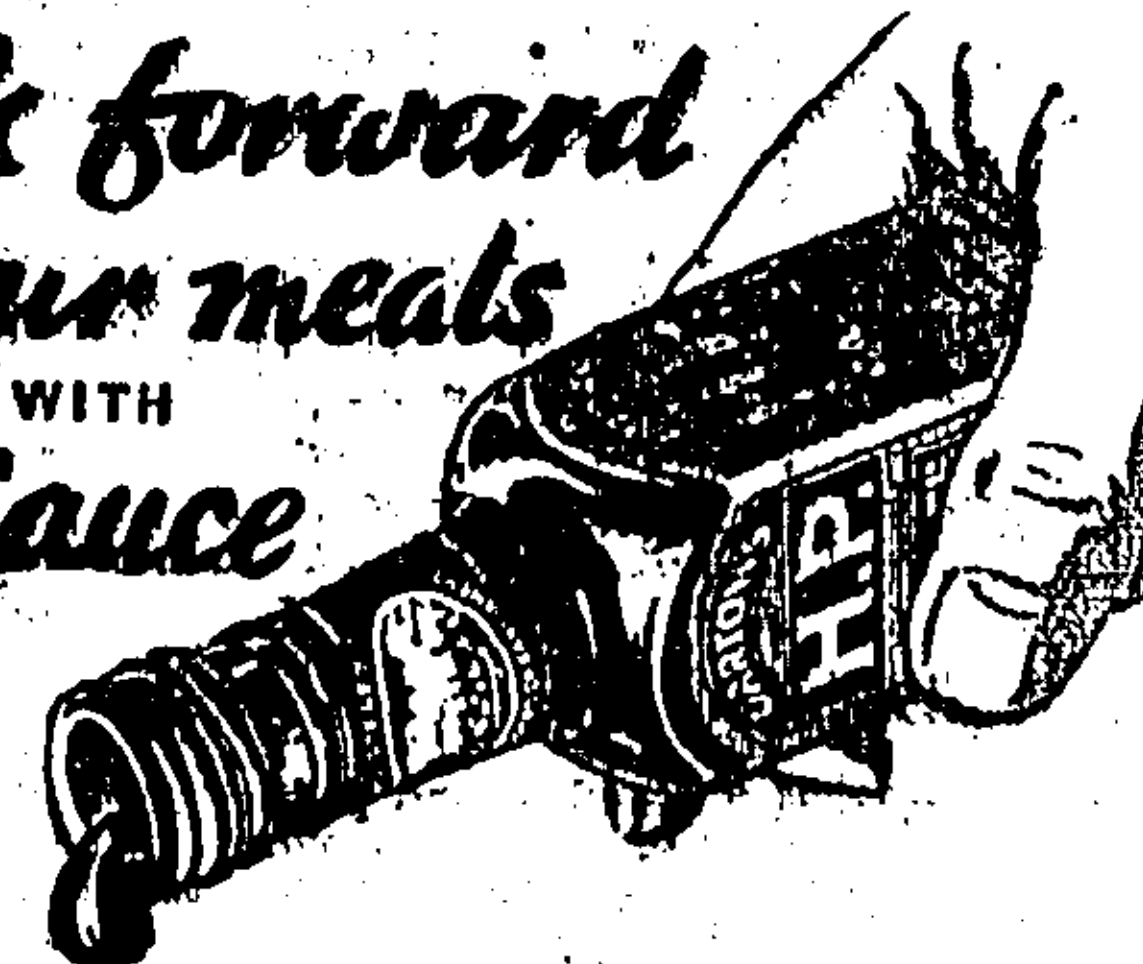
Keep the handy Cobra Polishing Outfit at home. Has two tins of polish (one black, one brown) two brushes, soft polishing cloth and pad.

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Look forward
to your meals
WITH
HP Sauce



Revived appetites, improved digestions—when you keep a bottle of H.P. Sauce on your table. This mellow yet piquant fruit sauce adds so much to the enjoyment of eating.

A drop in your soup makes it extra-delicious; a little with meat, poultry or fish makes a simple meal a feast.

And what you are missing if you haven't tried it in sandwiches or with cheese! Make mealtime pleasure-time by keeping a bottle of H.P. Sauce handy at all times.

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS

THAT ARE SURE
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CHRISTMAS CRACKERS, STOCKINGS,
NOVELTIES, FINE CONFECTIONS,
CHOCOLATES, in presentation dainty
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Large consignment due here now!

BRITISH AMERICAN CANDY STORE
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How To Fight With Men

By
Linda Gilson

WHEN you decide that some man isn't treating you right, you must, then and there, take a firm stand. If you let yourself continue to be imposed upon—well, you're not being sweet. You're simply being wishy-washy, and it wouldn't surprise us if you ended up as one of those worn-out mothers who rush around, prematurely aged at 40, still scrubbing the floors and tending the furnace while their big sons sit about with their feet on the chairs, reading the funnies.

You may never even get to be a wife and mother, if you're one of those ultra-pretty girls who is so sweet to her beau that he soon takes her for granted. Ultimately, he leaves her for some girl who leads him a merry chase and who makes him toe the mark.

The truth of the matter is that men feel better about everything if they are gently, but firmly, coerced into behaving like gentlemen. They are very human, sometimes lazy, often tired, and so it is up to the woman to insist that she will not tolerate lax manners, bad grooming, inconsiderateness, etc., etc. Then the man will put through that extra pre-evening shave because he knows his lady won't put up with sloppy appearance. He will growl mildly, but feel much better than the man who counts on his little yes-sir to say, "Oh, yes, darling, you look all right." Just because she wishes to avoid any unpleasantness and is scared stiff to take a chance of losing him.

Fights with men, as a matter of fact, should be conducted with all the pleasantness that you can muster for the occasion. It never does any good to get hysterical, or to let a man see how his lady is up to the woman to insist that she will not tolerate lax manners, bad grooming, inconsiderateness, etc., etc. Then the man will put through that extra pre-evening shave because he knows his lady won't put up with sloppy appearance. He will growl mildly, but feel much better than the man who counts on his little yes-sir to say, "Oh, yes, darling, you look all right." Just because she wishes to avoid any unpleasantness and is scared stiff to take a chance of losing him.

On the other hand, pleasantness plus persistence makes for a marvelous combination. (Persistence without pleasantness is nagging, and you know how everybody loves that.) Here is the better way. Say that you've decided that your husband should set the table for supper. After tending babies from dawn till dark, you find your feet and back are very tired. He's been sitting down at a desk all day, and you think a little drink and a bit of food wouldn't hurt him, a bit. "Darling," you say, "I've analysed my work—and I love to cook for you, but I find that it makes my work twice as hard if I have to set the table, too. I wonder if you could do it for me?"

He says, "All right, dear," and then forgets about the whole thing. The next night you have to remind him. You don't say, re-

fronchfully, "Eddie, the table isn't set!" Or yep, "You promised me just last night that you'd set the table, and here I am with supper ready, and not a dish in sight." Instead, you start off as if the subject had never been mentioned before. "Darling," you say, "I'm bored with this hollandaise sauce. Would you be sweet and set the table for me?" The idea sounds vaguely familiar to him. So he sets the table. And you just work along in that way, night after night until he gets into the habit.

Tears can be a very effective weapon. Most men are completely demoralised by the sight of a woman crying. They will give her a fur coat, a larger allowance; they will come straight home from the office instead of stopping for a

It never does any good to get hysterical, or shout at a man, or slap his face. He's floored by emotional scenes and can't think of anything appropriate to say.

couple of beers—anything, anything, if she will only stop crying! However, if a woman gives way to tears too often, and weeps over every difference of opinion, the man in her life rapidly gets hardened to them, and soon pays a little attention to them. So save your tears for major crises. And when you do cry, try to make it

as becoming as possible. Don't bel-low. And don't rush off to the bedroom and snuffle loudly behind a closed door. Simply look the offending man in the face, and let the tears roll pathetically out of your eyes. You won't have to argue to win your point.

Arguing with men is a pretty futile business, anyway, because men are natural born debaters. They love it! You start arguing with your beau about his not calling you ahead for dates. First thing you know, the irrepressible theoretical male is off on the subject of (1) the number of eggs of energy used in lifting a telephone receiver, (2) the beauty of impulsive living, and (3) Woman's Place in the Society. In the end you give up, out of sheer intellectual fatigue, and he goes on arriv-

ing any time it suits his lordship. How much more effective a woman can be with action than with argument. If your beau doesn't phone ahead for a date, you are not "at home" when he arrives, and that's that. This works beautifully on families as well as on beaux. Mrs. R. was a very pleasant wife and mother, but it got to a point where Dad would phone at the last minute to say, "He wouldn't be home from the office till after dinner. And the three children would be late for dinner, or stay at a friend's house without phoning, or walk in with unexpected guests when there were chops for supper. Mrs. R. mentioned the matter to the family several times, to no effect. Then she did it, or argue, or nag? No, indeed. She simply started going out for meals, alone. She had a marvelous time. After 20 years of cooking, she felt she really deserved a few days of eating out, and the family, considerably awed, gave in at once. When the household dinners were resumed, there was courteous and prompt attendance as well as renewed appreciation of the cook.

A time-honoured weapon for lovers' quarrels is to make the man jealous. This plot is time-honoured in fiction and in life because it really works. But it must be done in a pleasant way. If you simply sling yourself into other men's arms just to make your current favourite jealous, you'll succeed only in making him disgusted. After all, he doesn't want a girl who rushes around kissing just anybody! Conjur-ing up a blazing romance with some odd man doesn't usually go over too big with your own beau nor with the odd man. The thing to do, when you feel your romance needs a little pep-ping-up, is to be very agreeable in a friendly way to a lot of men. Just take a lively, platonic, appreciative interest in them. Your beau will hate to see all this appreciation going to waste on other men. The other men will love it and talk with you, dance with you, and take you to the movies. Then your beau will rapidly come to the conclusion that he loves—yes, loves deeply—a very popular girl.

And if you go on through life conducting your fights with men thus pleasantly, your beau will probably go right on feeling just the same till death do you part. Isn't that worth fighting for?

Christmas Tips For Your Table

A Christmas Cocktail

Why not give your guests something out of the ordinary this Christmas? Here is the recipe for the Blue Train cocktail:

1/4 Gin.
1/4 Cointreau.
1/4 Lemon Juice. (or Lime)
A couple of dashes of blue vegetable colouring.
And here, also, is a recipe for that old favourite, the Bronx:

1/4 Gin.
1/4 Italian Vermouth.
1/4 French Vermouth.
Juice of 1/4 of an Orange.

There's nothing like a cocktail to start off the party and give it that air of jollity that is half the success of the show.

Christmas Pudding

The three-penny pence this year won't be nearly so small as usual. The new twelve-sided coin could hardly fail to be discovered!

The recipe book contains this one of my Grandmothers':

1/2 lb. brown sugar.
1/2 lb. flour.
1/2 lb. breadcrumbs.
1 teaspoonful baking powder.
3 eggs.
1/2 teaspoonful of salt.
Juice of a lemon.
1/2 Gill of sherry. (cooking).
Milk.
1 lb. Currants.
1 lb. Raisins.
1 lb. Sultanas.
1 lb. Chopped Suet.
2 oz. mixed peel.
1 oz. Chopped almonds.
Grated nutmeg.
Pinch of ginger.

Stone the fruit, mixing the dry ingredients thoroughly; stir in the beaten eggs, adding the lemon juice and sherry. The mixture should be fairly stiff enough, milk being added to give it this consistency.

Grease three basins, fill and place some greased paper on the top, cover with sealed pudding cloth, and steam for six hours; before eating the puddings should be boiled for a couple of hours. The above quantities make approximately six pounds of pudding.

Plum Porridge And Mince pie

Your plum pudding will be the last, though certainly not the least of your Christmas dinner, but in the Middle Ages you would have eaten it at the beginning. In those days it was called plum

TO THE GIRL WHO NEVER HAS HAD A PROPOSAL . . .



"Perhaps you need true perspiration check that neither bath nor exercise can render ineffective."

So many attractive girls make the mistake of thinking their charm is protected when in reality they may be safe for only a short time.

Liquid Odo-ro-no keeps your underarm completely dry, as well as sweet, from 1 to 3 days, brings sure freedom from even the fear of embarrassment. A doctor's prescription, it has been proved the safe and scientific way to control underarm perspiration.

ODO-RO-NO

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A Fortune In Your Tea Cup

TEA LEAVES floating in your cup indicate that the water wasn't boiling when you made the tea. Get the water to a bubbling boil before pouring it on the leaves.

A dark brown stain inside your tea cup foretells a domestic storm. It means that the tea has been standing overlong after making, or that you have been too generous with the leaves.

BEWARE of the dark stranger who tries to persuade you that you "pay for the advertising" when you choose a reputable tea, and that an unknown brand is "just as good." Families have left home for less.

When your tea has a dull, almost muddy, appearance in the cup, prepare for a disappointment. Your beverage will almost certainly be flat and tasteless, due to a cheap quality of tea, which is dear in the long run. A good tea goes twice as far and provides a stimulating drink.

Riches in the future are indicated when your cup contains a clear, fragrant infusion of tea, since this means that you are an intelligent buyer, with an eye to quality. The wise shopper saves much money.

AN OFFER of marriage is likely in the near future if you serve your male acquaintances with tea in a sensibly sized cup and place it on a firm table. If the tea be really hot and strong, the offer is definitely near.

Turner's letter in the post accepting your invitation by return if your tea is always made in a heated pot and poured off the leaves into a second pot, also heated, after three minutes (not a second more). You'll be known as the perfect hostess.

A long journey is ahead of you if you want to find a better cup of tea than your own. If you take these hints to heart.—Housewife.

Your EYES Need CLEANSING, TOO



You bathe—you shampoo your hair—you brush your teeth regularly . . . but do you cleanse your eyes? After exposure to dust, wind and glare—after strain from reading, driving, working—your eyes need daily care. Just a drop of MURINE in each eye brightens and soothes, washes out dirt and gives a refreshing eye discomfort. Follow the example of millions who use this safe, soothing eye treatment. Use MURINE every day.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

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The World's GREATEST HEALER

Germolene soothes at the first touch, commences almost instantly to grow new skin, soothes the broken tissue, defers the danger of infection! Its cooling touch on a sore inflamed spot is wonderful! It conquers the most obstinate of skin troubles, wipes away blemishes without a mark or scar remaining! If you suffer from any of the following troubles—

ULCERS SORES PIMPLES BAD LEG ECZEMA INSECT BITES IMPETIGO RINGWORM RASHES SUNBURN ABSCESSSES BOILS ITCH WOUNDS STRAINS SCALDS SCRATCHES BURNS BED SORES

you should try Germolene instantly! Don't suffer a moment longer. Germolene is the World's Greatest Healer! It soothes at the first touch, stops all smarting and itching at once! The most soothing open place locally, rapidly and cleanly.

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CHRISTMAS
GREETINGS TO
HITLER!

Sunday Herald

PICTORIAL MAGAZINE SECTION

HONG KONG, DECEMBER 15, 1940



CHRISTMAS
GREETINGS TO H.M.
FORCES



On top of the sound beating that Nazi raiders have had from the R.A.F. and our ground defences, they have been receiving a "warm welcome" from the Naval anti-aircraft guns. The picture on the top of this page was taken on board a British warship and shows how the Navy reply to the Nazi bombers attacking our convoys. With no Armistice on Christmas Day, these shells will serve as greetings to Hitler.

On the other hand, despite Hitler's so-called blockade of England, the Christmas puddings for H.M. Forces are being made as usual. In our photograph an air raid "spotter" is seen helping to stir the pudding between duties. (Fox Photos, Copy-right).



OUR YULETIDE FESTIVITIES



HONG KONG HOTEL

CHRISTMAS EVE
Tues., 24th Dec.
GALA DINNER DANCE
Till 3 a.m.
— AND ON —
BOXING NIGHT
Thurs., 26th Dec.
Till 2 a.m.
— WITH —
NICK KORIN
& **HIS SWING BAND**

PENINSULA HOTEL

CHRISTMAS NIGHT
Wed., 25th Dec.
GALA DINNER DANCE
Till 2 a.m.
— WITH —
ART. CARNEIRO
&
HIS ORCHESTRA

REPULSE BAY HOTEL

CHRISTMAS DAY
Wed., 25th Dec.
SPECIAL LUNCHEON
1 to 3 p.m.
— WITH —
GEO. PIO-ULSKI'S
QUINTETTE

THE HONG KONG & SHANGHAI HOTELS, LTD.



Pre-Christmas Bazaars



A charity bazaar in aid of the Ministering Children's League was held at St. Paul's Girls' College last Saturday. Numerous stalls were laid out in the Hall, and more than \$2,000 was taken in within a few hours. Above is shown brisk trade being done at the toy stall. (Tong).



Large crowds thronged the Chinese Recreation Club grounds during the three-day charity bazaar held there. Above is shown one of the many stalls which attracted customers. (Kahn).



Flowers and sweets being sold at the entrance to St. Paul's Girls' College. (Tong).

*The nicest way of taking
Halibut Liver Oil*



HALIBORANGE presents Allenburys' tasteless and odourless Halibut-Liver Oil, associated with additional vitamin D and Allenburys' Orange Juice.

One teaspoonful of Haliborance is equivalent in vitamins A and D to one teaspoonful of codliver oil, and in vitamin C to two teaspoonfuls of fresh orange juice.

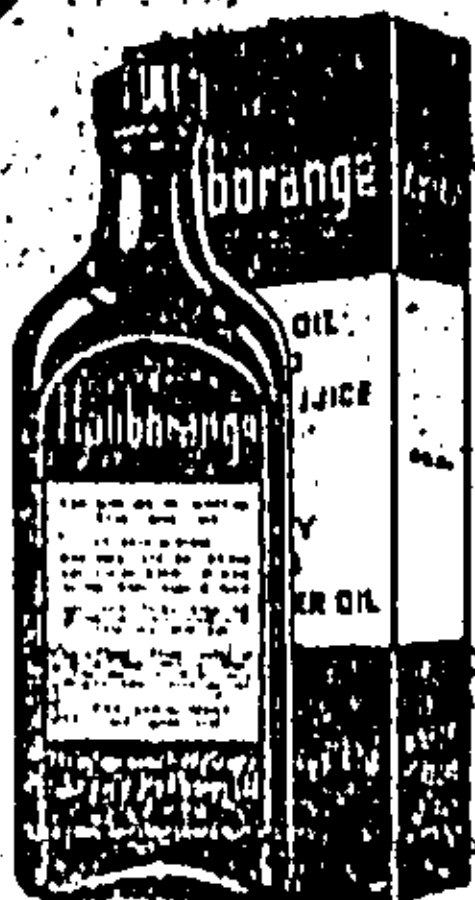
Haliborance is an excellent addition to the diet of babies as a precaution against rickets and scurvy. For older children, adolescents, or adults, it is a prophylactic vitamin tonic.

Haliborance

Contains the natural vitamins A, C, and D

Haliborance is very simple to give or take—just half a teaspoonful for baby rising to a table-spoonful for adults, so start your family on Haliborance now.

A Product of
ALLEN & HANBURY'S LTD.,
London and Shanghai.



11APB3

Recent Decorations



At left above is Squadron Leader William Norman Gibson, Royal Australian Air Force, who was recently awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. He comes from Sydney, N.S.W.

At right above is Acting Flight Lieutenant Gerard Jefferies, of Leamington, Spa; also awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. He is a flight commander in the Czech fighter squadron of the Royal Air Force which is led by R.A.F. personnel.



At left is Lieutenant (now Captain) Harold Marcus Ervine-Andrews, of the East Lancashire Regiment. He has been awarded one of the first two Victoria Crosses of this war for conspicuous gallantry on active service. Captain Ervine-Andrews took over about 1,000 yards of the defences in front of Dunkirk, and the enemy attacked at dawn. For over 10 hours, notwithstanding intense artillery, mortar and machine-gun fire, and in the face of vastly superior enemy forces, Capt. Ervine-Andrews and his company held their position. He personally accounted for 17 of the enemy with his rifle, and for many more with a Bren gun. After the engagement he successfully led the remainder of his company back to a fresh position.

I don't want you to think that this is just one more article about Christmas. I don't want you to smile—or sniff—and turn over the page. I want you to stop, read and inwardly digest, please, every word that I have written here.

Because, if you do, I believe that you will find I am only expressing on paper what you yourself feel deep down in your heart, but in the past have been too shy, or if I can coin the phrase, too modern-conscious to confess. And I sincerely hope that finding a confidant, a fellow-confessor in me, will make you feel much happier and relieved.

In any case, I am desperately keen to stop this anti-Christmas movement among young people once and for all. I am sure it wasn't an instinctive revolt on our part, ever. We only took part in it because we felt we simply had to live up to our reputation for being the last word in modernity. That is to say, as you rejoiced, and for that matter I did, in the title of "Miss Modern," just as I was, and still am, a modern young man, Christmas, by reason of its immemorial associations could not help being called "old-fashioned."

Well, we simply had to debunk and despise it in its traditional form. We simply had to ignore the old-world atmosphere—the yuletide spirit and all that—that has always enveloped it in the past, and instead, bring it up to date—and in mood with our own modern attitude towards life, by scoffing at its sentiment, and treating it in the same matter-of-fact manner as we regard any other national holiday in the course of the year: a respite from work in which to enjoy ourselves by going to parties and having a good time generally, nothing more.

Personally, I think we are terribly stupid to take up this scoffing attitude about Christmas. It doesn't make us seem smart, merely silly. Really it does. In the first place, it upsets our parents and relations when we go around declaring at the tops of our voices that the "Family Christmas" is such a bore, and we wish we could escape it, somehow, anyhow.

They don't say much, because there are some things that are too sacred to talk about, and the older generation's attitude towards Christmas is one of them, but all the same, they are terribly hurt by our attitude, and sometimes, too it makes them very angry. Now family relationships are always quite complicated enough already without our adding more fuel to the flames. Do you see what I am driving at? Christmas is such a heaven-sent opportunity for making peace with one's family, aged aunts and all; it's a home-made armistice. Why do we re-

fuse it?

In any case, or, rather, in the second place, if we do insist on defying tradition and refuse point-blank to be clannish at Christmas, do we really enjoy ourselves half as much as we would have done had we remained quietly at home within the family circle and assisted at the traditional reunion of relations, when everyone forgets for a day how tiresome everyone else can be on occasion, and with a spontaneous feeling of good-will in their hearts, cross hands over the crackers, young and old, for the moment utterly united?

I don't believe that the grandest party in a hotel or restaurant, the most ravishing dance partners, the best band in the world, are any of them to be compared with that marvellous feeling of "belonging"—that's the only way I can describe it, but I am sure you will know from experience what I mean—that comes over one on Christmas Day at home.

In comparison, any other sort of Christmas Day seems terribly pointless, somehow. I have only tried to break away once, I admit, but that was once too often. Like all of us, I used to threaten to do so every time Christmas came round: I used to make a point of spending the preceding weeks, hurting my sweet mother by threatening to leave home, or rather, not return home, on The

Day, and then when The Day, unless death or too great a disaster finally arrived, it always found me, I mean to keep, too. Nor, again, under the mistletoe, and pretending to be terribly upset when I got the bachelor's button out of the plum-pudding. Of course, I tried to pretend, too, to myself—to live up to my reputation of a modern young man—that the whole business was too dull and demoralizing for words, and, really, I was enjoying myself enormously in my secret heart.

However, two years ago, I decided the time had come to revolt, not only in words, and so I joined a party going to Switzerland for winter sports, and, in consequence, spent Christmas in a completely useless to me, even if it friends. It was a very nice hotel, but all the same, I can't tell you how homesick I felt suddenly on the morning of the Christmas dinner. I had a farce that hadn't the saving merit of being funny. I was surrounded by a sea of faces, some of them very attractive ones and all of them friendly, but somehow, from a Christmas point of view, they were all alike strangers, and I found myself longing with a pain in my heart for a sight of my plainest cousin, who never stops standing under the mistletoe in hopeful attitude!

And there and then I swore a vow, never, never to spend a Christmas away from home again, dinner in a hotel, but because they of-

have no alternative, because they are alone in the world?

It is a depressing thought, isn't it? And even more depressing is the thought of having to spend Christmas in dreary digs, or hundreds of miles away in some lonely outpost of Empire. That lot might be ours, too. So, really, we ought to be very thankful to know that we are actually still within reach of our family this coming Christmas, and count our blessings accordingly, and show our gratitude in the way that will give such pleasure to our parents.

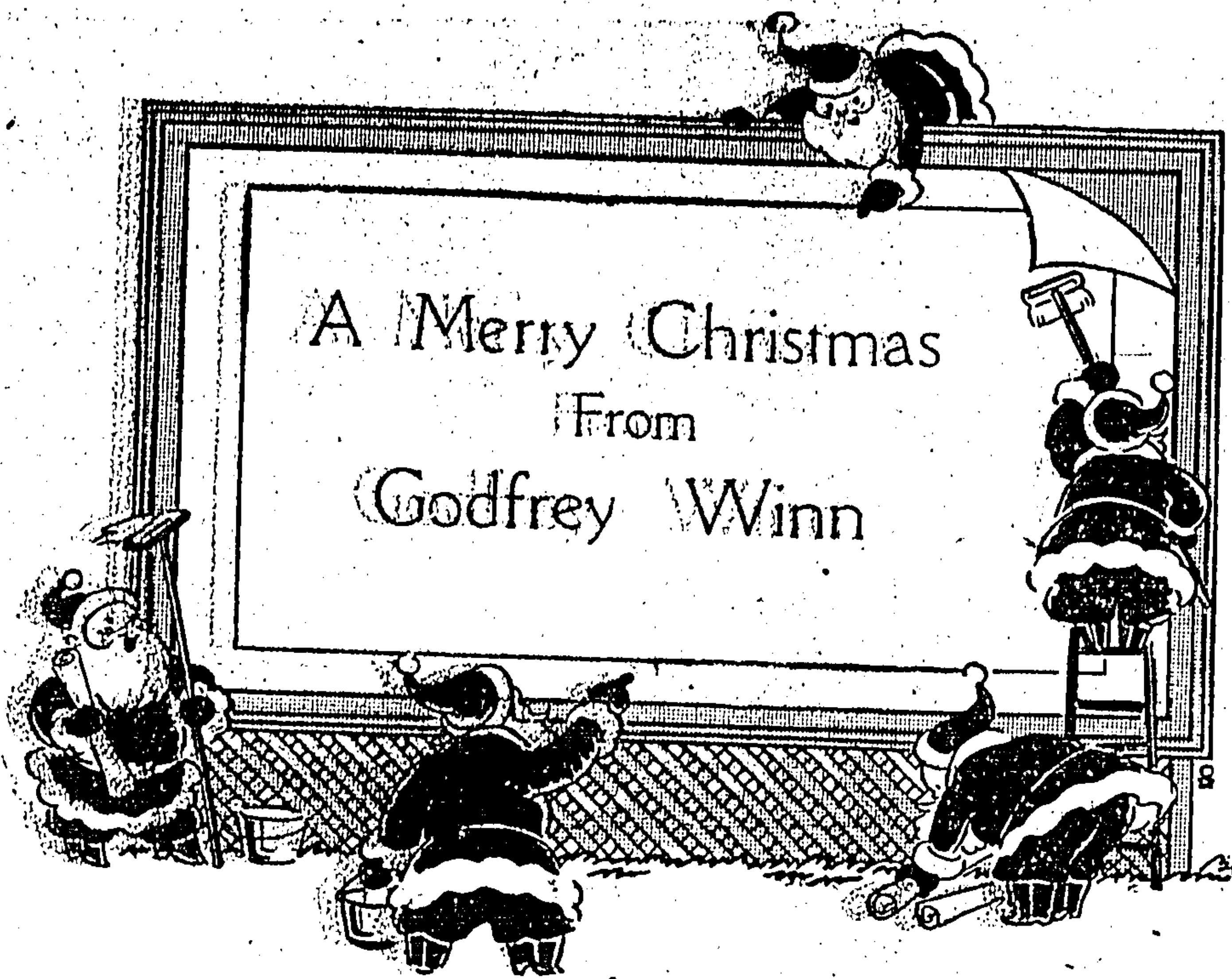
For there is, or, anyway, there ought to be, the family's point of view to be considered, too! Even if the old-fashioned kind of Christmas were as boring to us moderns as we sometimes try to make out, still, even so, I maintain that we ought to go through with it, and with a good grace, too, for the sake of our parents and elderly relations, to whom it all means so much, this annual reunion of the family.

Their life is nearly over, ours is only beginning. If it gives them pleasure to indulge in an orgy of sentimental reminiscences and to dangle us all metaphorically, once more on their knee, well, why not? We shall be just as eager to do the same thing with our grandchildren one day. Personally, I think it's most pleasantly reassuring to be treated as a small boy again. In fact, I would be only too ready to hang up my stocking this Christmas eve, if I thought I should find anything in it next morning!

But seriously, do let's make an effort this Christmas to prove that we moderns aren't all the nasty things our critics try to make out, but instead, are just as nice fundamentally as any previous generation. After all, to give means sleeping on the floor and up one day of the year to pleasing our family isn't much of a sacrifice—even if it were a sacrifice at all! Besides, we have always got Boxing Day left in which to enjoy our own way with our own means travelling all Christmas Eve, enjoy ourselves twice as much if not more, and all Boxing Day to have a clear conscience about our behaviour on the previous day.

Heaven knows, I don't want to think me a pompous prig, but I simply had to write what I have written here, because I feel that it is all true, every word of it. And what is more, I know you occurred to you that the reason why the majority of those "lucky" people we profess to envy so all, who spend the Christmas in some "gay" spot at the seaside, are doing so not because won't disarrange her transformation! Because, I shall be thinking dinner in a hotel, but because they of-

And so, a Merry Christmas to us all. Think of me as you persuade Aunt Violet (or is it Aunt Ida in holiday in some "gay" spot at the your family?) that a paper cap



A DRESS UNKNOWN

POOR Vera Squinch has just disappointed. Will you help the police to find her? They have nothing to go by except a few torn scraps of paper which they've just succeeded in pasting together, and some facts gathered from the neighbours.

The Facts: Vera never had more than two dresses at a time.

Actually she seldom had more than one, as she was in the habit of selling her old dress shortly after she bought a new one.

Her new dress was always a different colour from the old.

The Notes (in Vera Squinch's own handwriting):

A. I sold my old dress to-day before running away.

B. The dress I bought before I bought the one I got yesterday was BLUE.

C. The dress I sold before buying the dress I got yesterday was BROWN.

D. The dress I sold before I bought the dress I got before buying the one yesterday was GREEN.

E. The dress I bought yesterday is the same colour as the one I sold after buying the BROWN one.

The Police Want to Know:

1. What colour dress was Vera wearing when she ran away?

2. What colour dress did she sell to-day?

3. What colour dress did she buy yesterday?

4. What colour was the oldest dress referred to in the notes that Vera left?

After you have answered the four questions above, figure out the colour of the first dress she mentioned buying—Gerald Kaufman in "The Book of Modern Puzzles" (Simon and Schuster).

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE

1. Green. 2. Blue. 3. Green. 4. Green.

Reasoning:

Paraphrasing B, the dress she bought previous to yesterday's purchase was BLUE. As she is in the habit of selling her old dress shortly after buying a new one, this BLUE dress must be the one she sold to-day.

Hence the dress she bought yesterday can't be BLUE, or she would have had two blue dresses at once.

But neither can it be BROWN, for E says it is the same colour as the one she sold after buying the BROWN one, and she couldn't have had two brown dresses at once.

Now paraphrase D, to read "The dress I sold before I got the BLUE dress (from B) was GREEN." But this must be the same GREEN

dress she "sold after buying the BROWN one" (last part of sentence E).

From the above it is possible to make up a chronological table somewhat as follows:

(She had an old GREEN dress, quite some time ago.)

(5) (She bought a new BROWN one, keeping the old GREEN.)

D. She sold the old GREEN (keeping the new BROWN).

B. She bought a new BLUE (keeping the old BROWN).

C. She sold the old BROWN (keeping the new BLUE).

E. She bought a new GREEN (keeping the new BLUE).

A. She sold the old BLUE (wearing the new GREEN).

(5) BROWN. This is the first dress she mentioned having bought (last part of E).

• Yesterday. • To-day.

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Destruction In London

According to the Nazis, British morale has been badly shaken by the frequent raids which German bombers have carried out over the City of London. But — see pages 8 and 9 for Londoners' answer to this charge.

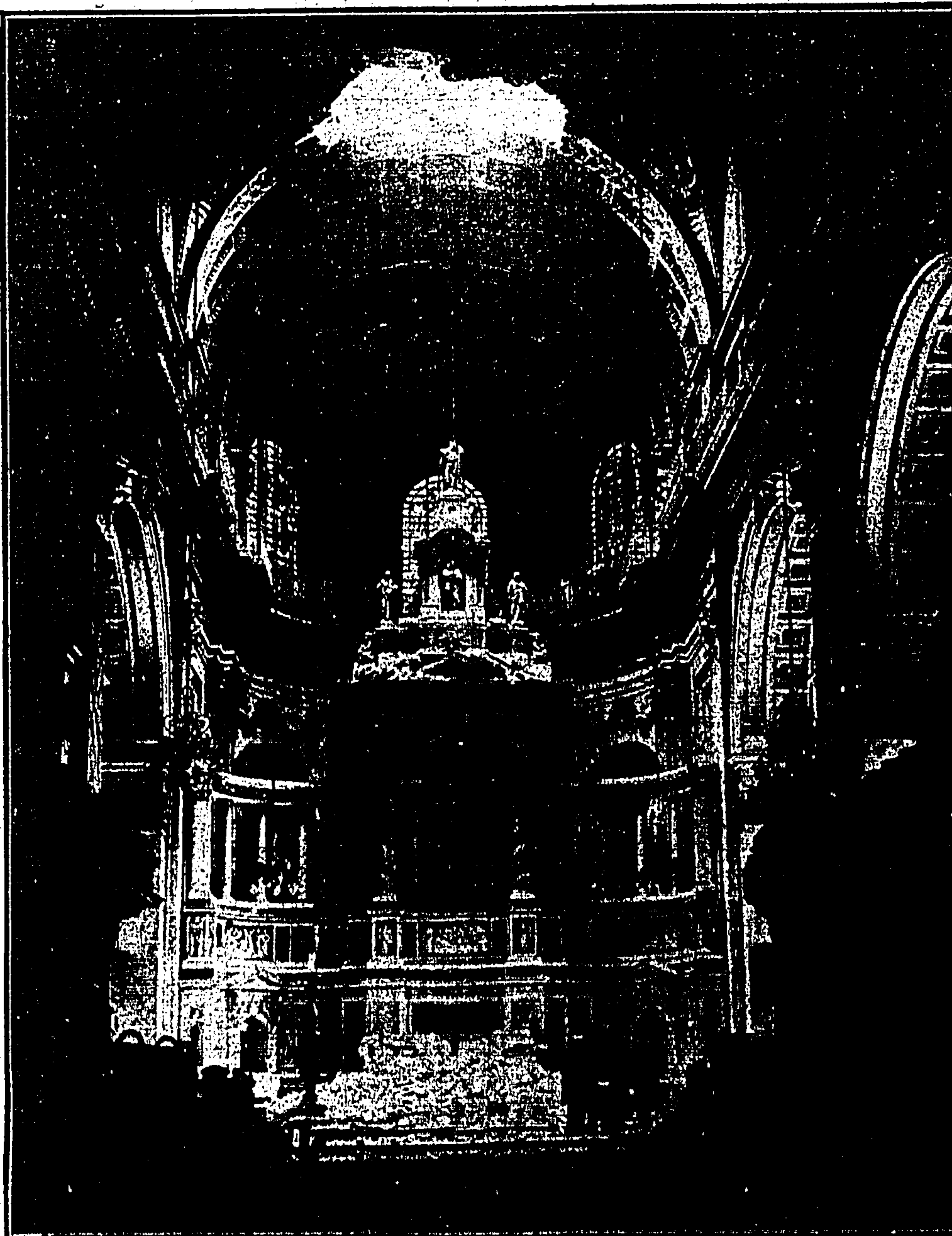
The King and Queen are seen at right chatting with the Palace A.R.P. staff whilst surveying the wreckage after a recent raid.



Two little kiddies of the badly bombed East London area, waiting for a car, bus or lorry to give them and their belongings a lift to places of greater safety.



One of Britain's many children of the poorer classes who have been rendered homeless as the result of indiscriminate bombing by the Nazis.



Even St. Paul's Cathedral did not escape the savage raids which have been made on London in recent weeks. When the raiders had gone this was the result: a hole in the roof and debris on the altar.



Three kiddies were in this Anderson shelter when a bomb exploded a few yards away. Fortunately all were safe. A.R.P. officials are seen examining the shelter after the holocaust.

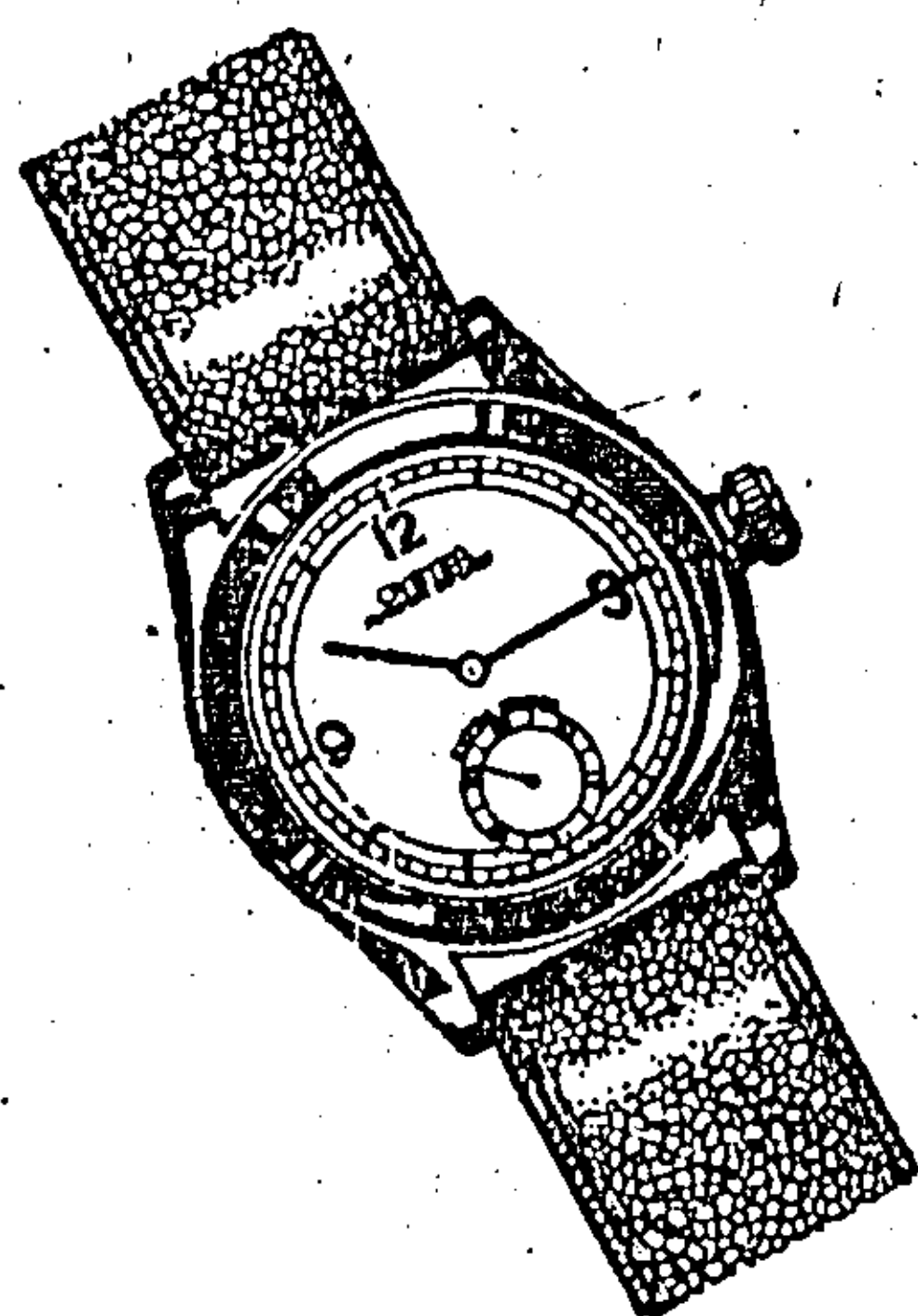
THE HONG KONG SUNSHINE HERALD, DECEMBER 13, 1940

Solve the problem of "What to-give?" with a **ROLEX!**

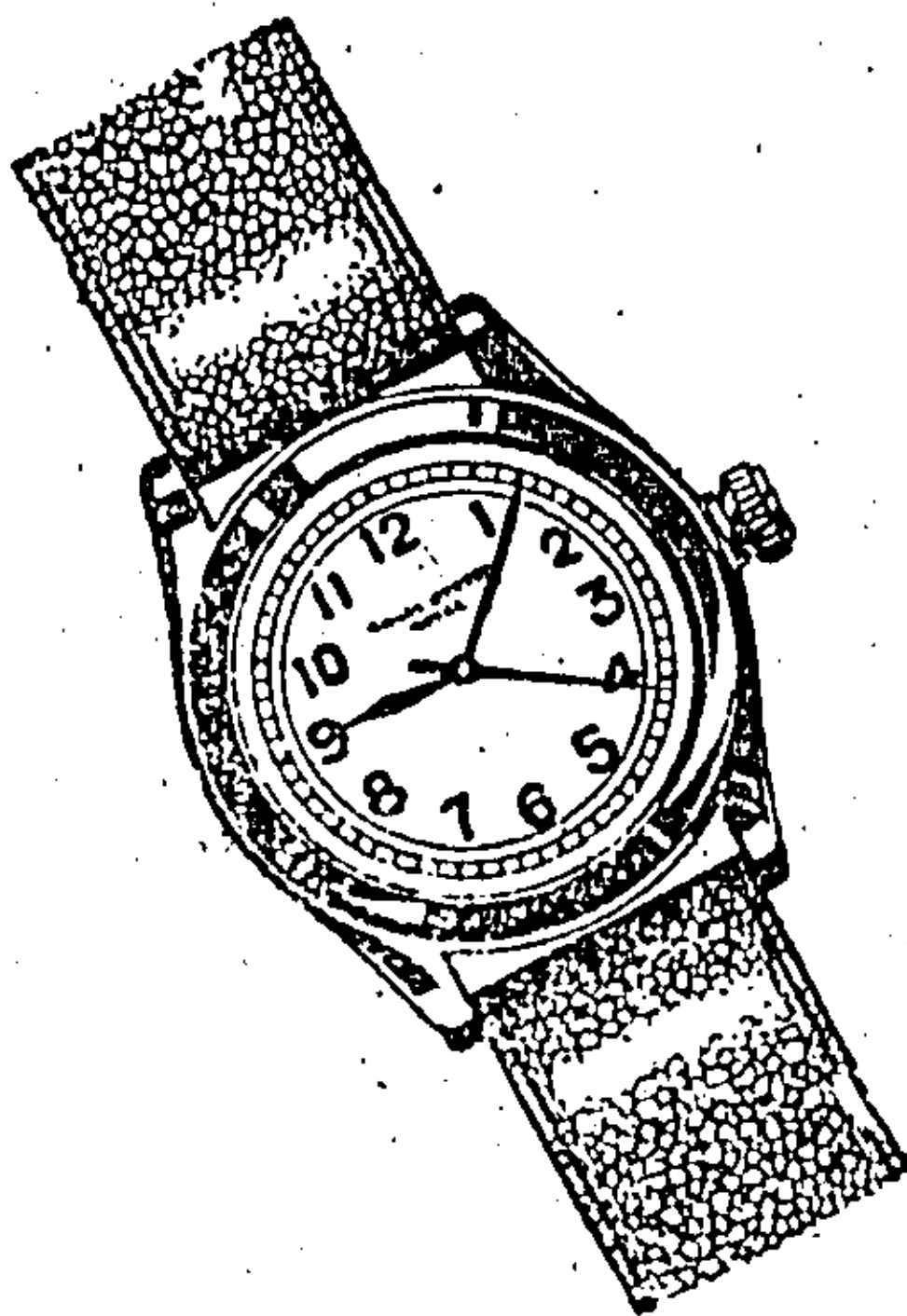


A Rolex is the kind of gift you'll like to receive yourself, isn't it? It's the gift that will remind the recipient of your undoubted taste and discrimination. Rolex then is the answer to your gift problem! Illustrated below are many typical Rolex models all awaiting your inspection at Lane Crawford's. See also the large range of Rolex wristlets for ladies — you'll never realise that such elegant tiny wristlets for ladies could be so utterly accurate.

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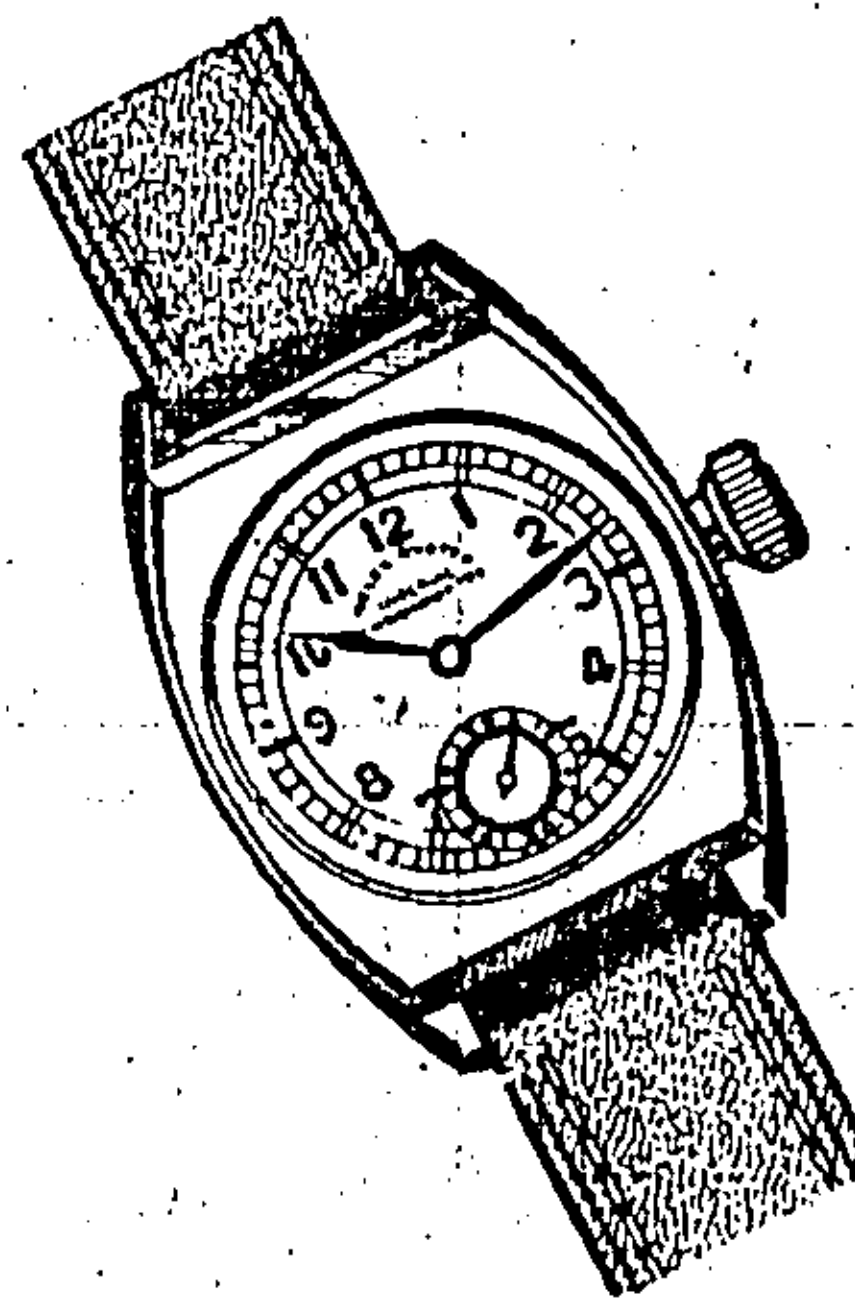


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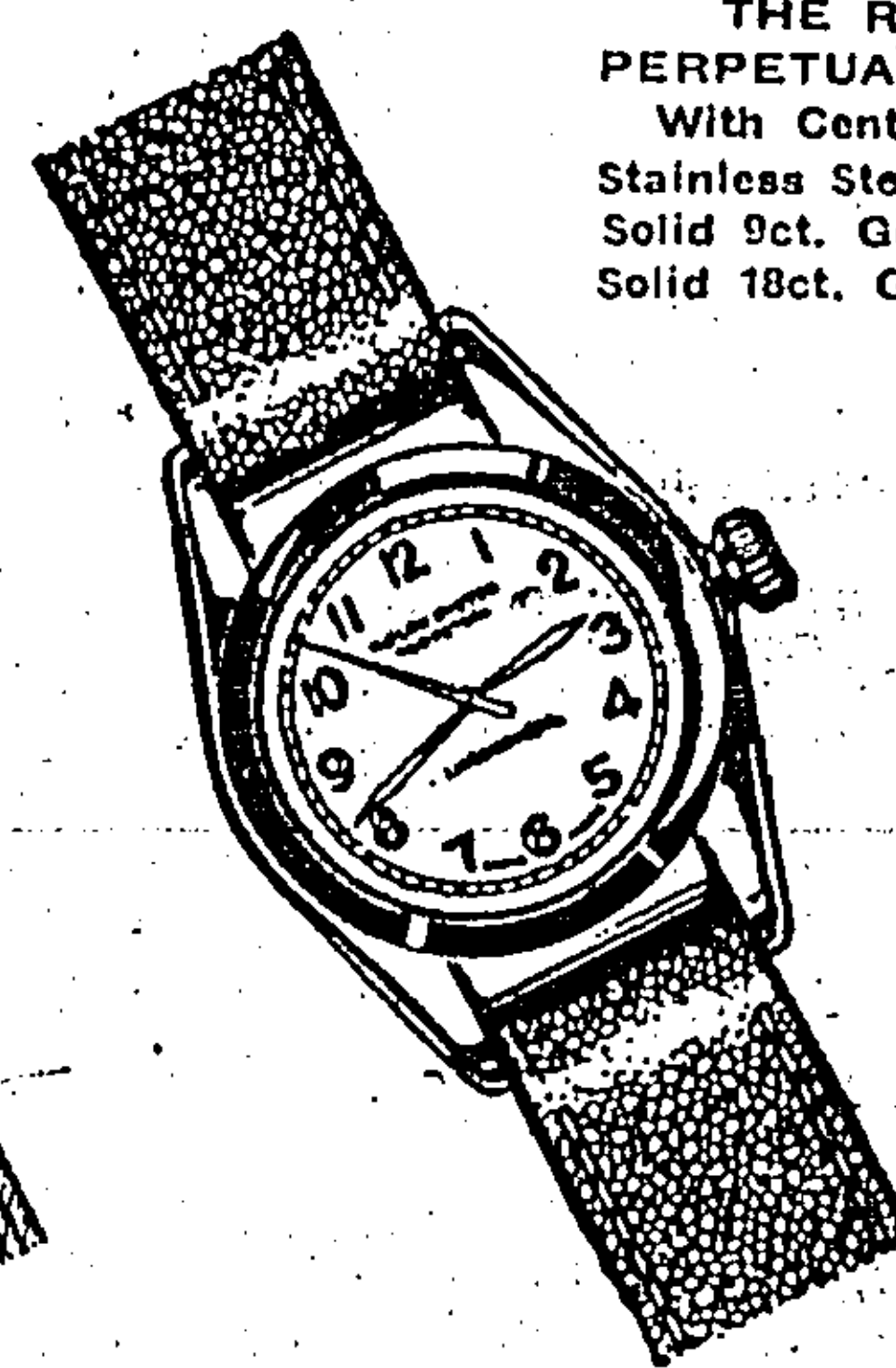


THE ROLEX OYSTER
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Without Centre Seconds Hand
\$135.00

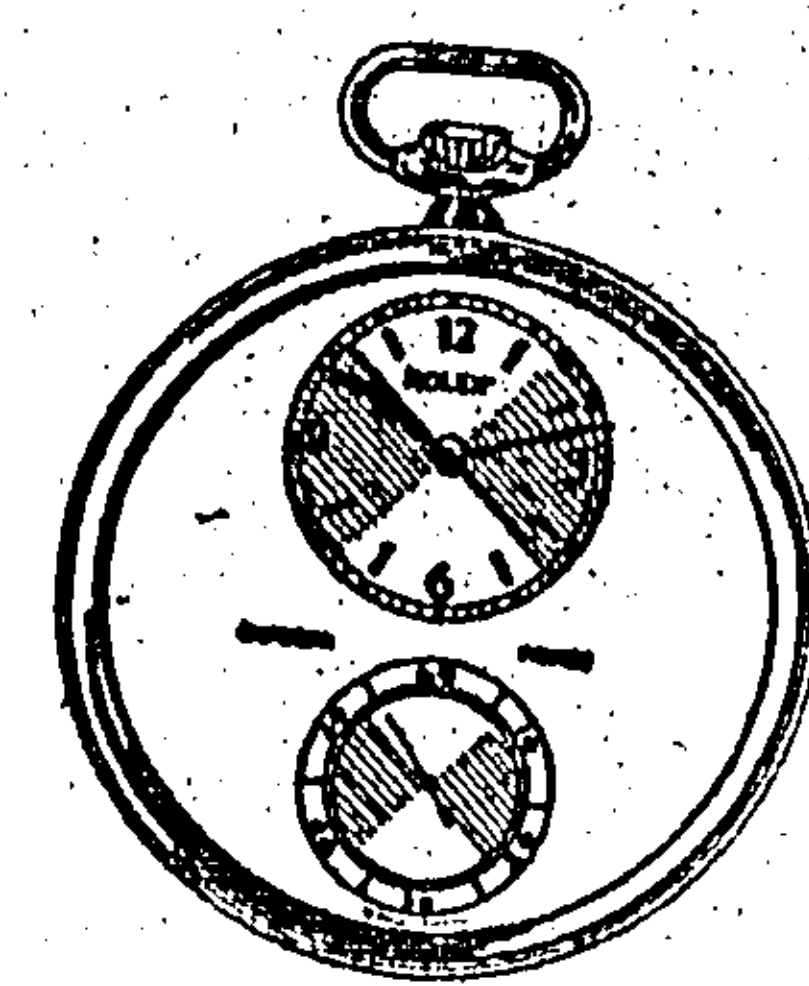
Remember —
this Christmas give a
practical, useful gift
GIVE A ROLEX



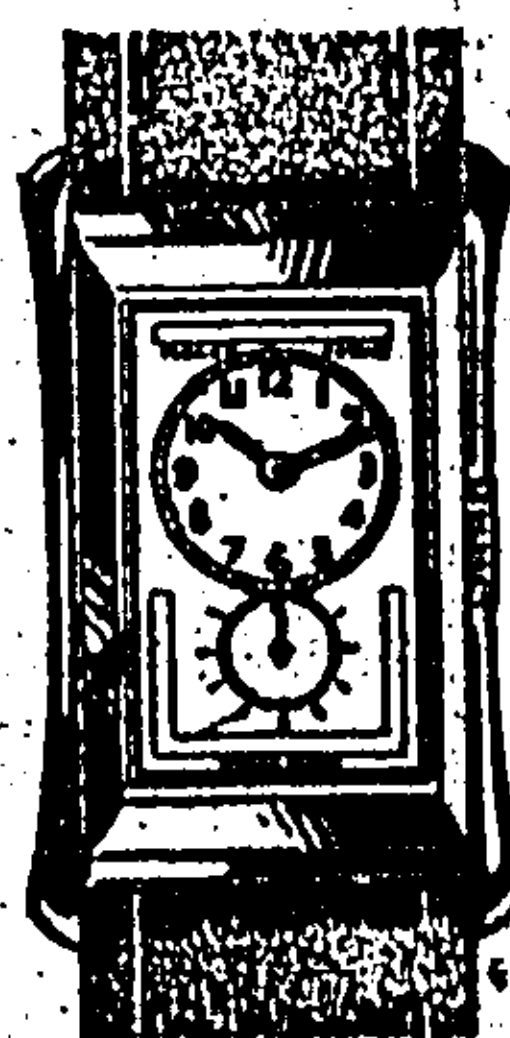
THE ROLEX OYSTER
IMPERIAL
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Stainless Steel ... \$175.00
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PERPETUAL CHRONOMETER
With Centre Seconds Hand
Stainless Steel ... \$235.00
Solid 9ct. Gold ... \$425.00
Solid 18ct. Gold ... \$700.00

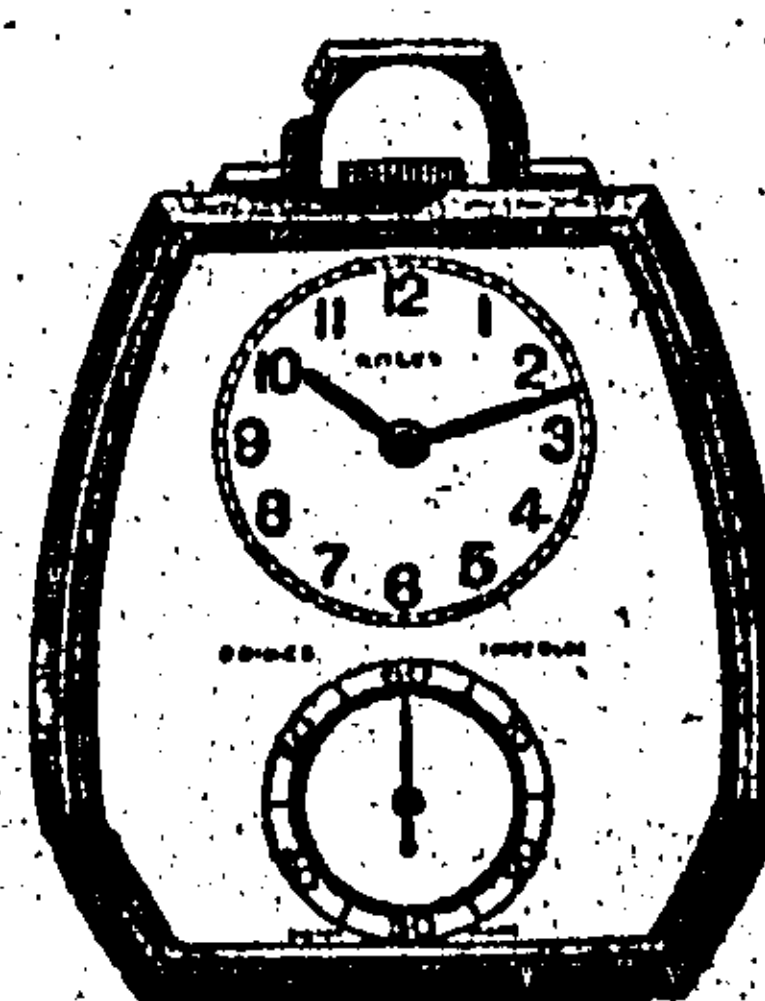


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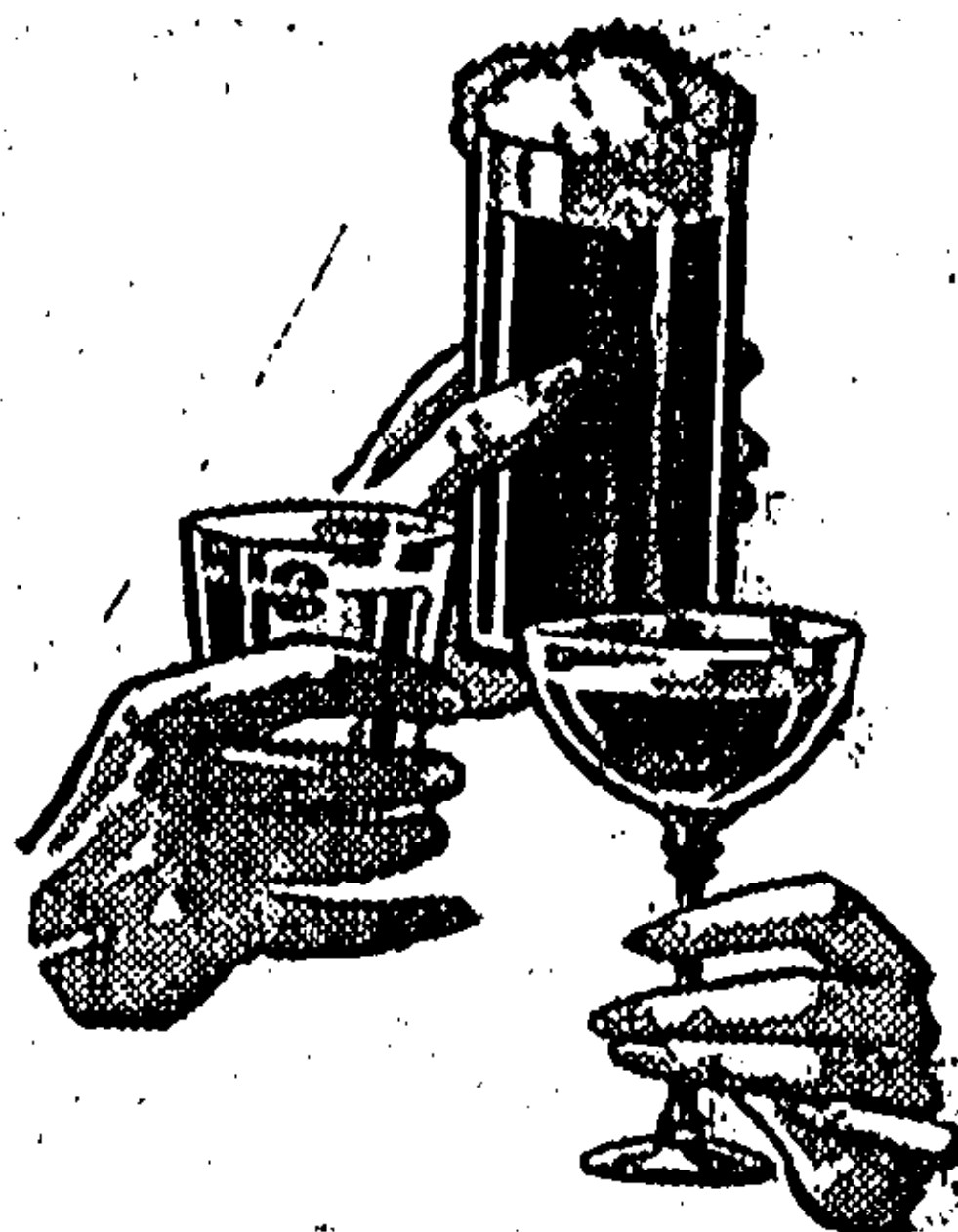
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Four hundred years before the birth of Christ the Greeks believed that "there is something in wine that makes for friendship." That saying is as true to-day as it was 2,400 years ago. He is an unconvivial soul, indeed, who at Christmas time will not raise an elbow and drink to the health and happiness of friends with a glass of soul warming brew.

There are thousands who do not drink wine except on festive occasions. Who will say that they do not appreciate it more than the regular imbiber? Unfortunately, few of them have more than a vague idea what wine is, are seldom good judges, and are ignorant of the dishes with which wines should be drunk to bring out the best flavours.

To some the words "wine" and "alcohol" sum up visions of Bacchanalian orgies. Actually, wine is the juice of the fresh grape in which part of the natural fruit-sugar is converted into alcohol through the medium of yeasts contained in the ripe fruit. Some of this sugar is changed into minute quantities of subtle substances, agreeable in taste and aromatic in odour, and there is nothing that Man can do that will accelerate this process. It is entirely a natural one.

The quality and type of wine depends on the grape, which varies with changes of soil, locality and sunshine. Champagne, for instance, is the juice of grapes grown in poor chalky soil that imports a perfume and delicacy which cannot be obtained in any other locality in the world. No synthetic process will enable it to

be imitated. Considerable skill is required in tending the vines and at least six or seven years must pass before the wine is at its best. These are some of the reasons why champagne can never be a poor man's drink. But there is no limitation costing even less than half as much which can compare in value.

The more typically Christmas wines are homely ones — sherry, port and claret. It is not necessary to be a connoisseur or a man of unlimited means to enjoy good wines at Christmas time: no need to spend £6 on a bottle of 1921 Berncastle Doctor Trocken-Beer-er Auslese when the cockles of your heart can be warmed by an excellent bottle costing five or six shillings.

Generally speaking, wines can be divided into three classes — those drunk before a meal, with a meal and after it. Real wine lovers seldom take appetisers. Never suggest a cocktail to one. If you do he will regard you as a degenerate. Even the ancients deplored the cocktail habit, and Pliny complained that the Roman

more you keep it the better it becomes in fragrance as well as in strength. In choosing sherries, therefore, it is advisable to select a wine from the cellar of an old, well established firm which has stored its products for years and so improved them.

Its universal popularity is due to the fact that it may be drunk at any time — before, with or after meals.

Claret is the wine of the rich as well as the poor man. It is delicate and should not be subjected to rapid extremes of temperature. If plunged into hot water, stood near fires or chilled, it is ruined. Claret should be kept in the room in which it will be drunk so that it attains the temperature of that room. The best way to raise its heat is to cup the glass in one's hands for a few minutes.

Burgundy is drunk cold and is best at a cellar temperature. It is essentially a wine for the affluent for a cheap brand is always a waste of money. Most cheap burgundies have a tang of sulphur which is injected into them to keep the wine bright and sparkling. Those people who know nothing about wines are attracted by the sparkle, but the taste repels and they seldom touch it again. This is a pity, for if one can afford it, good burgundy cannot be surpassed.

The most popular drink — after sherry — is port. It is wine pressed from grapes grown in the valley of the Duro, in Portugal, and shipped to Oporto, from which it gets its name.

It is illegal for wine merchants in Britain to sell as "port" any wine of the same character which grows elsewhere, although there are some excellent Empire wines of "port type". But, as they do not come from Portugal they cannot truthfully be labelled as "port".

Port may be divided into four types — ruby, tawny, vintage and white. That bottled soon after pressing and fermentation is "ruby"; if kept a few years it becomes "tawny". "Vintage" port is wine that has matured for a long period and has become rich and fruity. But both ruby and tawny ports are very popular. White port is pressed from white grapes and is a dry wine best served with meats.

The viscosity of port is greater than that of other wines and if kept standing, it deposits a precipitate. For this reason it should

be decanted periodically — otherwise it appears cloudy and unappetising.

Incidentally, the port glasses made to-day are much too small, for port should be sipped from a large glass which has been partly filled. Then the aroma, too, can be enjoyed, and if necessary, the glass may be replenished.

This applies to good brandy, also. Use a large, barrel shaped glass and warm it slightly in front of a fire, or between the hands. Then pour in a couple of fingers of the amber liquid and allow the fumes to rise.

Do this and you will enjoy the drink far more.

THE OLD LADY SPEAKS HER PIECE

SOME time ago a German broadcasting station decided to honour the oldest inhabitant of Germany, a Mrs. Martha Nutzer, who had reached the venerable age of 107 years.

Mrs. Nutzer was to say a few words into the microphone. So as to avoid mistakes, the officials of the station wrote out the script — an expression of gratitude to the Fuehrer — and asked the old lady to speak her piece into a recording machine.

When the disk was run off, the officials were mortified to hear the following: "My deepest gratitude goes to our great Chancellor Bismarck." It appeared that the centenarian had not kept pace with the latest political developments. The record was dully destroyed and Mrs. Nutzer was taken to the broadcasting station to address the German people: "And this time, don't mention Bismarck," she was cautioned.

Thus instructed, Mrs. Nutzer stepped up to the microphone and said in her creaky, trembling voice: "My gratitude as a German woman goes out to our beloved Kaiser William II." It goes without saying that Mrs. Nutzer was hurriedly sent back to her home and everyone concerned endeavoured to forget the unpleasant affair as fast as possible.

But the Kaiser at Doorn, who had listened in on the broadcast, was so moved by the loyalty of the old lady that he summoned her to visit him in exile. Mrs. Nutzer gratefully accepted the invitation. No sooner had she entered the Kaiser's study, however, than she raised her right arm and exclaimed at the top of her voice: "Heil Hitler!"

PATRIOTISM AND SOMETHING MORE

You remember when England enlisted in the World War it dawned on a certain man that England, girded safely by the encircling seas for one thousand years, was in danger, he enlisted and gave his all, went on the expedition to the Dardanelles, and died, and was buried not very far from the place Sappho loved so deeply. Not long before he died, he wrote the little poem which is the finest definition of patriotism I have ever heard, and something more; and it is the something more at this moment that engages me.

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field That is forever England. There shall be

In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;

A dust, whom England bore, shaped, made aware,

Gave, once her flowers to love, her ways to roam;

A body of England's breathing English air,

Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,

A pulse in the eternal mind, no less

Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;

Patriotism can go no further than that. "When I die," he said, "don't put a slab on my grave reading 'Here lies a little Rupert Brooks,' but 'Here lies a little bit of England.'"

— FRANCIS P. GAINES in The North Central Association Quarterly, Ann Arbor, Mich.

By
H. Harvey-Day

taste was debased because of the growing custom of sipping appetisers.

If you must have a glass before a meal, let it be sherry. This wonderful wine comes from Jerez de la Frontera, in southern Spain and has been quaffed in Britain for centuries. Shakespeare refers to the warming and valour-giving qualities of "excellent sherries."

Sherry is unique in character not merely because of the climate, soil and grape from which it is derived. For hundreds of years the growers have harnessed a particular yeast to the myriads which form, and this gives the wine a bouquet which is singularly elusive.

The yeast used in sherry causes a ferment known as the "flower" to form in a thick film on the fermenting wine, and it is this flower which endows it with so peculiar a character.

Sherry is one of those wines which never "wear out". The

Ely Culbertson on: CONTRACT BRIDGE

"PAR contests" continue very much in favour in England and indeed, in most of the world outside of the United States. For some strange reason American players never have been greatly interested in this sort of contest, aside from the always popular world bridge Olympic, held annually. As I have explained heretofore to this column, a par contest is one in which the hands are made up by a committee and, of course, special points of bidding or play [perhaps both] are involved. Usually, so that all contestants will start off on an even basis, one of the positions [South, for example] is directed to play the hand at a specified contract and West's opening lead also is directed. From that point all players are on their own, that is, if the declarer finds the best plan of attack he earns his "par" and the same goes for the defenders.

Here is a hand that was included in the last set played in England. According to the British Bridge World Magazine, very few contestants found the method of defeating the four spade contract.

South, dealer.
Neither side vulnerable.
NORTH
S-6 5 4
H-K Q 9
D-A K Q 10 3
C-J 2
WEST
S-A 9 7
H-6 5
D-9 8
C-A K 10 9 7 6
EAST
S-10 3
H-8 7 4 3 2
D-7 6 5
C-8 5 4
SOUTH
S-K Q J 8 2
H-A J 10
D-J 4 2
C-Q 3

The bidding recommended by the British committee [with which I concur] is:
South West North East
1 spade 2 clubs 2 d'monds Pass
2 spades Pass 4 spades Pass
Pass Pass

West, whether left to his own devices or following the direction of the committee, naturally opens the club king and, when dummy is exposed, can do no better than cash his club ace. East's failure to echo [which would show only two clubs] is disappointing, but if West analyses the situation thoroughly, he will find that there is no hope except through the continuation of club leads. It is perfectly obvious that no trick in the red suits can be expected by the defenders. Hence the fact that declarer will be able to ruff a third club in one hand while discarding in the other cannot be harmful to the defence. It is not immediately apparent just what good it can do, but that is only because few players with West's hand would look ahead far enough to build a logical objective. West's possession of the nine of spades, along with the A-7, is the crux. It is not too much to hope that East has the spade ten. If he has, and it is not a singleton, West can be absolutely sure of defeating the contract!

Notice how continued club leads work out: On the lead of the third club declarer probably will ruff in dummy while discarding a diamond or heart [he gains nothing by ruffing in his own hand]. Now, on the first trump lead, West captures the king and, according to plan, leads a fourth round of clubs. When East, on this lead, produces the spades ten [regardless of dummy's play], West comes into his own. Declarer is forced to waste an honour in order to over-ruff East and now West's guarded nine spot becomes the settling trick. Again I concur with the remark of the British Bridge World: "The play does not seem difficult when it is pointed out, but the position is one with which players are not familiar." The logical conclusion is that players will do well to familiarise themselves with this type play.



Would you clean your teeth with PUMICE?

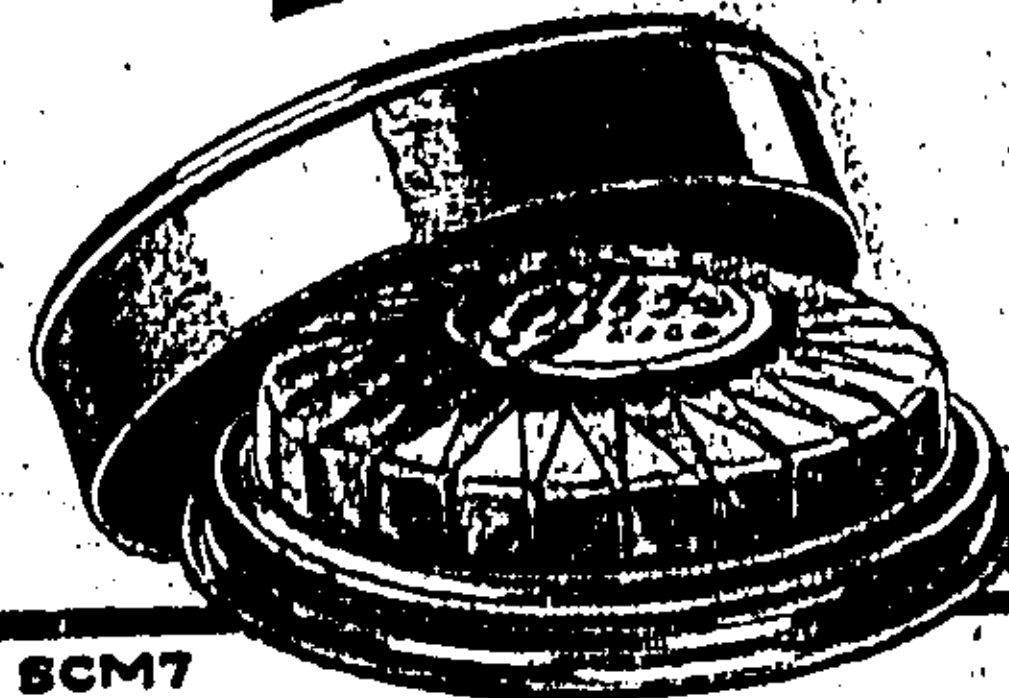
You wouldn't dream of cleaning your teeth with pumice stone, because you know its gritty particles would soon destroy the fine enamel. Yet you may even now be using a harsh tooth-cleaner which is just as destructive.

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ANNUAL BOWLS GAME

The annual lawn bowls match between St. Andrew's and St. George's Societies was played at Kowloon Bowling Green Club last Sunday, resulting in a win for St. Andrew's by 57 shots. On this page are three pictures of the game.

(At left)—In this group are W. Melrose, J. C. Gill, J. Fraser, R. P. Phillips, H. G. Wallington and W. B. Harris.



His Honour the Chief Justice, Sir Atholl MacGregor marking the score.

(At left)—H. G. Cooper, E. V. Searle, G. E. F. Thompson, R. Duncan and D. Munro watching the progress of a wood.

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT!

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- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Black & White Whisky

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No. 2. HAMPER

- 1 quart Lanson Dry Champagne
- 1 " Black & White Whisky
- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Hunt's Manzanilla Sherry

\$25.00

No. 3. HAMPER

- 1 quart Lanson Dry Champagne
- 1 " Black & White Whisky
- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Hunt's Vino de Pasto Sherry
- 1 " Sandeman's One Star Port
- 1 pint Gordon's Creme de Menthe

\$35.00

No. 4. HAMPER

- 1 quart Lanson Dry Champagne
- 1 " Black & White Whisky
- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Courvoisier Three Star Brandy
- 1 " Hunt's Old Brown Sherry
- 1 " Hunt's Full Rich Port
- 1 " Pommard Burgundy
- 1 " Sauterne White Wine
- 1 " Gordon's Sloe Gin
- 1 pint Gordon's Creme de Menthe

\$55.00

No. 5. HAMPER

- 1 quart V. C. P. Champagne
- 1 " Black & White Whisky
- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Courvoisier V. O. Brandy
- 1 " Sandeman Brown Bang Sherry
- 1 " Sandeman Partner Port
- 1 " Sauterne White Wine
- 1 " Pommard Burgundy
- 1 " Laubenheimer Hock
- 1 " Margeaux Claret
- 1 " Gordon's Rum Shrub
- 1 pint Gordon's Creme de Menthe

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Thumbs Up! Say Londoners



With a "thumbs up" this smiling member of the R.A.F. ground staff (left) signifies that all's well. England's warriors of the air feel no qualms when meeting German Eagles in combat.



Huge crowds follow Mr. Winston Churchill when he visits the City after a raid by German raiders. On the occasion when the Prime Minister asked the crowd as a whole whether they were from one or another part of the City.



This study of expressions amongst the City workers getting the best of the aerial fight taking place. While at right members of a gun club express their appreciation of the shell case brought down by an enemy aircraft.



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*Without Spending
a Lot*

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COLD STORAGE CO., LTD.**
Pure Food Specialists.



More smiling faces and more thumbs up. This is the scene which Mr. Winston Churchill looked upon during his visit to the City after a raid.



pects damage and bomb craters caused photograph was taken, Mr. Churchill hearted, and cries of "No" was heard



Bombed Lambeth Walk still shouts "Oi!" This photograph was taken soon after three high explosive bombs were dropped in Lambeth Walk. Shops and houses were demolished, and there were some casualties. Can they take it? The answer is "Oi!"



uring the lunch hour tells us who is lead. "Give 'em socks, Boys!" yell the n one of the warships escorting a con- which was fired the projectile which live bomber.



n upon during his



The children take it just as well! These kiddies are members of a colony of East Londoners who have been bombed out of their homes, and are now being given shelter in the West End.

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MODERN FIRE- FIGHTING



FATHER CARVES THE TURKEY

Comes the dramatic moment. Under the eager gaze of all the family, the maid bears in the turkey.

Father rises, with impressive calm, and surveys the deliciously brown and glistening bird. He takes up the carvers while we wait in breathless silence.

In five minutes with that bird be a ruin or will it still retain a goodly share of dignity and 50 per cent of its aristocratic flesh? Only Father knows.

Carving the turkey is one of the cooperative movements like bringing up the children. Without Mother's assistance, the job has precious little chance of success.

The turkey should always be placed on a dish which is considerably larger than the bird. A small dish and a large bird is a terrible combination. Next wisely duty is to be discreet about the garnishings. Too much decorative effect with diced vegetables, parsley, etc. increases the carver's already stiff problem. The turkey's the thing, so let it stand in solitary splendour.

The knife must be freshly sharpened. A dull knife means all work and no eats, so remember the sharpener.

The wise family doesn't expect Father to rush into the carving arena. A decent interval must elapse while he surveys his opponent, and, incidentally, savours the importance of his position. Not every day brings such a chance of keeping wild appetites at bay. Carving mutton is a soulless job, but Christmas Day brings an opportunity to display the shining talent which is usually wasted on scrag end.

The tactical moves decided, Father carefully removes his glass from the zone of action. With amazing tolerance (influence of festive good will, not likely to last beyond Boxing Night), he flicks away the overhanging foliage from the floral centrepiece, and gives the knife a final few strokes on the steel, at the same time fixing the turkey with a cool, deliberate stare. It's rather reminiscent of the gaze he centres on the chess board.

At this juncture his worthy partner diverts the attention of the family by opening up some sprightly topic of conversation. The sense of strain subsiding,

the family rise to the bait.

With the faint smile of the craftsman, Father drives his fork firmly into the breast bone of the turkey at the highest point on the ridge. One prong is on one side, and the other on the other. He holds the fork very firmly, straight up and down, with his left hand, and with a steady glance he defies the bird to start a skating act.

He has always maintained that the first operation is to remove the leg and thigh of the side facing the carver. So he proceeds to put his theory into practise.

He inserts the knife behind the leg and makes a clean cut all round it. Next he presses the joint outward, using the knife as a lever. By this time the ligaments can easily be seen, so he cuts them. Thus the leg and thigh are completely separated from the turkey.

Near the tail of the bird, secreted in a cavity in the bone, is a small and very tasty piece of dark

meat. It is called the oyster. Father looks at it a trifle longingly, but it always goes to Mother.

Now he is ready to carve the breast. With the fork still fixed

By
Nicholas Grant

slices in the beginning—and then found there wasn't going to be firmly in the breastbone, he carves thin slices, working up the ridge of the breastbone. He is very cute about keeping the first slices thin. He once watched Uncle John get severely caught out. He cut thick enough to go round without starting on the other side of the turkey.

After slicing off the breast meat he sticks the fork into the leg which he has already severed from

the bird. With his knife he locates the point at which the thigh bone and drumstick join. This is just over the round bone.

The point found, he cuts through the ligaments with one neat stroke of the knife. Then he slices small portions of the dark meat from thigh and drumstick and divides the wing into two parts.

Down go the fork and knife, and Father, still with that faintly superior smile, takes up a spoon. He has espied the stuffing, and the bird is so neatly dissected that there is no difficulty in reaching it.

As her last contribution to the partnership, Mother has had an extra hot plate put beside the carving dish. Father transfers each slice on to this plate as he carves.

The work done—almost—he relaxes a little, and transfers a portion of the meat on to each plate.

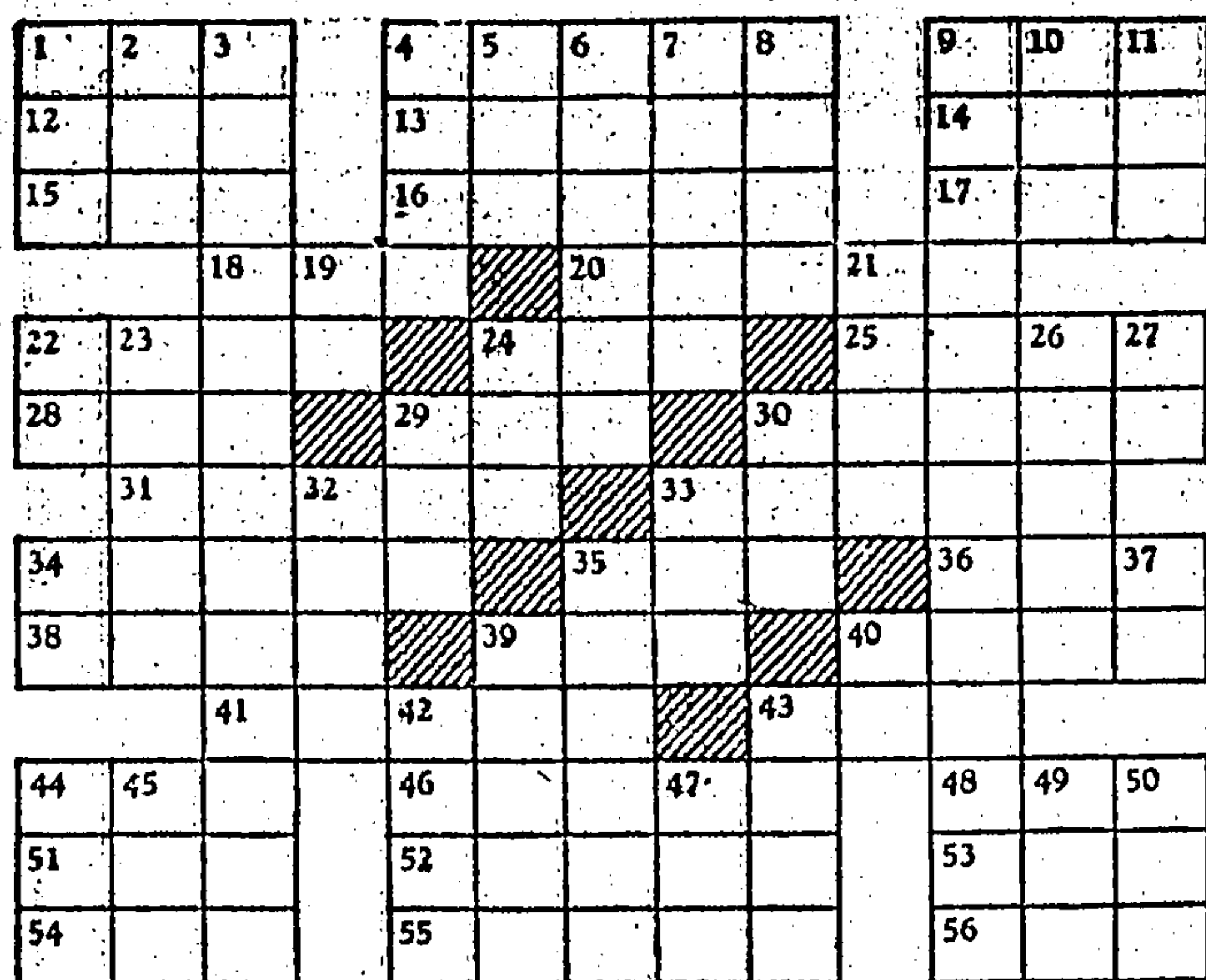
Beside it he puts a generous portion of stuffing. Then he sits down, his still calm air concealing a distinct feeling of triumph. Round him the family beams with pride.

Tributes by outside guests are received with a deprecatory lift of the eyebrows, and a nonchalant "It's really very simple." The family still beam proudly, knowing that there are fathers who can make the costly turkey look like Tuesday's hash.

Sometimes, if we have rather more guests than usual, father carves the bird in the kitchen. He arranges it neatly on a hot carving dish, and Mother is allowed to do a little garnishing.

But, while the bird tastes just as good, there is something missing. Father's deft manipulation of the carving knife, his judicial air as he surveys the bird all contribute to a ritual which, we suspect, is as fascinating to perform as it is to watch.

SUNDAY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



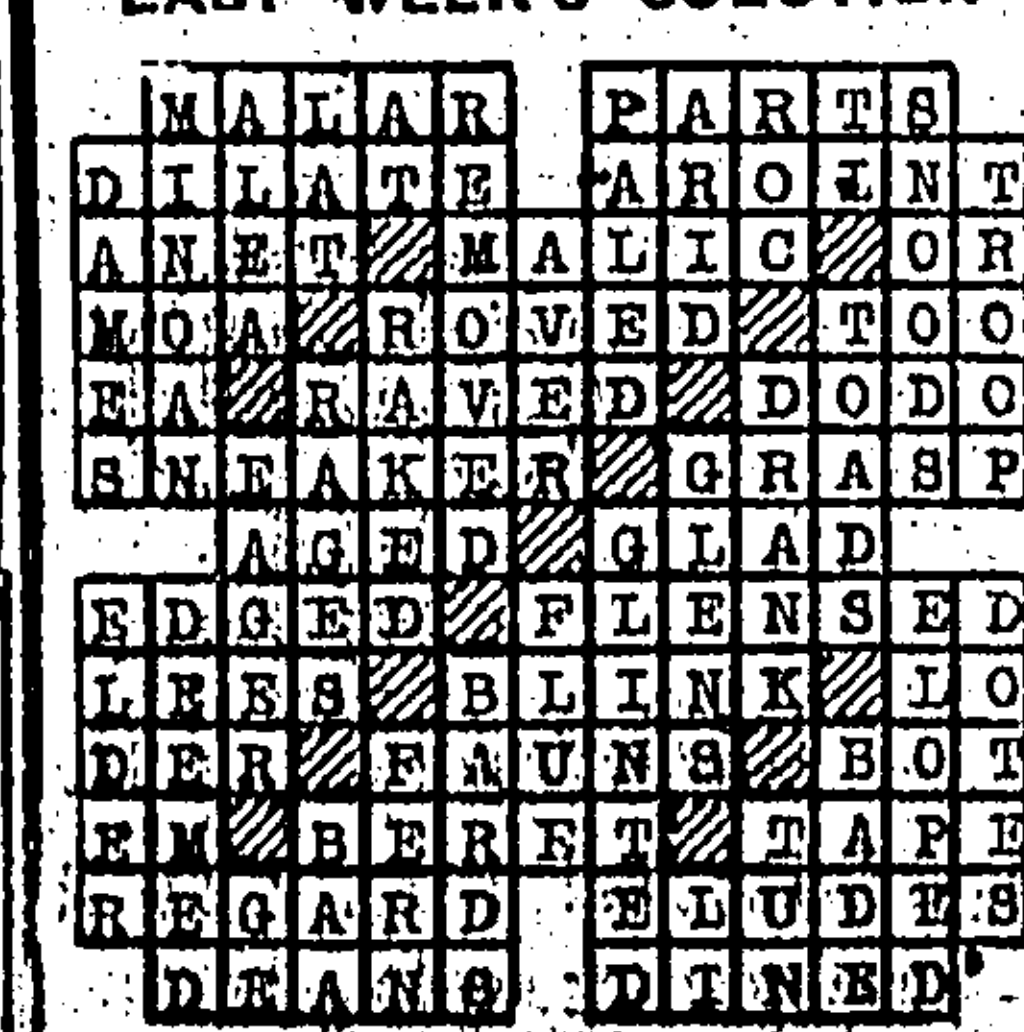
HORIZONTAL

- 1 Vehicle
- 4 Fundamental
- 9 To scrutinise
- 12 Consumed
- 13 Poetic
- 14 To regret
- 15 To scold
- 16 Weasel-like
- 17 Abstract being
- 18 To irritate
- 20 Recuperates
- 22 Renown
- 24 By
- 25 To make well
- 28 To mature
- 29 Possesses
- 30 Scope
- 31 To intimate
- 33 Division of a poem
- 34 To change
- 35 To dine
- 36 Babylonian war god
- 38 Fifth
- 39 To take unlawfully from
- 40 Persian poet
- 41 Ink war
- 43 Beverage
- 44 Indo-Chinese language

VERTICAL

- 1 Container
- 2 Luzon savage
- 3 Strict discipline
- 4 To enjoy genial influences
- 5 Constellation
- 6 Fencing swords
- 7 More competent
- 8 Lixivia
- 9 Forebodings
- 10 To flow
- 11 Affirmative
- 12 Concerning
- 21 As compared with
- 22 Note of scale
- 23 Spry
- 24 Golf term
- 25 Greek market place
- 27 French article
- 29 Pronoun
- 30 To knock
- 32 Celebration
- 33 Young animal
- 34 Part of "to be"
- 35 Bloated
- 37 Land measure
- 39 Horseman
- 40 Symbol for oil
- 42 To peel
- 43 Greek god
- 44 Flap
- 45 Turkish title
- 47 Night before an event
- 48 To be obliged to
- 50 Point

LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION



A Bedtime Story For Children:—

A Sharp Nose

By
Howard R. Garis

Johnnie and Billie Bushytail scampered along over the snow. They were pulling their sled. The two squirrel boys were going to get their little sister Friskie.

Friskie had gone to spend the afternoon playing with Jennie Chipmunk who was a cousin. Mrs. Bushytail had sent Johnnie and Billie to get Friskie and pull her home on the sled.

"For Friskie is a very little squirrel," said Mrs. Bushytail. "She might get lost if she tried to find her way home alone. And it gets dark very early in winter."

So, though Johnnie and Billie would rather have stayed near their own hollow tree home, playing snowball tag, they finally started to get their little sister.



"Help! Help!"

"Come on! Let's try it!" proposed Johnnie.

So the squirrel boys closed their eyes and tried to name the different trees in the woods without looking.

"This is a pine tree!" said Billie, putting his nose close to the trunk of one. Billie was right.

"This is a hickorynut tree!" said Johnnie, smelling the bark of that tree with his eyes shut. Johnnie was right.

Tie Score

Again and again the squirrel boys tried this little trick, but neither one could win. One nose was as sharp as the other. Each was very good for smelling out trees.

"I wish these nut trees we smelled had nuts on," said Billie. "I could nibble a few chestnuts now!"

"So could I!" said Johnnie. "And some hickory nuts, too. Maybe if I smell real hard, some nuts will appear."

"Nonsense!" laughed Billie. "The nuts tell and were gathered long ago. We gathered some. Some we hid in the ground. I eyes look shiny."

know where I hid a lovely lot of walnuts."

"Oh, I wish we had some walnuts now," said Johnnie. "But we had better hurry and get Friskie. It's getting dark fast."

"Let's hurry!" chattered Billie. "There is chocolate nut cake waiting for us at home."

The squirrel boys began to run. All of a sudden Billie slipped. His sharp little nose bumped against a tree.

"Oh, help! Help!" chattered Billie. "My nose is stuck! I can't pull my nose loose! Help! Help!"

And in the next story, if the snow shovel doesn't hide under the gas stove when it should be out roller skating with the icicle, I'll tell you about being cold and hungry.

As A Child Sees —

Excerpts from
The New York Times
Magazine

God sews up the buds of flowers very tight and after awhile, He lets the sun and rain open the stitches.

Smells are things to know about. When people do good things, they smell sweet. When they do bad things, they do not smell sweet at all. Dogs know about this.

I like the country because it is so peaceful. Out there the quiet just goes sliding along.

When fathers and mothers love each other, it keeps them from fighting. If they make nice faces at each other and put their arms around and kiss—the mother's tears go away and the father's eyes look shiny.

Christ Church Fete

Under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency the Acting Governor, Lieut. General E. F. Norton, a most enjoyable Fun Fair and Sale of Work was held in the grounds of Christ Church, Kowloon Tong, last Saturday. The function was opened by Miss Rosamund Kung, and on this page are pictures of the event.

(Photographs by Kahn).



Guessing the weight of a cake (at left) is Mr. O. K. Yui, former Mayor of Greater Shanghai.

(Below)—Skipper W. M. Mair, R.N.R. trying his hand at one of the side-shows.

Mr. W. M. Baron (left) and the Rev. Dean Wilson having fun at one of the stalls.



Mr. D. Tolan (at right) tries his hand at target shooting, while Mrs. Tolan looks on.



Mrs. F. Winyard finds a customer to guess the weight of her cake.



Captain W. James groping in the "Treasure Tub."



Miss Rosamund Kung has fun at one of the stalls, while the Rev. H. D. Rosenthal, Vicar of Christ Church, watches with interest.

Charity Fete Committee



St. Stephen's Girls' College held their annual charity fete and sale of work in the lower hall of the College last Saturday. The above photograph is of the Committee in charge of the function and shows, from left to right, the Rev. John Y. L. Chung, Miss J. R. Taylor, who declared the Bazaar open, Miss E. S. Atkins, Headmistress of the College, and Miss W. I. Griffin, Warden of St. Stephen's Hall.

Short Story:—

ELEVENTH HOUR

At eight o'clock Lance Greville rose lazily from the deep arm-chair, lit a cigarette and walked slowly towards the wide windows of his bachelor apartment. The bells of a nearby church had rarely sounded as clear and dulcet as they did on this evening of December the twenty-fourth. They appeared to Greville to be bestowing a benign blessing on the final day before his wedding.

Gazing down upon the luminous flow of traffic along the Embankment and Northumberland Avenue, he meditated pleasantly upon the fact that in little more than 24 hours he would be married to an heiress and both of them would be occupying a spacious stateroom en route for America.

Meanwhile, to-night, his ennui might succumb to a visit to his club.

Greville's car, expertly driven, nosed its way past the gaily-lighted Carlton Hotel, along Pall Mall to turn into the quiet thoroughfares of St. James' Square and clubland. Quite automatically he switched off the ignition as the car came to a standstill, jerked carefully the braided silken cord of the door-lock, and stepped on to the thickly snow-covered pavement as the figures of two fellow-clubmen walked towards the broad entrance of the establishment.

"H'lo Lance," said one, "Coming to visit the lion's den for the last time?"

"A bit bored, old man," Greville replied. "Maybe—or maybe you two'd care to make it an impromptu farewell dinner party?"

And, as his invitation was accepted, a queer rushing sliding sound overwhelmed further conversation with its rising intensity.

Everything happened too quickly for accurate description.

One moment three men stood by the car talking, their breath floating up in little white spirals; the next, a fourth figure dived towards Greville from a darkened adjacent doorway, clutched at his coat-sleeve and swung him clear as a miniature avalanche of snow tore downwards from the high roofs, bringing with it bricks and tiles. Next moment the car was engulfed, the sliding roof crushed beneath the sudden weight, windows shattered as if by a

giant hammer. And, white and a little scared, Greville stood framing the words of gratitude at the man who had saved him: "I—I—that was most awfully good of you..." he stammered.

It was difficult to distinguish the outline of the stranger's face. He was sallow, and the eyes were a little sunken; like the eyes of a man who has suffered much. But the splendour of his heavy coat gave no indication of want.

"We were just—er—suggesting a little celebration in the club—" Greville found himself saying.

"For to-morrow," added one of his friends, "Lance Greville, clubman, is to be married." "—And I wondered if you'd honour us with your company?" Greville ended.

The stranger peered at the three. Then, in a quiet voice: "I'd be glad to accept your kind invitation."

Four figures entered the softly-lighted portals of the club and, excusing himself so that he might arrange for the removal of his derelict car, Lance Greville left his two friends to accompany their guest of honour to a private dining room.

A soft-footed waiter removed the last of the dishes, drawing towards a blazing log-fire a low table, upon which he set liqueur glasses, decanters and siphons. Greville moved a deep armchair towards the fire for his guest and bent over the table with a questioning look towards the stranger.

"Thank you, no," the quiet voice refused. "Much as I have enjoyed your company and much as I look forward to a quiet talk with you younger men for the next hour, I beg to be excused from joining you in any refreshment, but please don't let me stop you from toasting the success of Mr. . . . er. Greville's marriage."

Glasses clinked, the sibilant splash of the siphon whispered from the dancing shadows, and matches flamed to the end of three choice cigars. Then, after a few minutes' silence, Greville spoke.

"Christmas Eve," he said. "The time for retrospect and yarns of the past, I wonder whether

I might ask you to conjure up a reminiscence or two, sir?"

"I'd be glad to," the stranger said. "Though I must ask your indulgence if my memory proves to be a little rusted." He moved more comfortably in his chair. "Perhaps my story will explain an antipathy towards all forms of drinks. For, many years ago, they proved to be both my downfall and blessing."

Somewhere in the dim darkened distance a telephone shrilled. A club servant approached the little company and, with a discreet cough, bent towards Greville.

"Would you please excuse me for a couple of minutes?" he asked. "There's a 'phone call for me . . . and made his way from the private room towards the members' telephone cabinets."

There was a frown on his handsome face as a well-known voice called a gay "Hello, Lan!" "H'lo, Nina," he replied. "Show over already?"

"I'll say so, Lan, and I'm right back at the flat with the whole evening before me to do

—by—
Howard Drayton

nothing in. Maybe . . ." the voice was softly seductive. "This is only the first of many lonely evenings for poor little me?"

"Don't be silly," Lance protested. "You know, as well as I, that it meant marriage and money . . . or single life and a continual shortage of cash. It had to be that, Nina. What little I had's all gone—and, anyway, you're an expensive little luxury, y'know!"

"Not worth it, Lan?"

"Of course, m'dear. But money means a great deal to me just now. Just rest up to-night and over the holiday . . . and in a couple of weeks, or so I'll be back to cheer up the lonely evenings for you."

"Really, Lan? It's nice to hear you say that . . . Bye till then . . . and good luck, I s'pose," a trifle viciously.

The telephone clicked. With slightly moistened forehead, Greville walked from the cabinet, treading the thick pile carpet back towards his guests. Thankful none of them had been able to overhear the conversation.

It was a weird sight, in the middle of the Canadian forest, said the stranger. Sitting around a gigantic fire, the horses' tails to the wind, waiting for the heat to melt the hard snow and ice in our search for gold. Wet clothes and blankets, which had been hanging up to dry for days, and we had been so weary that even the crashing of an occasional tree failed to keep us awake. We slept and dreamed of the gold we were surely to find some time, soon.

Very slowly a township sprung up. A few shanties here, one or two stores there. And in the middle of them all a great saloon, bright with lights, and echoing to the tinkle of an automatic piano, the emptied and replenished glasses of those who had money to burn . . . or to drink.

Life was very lonely till my wife came out to me, and brought our little girl, and because of them, I built a log cabin, and searched even more frantically than the rest for that elusive gold. But the cabin palled, after long hours of struggle against Nature. The saloon beckoned with its bright lights and cheerful company and, eventually both my wife and I—for we were young and hot-blooded—sought music and laughter within the walls of the saloon after the baby had been put to bed at nights and the cabin windows shuttered securely against the storms.

So it may have gone on, had it not been for one particular night.

We had been in the saloon for an hour or more and the wind shrieked and tore at the wooden walls. Big stoves shone warmly inside, and it seemed more preferable to smell the scent of cheap perfume, hear the echoes of insincere laughter, than to think yet of returning to our cabin. And then a trapper flung back the thick wooden door, brushing aside the snow from his fur cap.

"Y'kid's gone!" he shouted to me, moving across to our table. "Comin' past y' shack I found th' door swingin' an' thinkin', mebbe, th' kid 'ud be cold, I went in t'see. But she's gone, I tell ya—her cot's tumbled over an' th' place's empty!"

I can't remember whether my wife and I looked at each other or not. Perhaps we both felt the awful guilt of our position. Perhaps we didn't even wait for thoughts . . . But within ten minutes we had banded a search party together and, out in the tearing storm, with snow whipping and clawing the tears from our eyes, we searched in the four directions of the wind.

An hour . . . two hours passed and, nearing three o'clock, with the bright Northern lights casting eerie shadows ahead of and around us, we converged on the empty cabin. The child was gone. The snow was to give up no secrets. My mouth tasted bitter, swamping the taste of alcohol I'd been drinking before the trapper entered. And, without any word, the search parties left . . . they to return to the saloon and their shacks . . . my wife and I to mourn the loss of one we had not appreciated till now.

For yet another hour the snow whirled and flurried about the place. Neither of us dared look at each other, let alone speak. I kept walking past the wooden cot, its blankets spilled about the floor, I dared not touch them, dared not even wonder whether they would ever be used again. They say the darkest hour comes before the dawn. That human resistance is lowest round about three in the morning. And then, faintly at first, but with an insistence that eventually penetrated our numbed brains, came knocks at the cabin door. I stared at my wife . . . we both stopped shivering about the empty cabin. And then I walked to the door.

It had stopped snowing; the ground was a sheer white blanket. Stars were beginning to dim as a red rosy dawn crept up from the east. So much was unconsciously registered on my brain . . . but my eyes rested on the bent figure of a man standing on the threshold, holding our little girl close in his arms. Her curly head nestled against his rough clothing. Her eyes were closed tight. But she breathed deeply . . . happily.

And then my wife shouldered me roughly aside, snatching the baby from the protecting arms half-hysterically, hugging her to her breast.

I looked into the quiet, soft eyes dumbly. I couldn't speak. But I took the arms which had held our little girl and drew him towards the lighted room. Somehow there was a strangely familiar look about the worn, tired face. Though he spoke no word, the stranger shook his head slowly.

Again I invited him to enter. . . . I couldn't yet express our thanks. But I wanted him to share the warmth, the light with us. Perhaps, then, we would have found voices. . . . And, at last, a quiet voice spoke to me: "I must go on my way," and, as my hands slipped from his arms, he turned and walked out into the snow.

I believe I would have stood at the open door for hours, had it not been for the sound of hysterical sobbing. I turned back to my wife, built up the fire in the big stove, righted the cot and warmed those blankets which I had thought would never again be needed. And, just as the dawn broke red and our baby slept with a little smile wrinkling her lips, I opened the door again.

I stared in the direction her rescuer had taken. And then I realised the virgin snow was unbroken, there were no footmarks either towards our cabin or going away from it.

The saloon knew us no more. With a temperature of any- thing below 40 degs. zero, I washed the river bank, panning first a dollar, then ten, then a hundred dollars worth of dust daily until, at last, my claims yielded the greatest amount of the precious metal. I employed men to pan the dust and mine the ingots for me.

We moved east. First to Calgary, then, down to Yellowstone and across to Chicago. But the garish life of that city had no attractions and we continued on

And, I, not yet realising how lonely life could be, sent our little girl across to Europe that she might be educated in a manner fitting for one who, one day, would be worth millions. Meanwhile, I was bound in New York, for by then I had great business interests. But I wanted to see my baby once more and, just before her seventeenth birthday, I made a surprise visit to England.

When I arrived she was in Paris, touring with other members of the school to which I had sent her.

London was a lonely city. Cold, inhospitable—my wife was a long way away. And then the craving got me suddenly. I longed to forget all the loneliness, longed for bright lights, craved laughter, good company—drinks. Then I remembered streets . . . it seemed time went back. Back to the lonely cabin in which we had all been so very happy.

The voice trailed off into silence and Lance Greville stretched his legs.

"A great story, sir," he said. "And how did it all end?"

The stranger passed a hand wearily across his shadowed face.

"My mind is a little hazy. . . somehow I seem to forget . . ."

"You must excuse me," he said, "but I could not help overhearing your conversation on the telephone."

Lance Greville started in amazement; the voice was very low, very earnest.

"It may be no business of mine. But do you think you're being quite honest with the girl whom you are to marry to-morrow? Won't she share your joys and sorrows with you, helping to make life real instead of artificial?"

"I meant no harm. And I did not wish to upset you. In fact, I have upset myself, I'm afraid. You see, it may be a—er—an old man's privilege . . . He moved towards the great windows. . . . If you will excuse me for a few moments I would like to get out into the air. I shall be ready to go, afterwards. . . ."

The heavy curtains swung back into place behind his upright figure.

Of all the damned impertinence!

What right had anyone to interfere with his life? Overheard his 'phone conversation! Snooping! old . . . And then Greville recoiled. For it was totally impossible that anyone could overhear a conversation, so far removed from the telephone cabinet!

He walked swiftly to the vast windows, swinging back the heavy curtains, fumbling with the lacquered catch, to step out on to the small raised balcony.

The virgin snow was unbroken beneath his feet. The white pavements sparkled emptily below. And, as in the distance a peal of bells ended in the majestic strokes of midnight, a great understanding came to the awe-struck Greville.

Back in the telephone cabinet, with shaking hands, he lifted down the receiver, called a number.

"A sleepy voice answered. . . . 'It's goodbye, Nina,' he said 'A new day has dawned. . . .'"

The disturbed sleep of an heiress changed to untroubled slumber. A girl to whom white snow was among her earliest recollections.

THE ENGLISH

An Englishman in a soft shirt will think like blazes: the mere putting on of a stiff one indicates to him that he has finished for the day.—JAMES AGATE, quoted in *English Digest*, London.

A German once scoffed at the British Empire as being held together by moonbeams. He might have reflected that a moonbeam is difficult to cut.

—BEVERLEY BAXTER in "Men, Martyrs and Mountebanks," (Hutchinson).

"The English are enormously solemn, solid and venerable; suddenly there is a sort of rumbling within them, they make a grotesque remark, a fork of pixie-like humour flies out of them, and once more they have the solemn appearance of an old leather arm-chair." —KAREL CAPEK in *London Opinion*, London.



They Steered by the Stars

To the rovers who steered by the stars every storm cloud was a menace. Today, a future steered just by hope and desire is at the mercy of the unexpected.

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THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE

INSURANCE CO., Shell House, H.K.

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NAME

ADDRESS

AGE (Nearest Birthday)

8APB16

Does This Christmas Find You More Beautiful Than Last?

IT'S a Merry Christmas to you and many, many wishes for a joyous year to come—from the bottom of my heart! I hope you will be overjoyed at the pack Santa leaves near your tree.

I hope, too, that this Christmas finds you healthier and happier and more beautiful than last year. Age has its compensations, you know, for as each year rolls by we look at life (or should) in better, saner perspective.

Age should also bring wisdom, satisfaction through accomplishment, and a serene beauty. Understanding (and humour) should shine from your eyes, and grace be in your every action!

If you have not your share of these beauty assets I want you to determine to get them. So much depends upon your determination. If you are ill, or have been ill, you must make every effort to get well. Begin with health—beauty and happiness will follow in its wake.

Realise that attractiveness is every woman's birthright—it is a gift to you through creation. There are various degrees and stages of attractiveness, that is true, but so many women fall short of what they could be. Their figures could be better, their skin clearer, their hair more becomingly dressed. They could carry themselves with sure, graceful movements, and speak in convincing and melodic tones. They could capture from life so much they are missing, and through their womanly beauty, they could bring more happiness to those who love them.

Let's prove to ourselves that all this is true. Make yourself very, very attractive for Christmas Day! And be attractive in your manner. Shut out gloom and let Christmas, and all it signifies, creep into your heart and gladden your spirit. Fling discouragement out of your life, pretend Aladdin has come to you with his lamp and you wish as you rub it that "life will open for me through my own sheer will." That wish can come true!

To-Day, Frimp

If you have not already done so have your hair shampooed and set. If you can spare the time have a facial, a manicure and a good relaxing body massage. See that the dress or hostess gown you intend to wear is freshly pressed. Plan to spend at least ten minutes arranging your hair and making up your face when you get up. It might be a good idea to splurge on a new lipstick—always a boon to wilted spirits. If you use other make-up buy a fresh supply. Get a flattering selection.

Then enter into the spirit of the day—the week! Give your pretty self a wonderful time. And if you find yourself wishing that you were more attractive and that you had not neglected yourself all those past months—well you know what to do about it during the coming year!

At any rate, have a grand Christmas, and make it the beginning of your year for more beauty, more health, more happiness!



With an armful of holly and an ice queen's crown on her head, Sonja Henle is the very spirit of Christmas Joy.

Some Gifts A Beauty Editor Would Buy

QUITE naturally I am concerned about your beauty—everyone's beauty, so if I were going to give you a Christmas gift it would be some aid or aids, which would tend to correct an existing beauty problem.

We think first of skin and hair, when we think of beauty, even though we should think of figure first! So cosmetics for care of face and scalp make admirable Christmas gifts.

In selecting this you should acquaint yourself with the skin and scalp condition of your friend. Most of the good cosmetics are mixed to serve the dry, oily, normal and young conditions. The essentials for the face are cleansing creams, skin lotion, a foundation formula or lubricating cream. These come in smaller quantities, attractively ensembled and boxed, and usually include a hand lotion and face powder. Such a kit is a nice gift thought for any age girl or woman.

I would, and do, give hair brushes! Good hairbrushes which have unadorned wooden backs but excellent bristles. I give these to the children, girls, women and men on my list, for I think a good hairbrush is one of all nicest gifts. Then, of course, when I want a gift to "show" more than serve, I look at the perfumes, the colognes, and the exquisite make-up compacts. I might even drift over to the counter of fitted evening bags if my budget will stand them! These are always dear to women and it seems as if you never quite get enough of them.

Quantities of face tissues and fluffy powder puffs make a most unusual presentation and a welcome one, as does one of those new little silk bags which contain lipstick and nail polish which match in colour.

Compacts range in price from a half dollar to twenty-five and even the least expensive ones are pretty.

This season I fell in love with a new beauty of the luxury class—a rich burgundy one of French enamel, slim and round, which boasts a crest of brilliants. Designed for royal taste, to be sure, but a compact you would most likely keep to pass on to the next generation!

For just a cunning remembrance I stocked up on tiny quantities of good perfume which came all dressed up in Christmas garb. One looked like a carefree angel, another filled a red boot of Santa's, three candles each with a different fragrance tempted me, and so did a small wicker hamper chuck full of perfume and make-up aids. These little nick-nacks are just enough to say "Merry Christmas" in an original way and they are so well presented they cannot help but please.

If I could afford to, I would send sweet-smelling sachets instead of Christmas cards to all my

woman friends. It would be a fragrant way of well wishing!

Liking perfumed baths myself, naturally I believe most other women do too, and bath aids at this season are so exquisitely packaged that it is too difficult for me to select two or three to tell you about. See them yourself and save a lot of precious time by sending them to any woman you should and have not as yet remembered! She will be delighted—I can vouch for that.



BALANCE

Here's balance that seems no effort at all—poised grace that's delightful to look at. Michel—because it is a perfectly balanced lipstick—gives you the same lovely-to-look-at qualities! Michel's creamy base keeps lips velvet-smooth... its constancy assures day-long lip-appeal... its tested purity makes Michel good enough to eat. When beauty's in the balance take no chances—choose Michel.



7 FLATTERING SHADES
BLONDE • BRUNETTE • VIVID
RASPBERRY • CYCLAMEN
CHERRY • SCARLET

3 Sizes:
De Luxe • Large • Popular

Enhance your loveliness by using other Michel beautifiers, especially made to harmonize with Michel lipstick—Michel Rouge for the cheeks, Michel Cosmétique for the eyes and Michel Face Powder.

Michel LIPSTICK

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Messrs. UNITED TRADERS,
York Bldg., Hong Kong.

I enclose 25 cents for introductory size Michel Lipstick in..... shade.
Name.....
Address..... S.H.

5APB2



Every woman should have a complete manicuring set. This is thoroughly equipped and comes beautifully cased.

The eyes have it

Beautiful hair, lovely features—no wonder she's the envy of all. Her secret? She shampoos regularly with MULSIFIED, the liquid shampoo requiring no fussy mixing. Free of harsh alkali, it's used by smart women the world over. It's economical too—two teaspoonfuls give an abundance of rich, creamy lather. Keep your hair "lovely to look at" with

Watkins MULSIFIED Shampoo

MEN'S PYJAMAS
IN
Viyella
and
'Clydella'

For men who prefer luxury, comfort and lasting wear. The correct weight and finish of 'Viyella' and 'Clydella' pyjamas ensure an even warmth—guaranteed unshrinkability provides a continuous perfect fit. To be had in a varied range of designs.

DAY & NIGHT WEAR

From all first-class stores throughout the East. If any difficulty please write Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd., Viyella House, Nottingham, England.

9APB1

Let's Go To A Party

A good many of us will be putting on paper caps at this time of the year and going crazy. I am all in favour of it. One needs a safe valve, and a simple object like a paper hat provides it.

I am hoping to make an excellent one out of the income-tax demand for January 1st, which I recently received. Or maybe I should be even more devilish and use it as a spill to light the Christmas cigar which I shall equally and inevitably receive.

Let us, therefore, for once go crazy with paper hats on our heads.

Of course, paper hats suggest parties. And one can do mad things at a party and still face your host calmly the next day. Even hotels and restaurants recognise the value of paper hats. I have been to many a gala dinner where a sad-faced waiter has flung a bundle of paper hats contemptuously on the table with an attitude of "Be gay, damn you!"

The result is not always what one expects. I recall an evening in a West End hotel when a young

man at the table had no sooner put on his paper hat than he burst into tears. We were all horribly shocked. And the party became a dismal failure when the young man blurted out: "My wife left me this morning."

"Some men have all the luck," said my neighbour savagely; and ordered a double brandy from the waiter.

Bokeh! All the froth and double balloons of the gayest party there is often stark drama.

A film magnate I knew gave a glorious party in a hotel in Johannesburg. He invited all his friends and did them extremely well. Champagne and cigars. Pretty girls. Handsome young men. A first-class dance band. Then, as the clock neared midnight and everybody joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne" with joyful fervour, it was noticed that the host was missing.

Someone started for his bedroom. But as they neared it a shot rang out. They plunged into the room and discovered the film magnate had killed himself at the

moment when bells, hooters and sirens were shrieking the birth of the New Year.

And the man who was dead had been the gayest of all at that gay party.

I don't suppose that many of my readers go to see the plays of that Russian dramatist, Tchekov. But if they do, they will discover that his plays are really extraordinary parties held by extraordinary people in equally extraordinary households. The title of a Tchekov play does not matter. It is usually about a group of people getting together to discuss the futility of life and the urgent necessity for suicide. There is no need for the characters to wear paper hats. They are fantastic enough in all conscience.

I was once at a similar party in real life. I had danced with a certain girl twice and was determined to dance the rest of the evening with her. But I lost her in the throng. I went about anxiously searching for her, while the girl I had brought with me was anxiously searching for me. You will realise that it was a very good party indeed, and that I was enjoying myself thoroughly. But in the midst of my search I was buttonholed by a pale-faced young man. He insisted upon talking about life and death. I asked him if he had seen a girl wearing a flowery sort of frock and with continuously smiling eyes.

"She doesn't matter," he insisted, pushing a paper-cap back from his lamp forehead. "Nobody matters. Not even myself. In fact, between ourselves, I've decided to kill myself to-night."

"Really?" I nodded. "Well, bon voyage, my friend. And now I must find the girl!" And I left him. It sounds callous. It was callous. But it was not the first time that the young man had said he was going to kill himself. He never went to a party without telling everybody about his determination to commit suicide. And as he had been going to parties for over a year, nobody took him seriously.

Well, I never found the adorable girl of the party. Someone else had captured her and driven her away in a car. Maybe they got married. Maybe they have several children. I don't know. I don't care.

But I was a very sad and disappointed man when I got back to my flat early in the morning. I had the feeling that the girl I had lost was the only girl in the world. I gazed pathetically at the crumpled paper hat in my hand. And then the telephone rang.

It was the sergeant of a police station speaking. He announced that they had discovered the body of a man in evening dress and a paper hat, shot through the heart. And in his pocket was a letter addressed to me. They suggested I should come at once.

Dawn was streaking the sky when I arrived. First of all I gazed upon the body of the pale-faced young man who a few hours previously had told me that he was going to kill himself. Then I was handed a letter which he had written to me, explaining his reasons for the suicide.

The letter began: "... it is so dark that I can hardly see to write ..."

One of the most extraordinary parties I ever attended was in Peking.

An educated Chinese woman who did much pulling of political strings behind the scenes, invited me to a real Chinese dinner. I accepted, but for some time feared I should never see the party. The reason was I was a prisoner in a Chinese soldiers' guard-room. I was a suspected Bolshevik spy.

The only reason for this false accusation was that I had been wandering in Mongolia and had arrived at Peking station wearing a beard of several days' growth and a Russian fur cap.

To the Chinese soldiers I must have looked a real desperado. Anyhow, they arrested me on sight and an officer with an automatic pistol at his belt and soldiers with bayonets that seemed stained with blood spat and guarded me with deadly contempt. It took several hours to prove that I was not a Bolshevik spy, and when I was released I was already overdue for my party.

I rushed to a hotel and made myself presentable. I was fiercely hungry, and knew that I had only to press a bell to get a fine juicy steak sent up from the grill-room. Which was what I needed. But Chinese hospitality demands excessive politeness. I refrained, and rushed out of the hotel and

By
Angus Quell

The driver said he knew the address I wanted.

At last we found the house in the labyrinth of Peking. I was an hour late. The Chinese lady, with the usual politeness, assured me she had not noticed it. Dinner had been kept waiting, and as a hungry released prisoner I prepared to do it justice.

Alas, we began with sweets and ended with soup! From ginger and other delicacies I passed to eggs, nearly a hundred years old and just a pulp jelly. I paled, but struggled manfully with them. Then came birds' nests, which was about as exciting as eating hay. I thought regretfully of the juicy steak that I had not ordered, and drank copiously of the Manchurian wine.

That Chinese party was an extremely decorous affair. My hostess was in Chinese costume, as were most of the other guests. All seemed deadly sober. I did not dare light a cigarette. And everybody talked quietly and suavely. It was only after I had left that the full significance of that quiet talk came to me. They had been discussing a series of wholesale political assassinations in order that the real China might be free to work out its destiny.

Yes, it was a real murder party.

But away with such sombre thoughts. Let us once again go to a party, and don the paper hat of irresponsibility. Let us kiss under the mistletoe, clutch a girl for a dance, even if the dance is playing the most mournful of "blues."

The entire world may explode into war. Subsequent to today we pull a cracker and scramble for the tin mascot. A party after all, sees humanity being human. Even a highbrow cannot be pretentious when wearing a paper hat.

Murder party, marriage party. Christmas party or New Year party—they are all the same. Historically joyful with someone sobbing in the corner. But that, after all, is life. We are all rather "afraid to go home in the dark."

RECIPE FOR SPICED WAFERS

Delicious spiced wafers can be made with:

- 4 cups pastry flour
- 2/3 (two-thirds) cup shortening
- 2 tps. baking powder
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/3 (one-third) cup milk
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg

Gradually add the sugar to the creamed shortening. Then add the eggs, well beaten, and mix thoroughly. Next sift the dry ingredients together and add them alternately with the milk and vanilla to the shortening-sugar-eggs combination. Finally, roll out the dough into a thin sheet, cut with cookie cutter and place wafers in shallow baking pans. Bake in a moderate oven for approximately 12 minutes.



Old Persian wealth is recalled in this dinner gown with black crepe skirt and brilliant green crepe jacket with all-over embroidery of gold and emeralds, designed for Billie Burk, M.-G.-M. actress.



Tailored trio is the name designer Robert Kalloch has given to the ensemble worn above by Gail Patrick, who appears next in Columbia's "The Doctor Takes A Wife". The blue wool skirt is eight-gored. Jacket and topcoat make effective use of the diagonal striped blue and grey fabric. Silver metal paper clips are used for fasteners.

Uniquely, only the world's finest candles — yet to be introduced!

Their price makes even the ordinary dinner a "Special Occasion."

These stocks in many colours are carried at: Watson's, The Pharmacy, The China Emporium, Sun & Co., and S. & Co., and at Standard Vacuum Service Stations at Chater Road, Avenue 1st and 2nd, Kowloon at Waterloo/Nathan Road and Boundary Street.

Tavern DE LUXE Candles

SELF-PROMOTION

A YOUNG woman, seeking a position in the sales promotion and advertising department of a large manufacturer of cosmetics, familiarised herself with this field and with the company. She then began an original piece of research on one of their products. By conversing with local druggists and with friends, she learned the names of the five or six outstanding competitors of this company in the lipstick field. She then purchased one stick of each brand, prepared a careful questionnaire, in which appeared such questions as: "What lipstick do you use now? How did you first come to use it?" and so forth.

These questions were grouped in appropriate classifications which permitted ready analysis. A survey was then made among potential buyers. Upon completion the results were carefully tabulated in report form, followed by a summary of the outstanding comments for and against the manufacturer's product. The findings were recorded on little cards, attached by ribbons to samples of competing lipsticks, placed in a plush-lined case, covered, and held firm in place with a sheet of cellophane. The novelty of this approach, plus the quality of the job done by the applicant, won her the coveted position.

—Lyons and Martin, in "The Strategy of Job Finding," (Prentice-Hall).

EXACTLY



WHAT IS
Cocomalt?

DELICIOUS

HOT OR COLD

Doctors and dieticians will tell you: Not a powdered chocolate, not a malted milk—but a scientific food-concentrate of high nutritive value. With a flavor tempting and delicious.

COCOMALT abounds in food properties which are quickly utilized for strength and energy. Adults gain new vitality and vigor. Children grow strong and sturdy—they thrive on COCOMALT.



Obtainable
Everywhere

Sole Agents:
Dodge & Seymour
Limited
2APBI

Merrymaking Magic

It's nice to have a Houdini in the home when your party lags. You'll get the gang's laughter and applause with some of these tricks.

TIME was, when magic was left to the Thurston's and the Houdini's and performed exclusively on the professional stage. Now we encounter it in the recreation room, the cocktail lounge, or the drawing room. If you have a yen to go out into society armed with a repertoire of mystifying magic and titillating tricks, maybe I can help you.

Let's start with a couple of simple stunts that will add a bit of gaiety at the cocktail table—or any other table, for that matter. If you happen to be indulging in a long, cold drink, you'll probably be served a couple of straws, sealed up in a tissue-paper tube. Nonchalantly, tear the top from this narrow envelope and, holding the straws upright on the table without removing them, shove the tube down their length into a compressed ball. Removing the straws, put a drop or two of water, or what-have-you, on the end of this ball. When your companions laugh and exclaim over the amusing writhing and twisting that ensues, it's your cue to put on a that's-pretty-good-but-wait-till-you-see-my-best-ones look.

Having enjoyed the gang's laughter at this first attempt, prepare yourself to see them rolling in the aisles after the next one. The only property needed is a common calling or business card. Ask your righthand neighbour to hold this card between the bottom of his nose and a protruded upper lip, hands behind his back. Now he passes it to his right-hand neighbour, who receives it in the same way, without benefit of hands, and so on around the table. Don't offer any prizes for the homeliest faces, because it would be a grand tie for all participants.

Retrieve the bit of pasteboard for the Baffle Card trick. The two ends should be bent down at right angles about a quarter of an inch from the edge, and the resulting bench or platform set on the table. Now innocently ask the others to blow it over so that it lands upside down. You'll enjoy their attempts more than they will, for the closer they get to the card and the harder they blow, the more obstinately it will hop madly up and down without doing the desired flip-flop. When they give up and turn to you, give one sharp puff which is directed at the table, some distance in front of the wide side of the card. Over the card will flop in one graceful dive, and the chances are that your audience will remain more bewildered than ever.

If you had any minor bets on the Baffle Card trick, you might use a penny of your ill-gotten gains to buy one of those little wooden boxes of matches with a drawer. Open the drawer, just a crack and stand a match upright in it, with the head up. Place a dime on the top of the box and slant another match from the dime to the first match, so that their heads rest against each other. The problem that you set for your audience is to remove the dime without touching the slanting match. There's just one answer—and you'll probably be the only person to know it. Light the slanting match in the middle. When the flame reaches the adjoining heads they will become fused and the slanting match will very obligingly curl up in the air, leaving the dime free for you to nonchalantly pick up.

To get your money's worth out of the box of matches, we'll use it again. This time, stand the box on its end and slip two matches, heads up, into the cracks between the box and the sides of the drawer. Spread the two vertical matches until you can brace a third match between them horizontally. If your worst enemy hasn't already slunk into a dark corner, bet her that she can't name the upright match which will be the first to ignite after you light the horizontal match in the exact centre. Nine times out of ten, she will choose the vertical match which adjoins the head of the horizontal one. To be more than fair to the sweet gal, you can let her do the lighting. It doesn't matter which upright she has named because neither one will be ignited. As soon as the horizontal match burns enough to weaken it in the middle, up it will spring into the air—with you after it, to avoid the necessity of calling the fire department!

If you are sufficiently solvent to finance the purchase of a few more of these penny match boxes, you can "stop the party" with a clever adaptation of the old shell game. The first step is to place in a row in front of your audience

three of the match boxes. Tell the group that you will shake all three boxes in turn, then slowly interchange them. At the conclusion of the performance, they are to choose the one that is half full of matches, as determined by the previous shaking. Pick the boxes up, one by one, and shake them. Only once can a rattle be heard, although the boxes are given the same amount of shaking. Now move the boxes around slowly so that their relative positions are changed several times. Your watchers may think they can identify the right box, but as soon as they make a choice you can toss

By
Clifford Parcher

them the box they selected and it will be found empty. To let you in on the secret without further delay, all three boxes are empty and the choice is bound to be wrong. Unless you're wearing a dress with sleeves, you'll have to turn this trick over to one of the fully clothed sex. If you do have sleeves, the half-full box which produced the rattle is pinned inside said sleeve on a short length of elastic. If a man is performing for you, he can put the extra box inside his shirt sleeve, just above the cuffs, and under his coat sleeve. When the boxes are shaken, the first is picked up with the right hand, and since the hidden box is in the right sleeve, the rattling is distinctly heard. The shift to the left hand when the second and third boxes are shaken is practically never noticed, and the trick is invariably successful.

Now two quick tricks involving glasses. For the first, use a small one such as a wine glass, and try to locate one of those old-fashioned, he-man wooden matches. Bend the match in the middle, making sure that you have a hinge, not a complete severing. Place it across the top of the glass in V-shape and rest a dime on it. The object is to make the coin drop into the glass without anyone's touching the dime, match, or glass. Apply a drop of water to the "hinge" and sit back for the applause.

The other glass stunt is to lift the glass without taking hold of it. Use a light-weight glass with an opening smaller than the palm

of your hand. Your friends may try futilely to carry out instructions, but your time will come. When it does, bend your fingers down at right angles and cover the glass tightly with your palm. When you straighten your fingers out rigidly and stretch the skin of the palm, enough vacuum is created so the glass can be lifted off the table.

And now here we are with the four-star finale—a most mystifying display of mental telepathy!

The first step is to announce that you will go out of the room while a specific card is chosen from a deck. When everyone has seen the card and it has been returned to the middle of the pack, you are called back with the avowed intention of naming the card through the process of mental telepathy. Every person present must concentrate on the chosen card as you go from one to another, resting the tips of your fingers gently on their temples and letting a faraway look adorn your lovely face. And darned if you don't name it correctly the first time!

You must have a confederate, and it isn't a bad idea to practice a few times privately with him. The secret is this—your helper signals to you by biting his teeth together a given number of times, thus expanding the muscles in his temples. You can count the signals while your fingers rest on him. First, he tells you the suit of the chosen card. One signal means clubs, two stands for diamonds, three for hearts and four for spades. Then he pauses. When he starts again, he will tell you what the card is in that suit. One would indicate the ace, two the deuce, seven the seven-spot, eleven the jack and thirteen the king. Get it? For instance, you come back into the room and go to anyone except your confederate. After one or two tries, you "concentrate" on him. He signals three—the suit is hearts. A pause. Here comes the number of the card—one, two, three, four, five. So that's it! The five-spot of hearts. But you don't announce it yet. Oh, no, that might let the cat out of the bag, especially if you should do the stunt several times. Go to at least one more person, and then announce the card. It's one of the most baffling tricks imaginable, and with this climax to your amazing array of moments-magical, the honours are all yours!



A peep into Sincere's "Aqualand"—a replica of the underwater scene from "Pinocchio"—where Santa greets all who enter and presents them with a gift marionette.

LET'S CALL IT CHRISTMAS!

Never do I see the letter X substituted for Christ's name in the world Christmas without flinching a little. I'd like to start a movement to bar this abbreviation from our language. X is the algebraic symbol for an unknown quantity. In my opinion Jesus Christ is very much a known quantity.

Legend has it that the usage began with printers, among whose symbols X most closely resembles the Cross. It's easy to understand in this age of haste and headlines how such a short cut came into general use. But I don't believe there's anyone in America who can't find time and space for proper reverence to the Name of Our Lord. Let's call it "Christmas."

We agree with Mr. Knight in preferring "Christmas." But actually there is no legend involved and printers were not responsible for "Xmas," which was first used

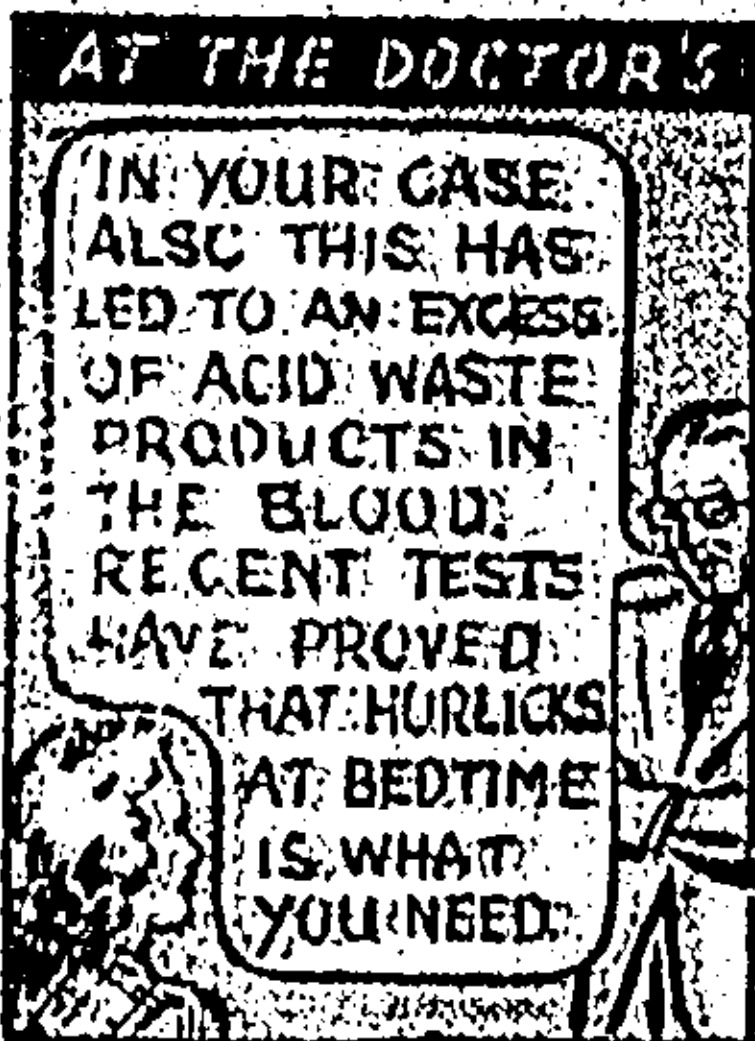
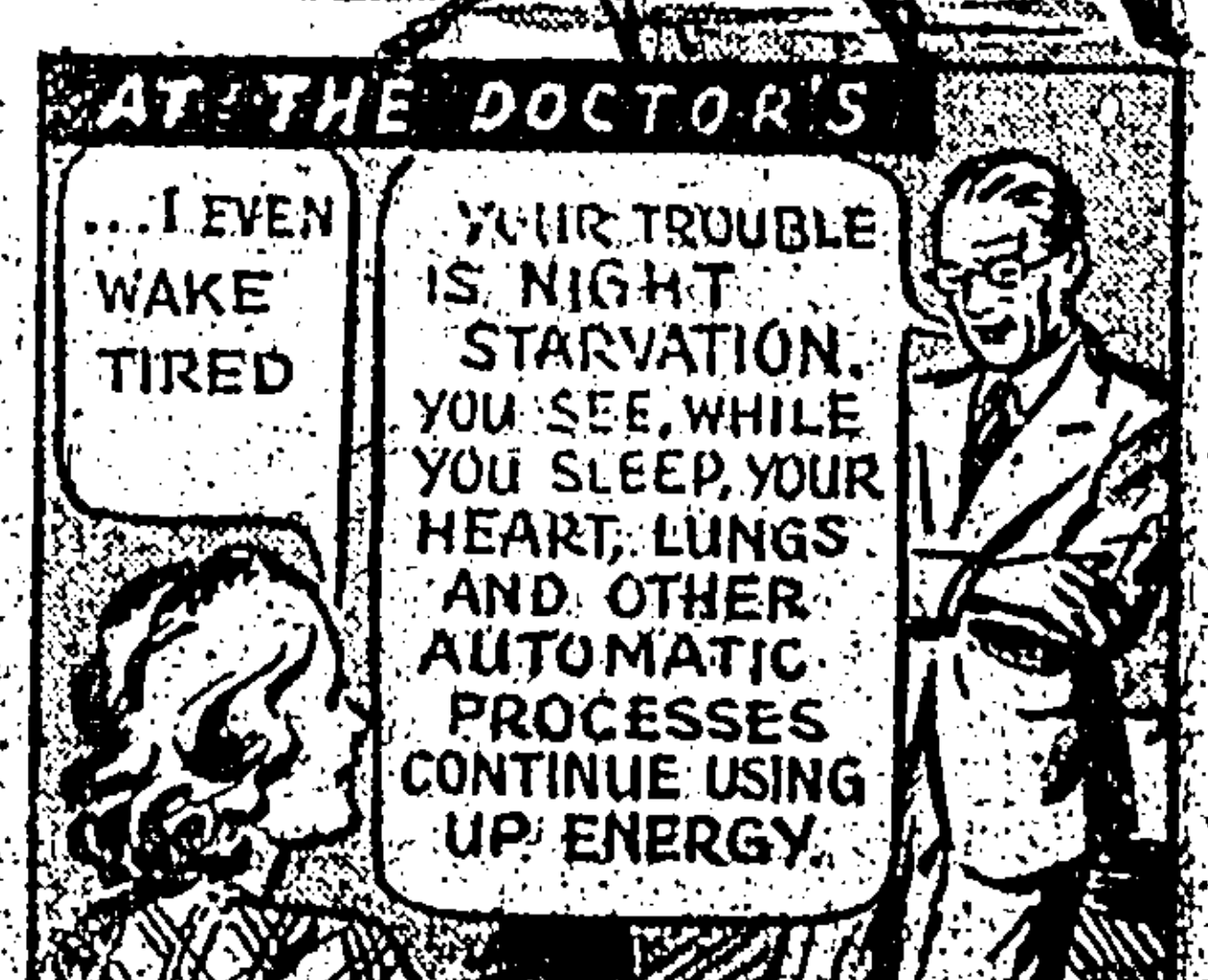
in 1551. The New Testament came to us in Greek. The Greek word for Christ is "Christos" (Spelt with an "X"). "X" in the Greek alphabet being equivalent to our "Ch." Early scholars frequently used the terms Xt for Christ, Xtian for Christian, and Xmas for Christmas.

To-day's Fairy Tales

Once upon a time there was a mother who sat down at the table without having to get up once to go after something. (She was eating in a cafe.)

Once upon a time there was a young wife who didn't get a lot of instructions on how to raise her babies. (She had none.)

"STAY-AT-HOME WIFE" "missed all the fun."



DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS USE HORLICKS IN HOSPITAL TESTS

RECENTLY tests were made in a great hospital on men and women who complained of always feeling tired.

It was found that these people had an excess of acid waste products in their blood during sleep.

This acid waste kept the brain and nerves "on edge" all night even though the rest of the body was sound asleep.

But when Horlicks was given to these people last thing at night, this excess acid waste was completely neutralized. They woke refreshed, with increased energy and vitality.



Take

DO YOU FEEL WORN OUT, DEPRESSED, OR NERVY? DO YOU EVEN AWAKE TIRED?

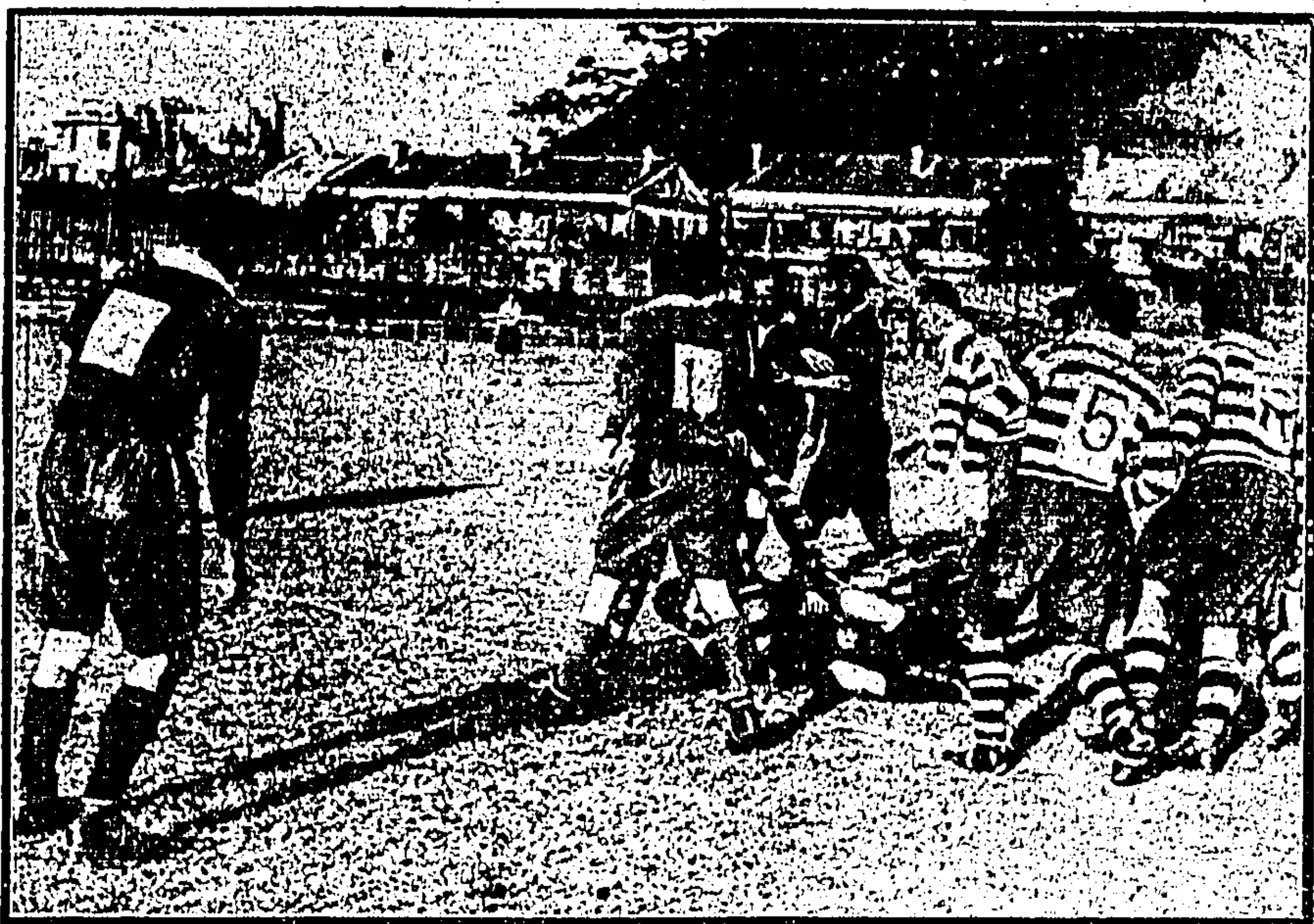
HORLICKS

THEN YOU WILL SLEEP SOUNDLY—WAKE REFRESHED AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY

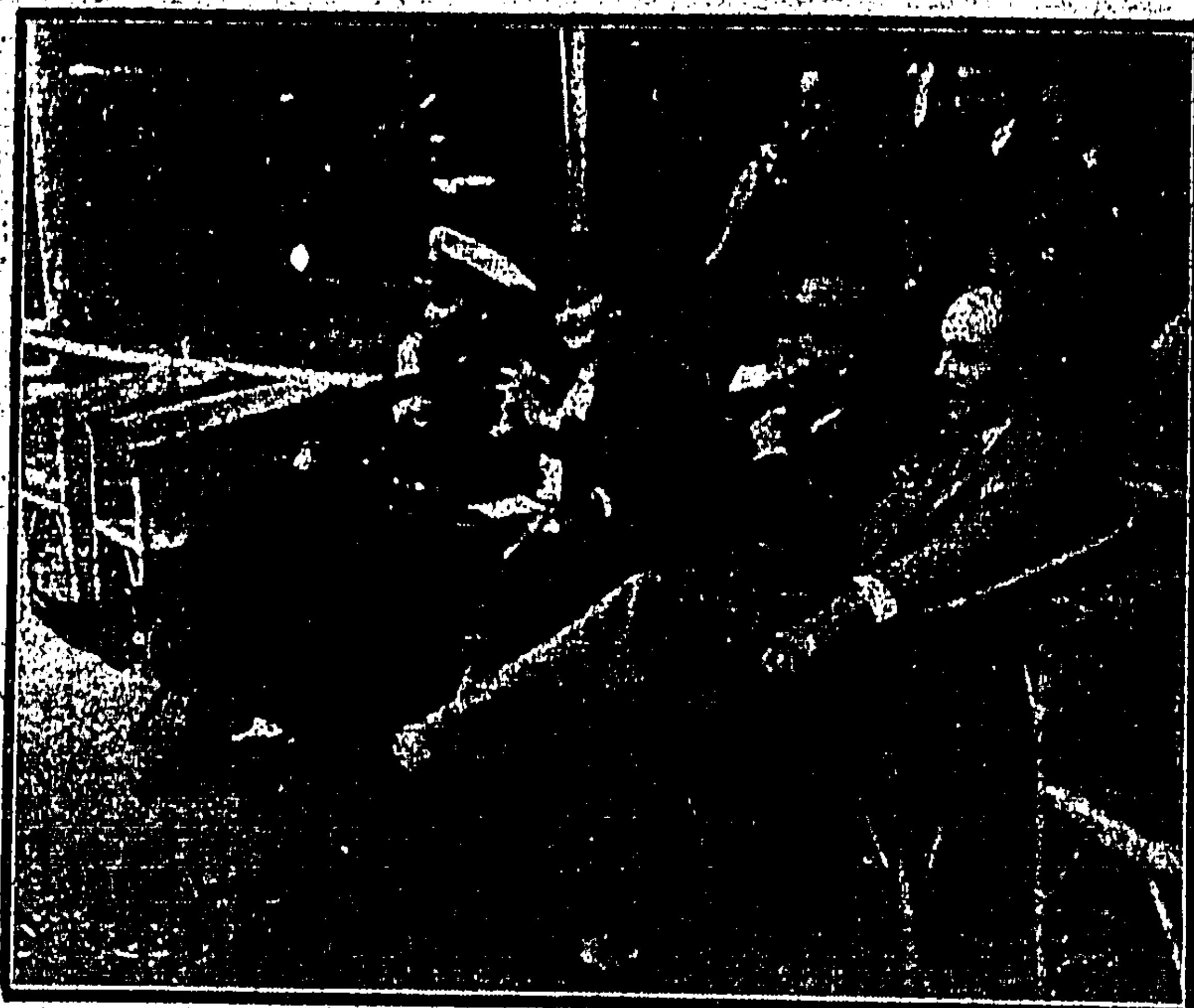
Miscellaneous Flashes



A line-out during the Club-Navy Quadrangular Rugby Tournament match at the Valley last Saturday. From left to right are Morgan, Burford, Longmuir (10), Needham, Palmer (8), Heasman, MacCrae, Beattie, Brown, Kennedy and Poole. (Tong).



King has just gone down on the ball and is surrounded by Brown, Poole, Longmuir, Heasman, Burford, Needham, and Gairdner. Navy, thanks to inspired play by their pack, held Club to a 5-5 draw, and critics are of the opinion that the loss of this point will cost Club the Tournament Championship. (Tong).



Spectators at the Club-Navy Quadrangular Rugby Tournament match. From left to right are, Commodore A. M. Peters, Mrs. N. L. Smith and the Hon. Mr. N. L. Smith, and Mr. H. R. Forsyth, President of Hong Kong Football Club. (Tong).



(Right) — The Cardinals who beat Little Flowers 42-6 in last Sunday's opening games of the Ladies' Softball League. (Tong).

"If I kept a cow—I could not get finer milk than this!"



K LIM gives you fresh milk in a jiffy—any time you want it!

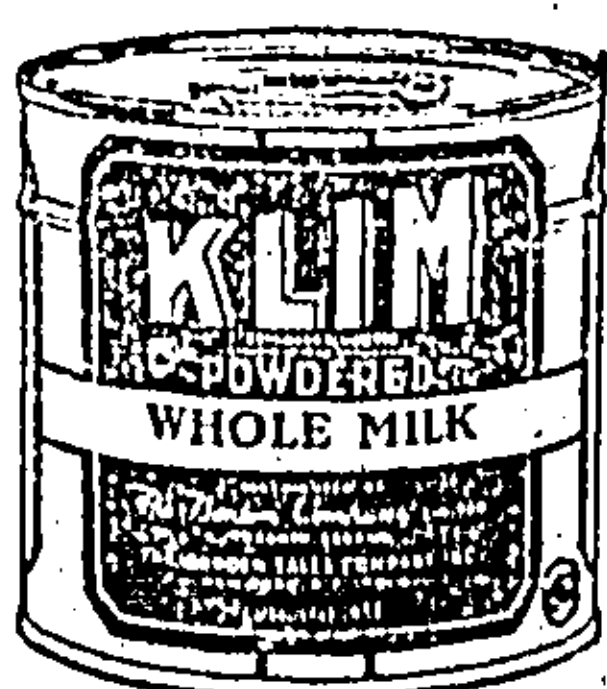
Klim is rich whole milk, powdered. It keeps without refrigeration . . . in any climate.

Klim is every bit as nourishing as fresh milk. And it tastes like fresh milk. Add water to Klim and it is equal to the finest milk you ever drank!

Milk for general use

Klim is perfect for all milk uses. One of the finest milks money can buy for babies. More digestible than the usual liquid milk.

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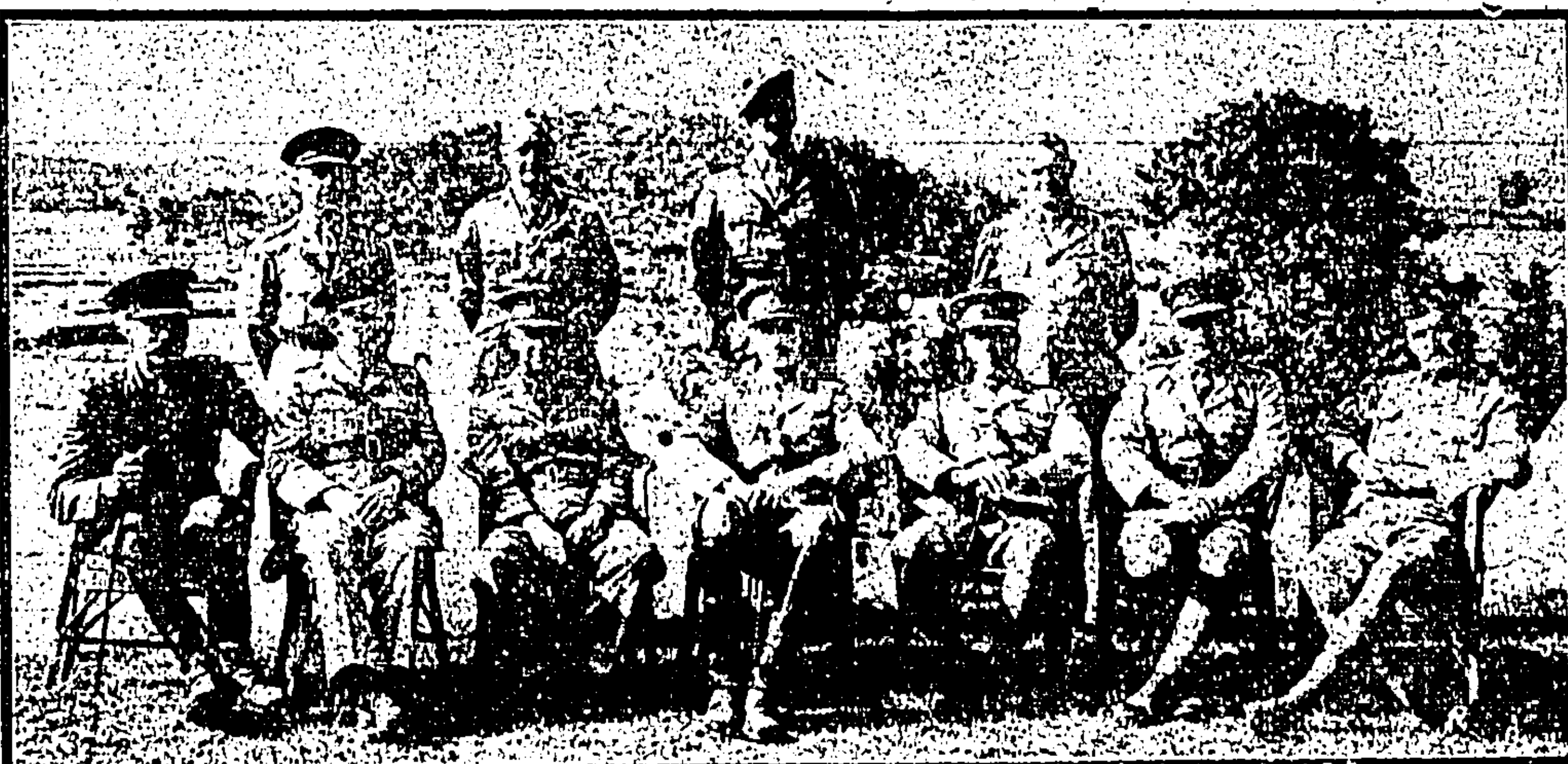


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His Excellency the Acting Governor, Lieut.-General E. F. Norton (seated centre) photographed with Officers of H.K.V.D.C. in camp at Fanling. His Excellency made a tour of inspection last Sunday. (King's Studio).



Group photograph taken at the wedding at St. John's Cathedral last Monday of Lieutenant R. B. Wood, R.N.V.R., and Miss Isabella Joan Seath. (King's Studio).